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"NOTHIN' SHORTER."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "BLACK WAX."

If I was a bloomin' young gal or a widder,
I never should stop (nary once,) to consider
Whether I should remain in a sad and lone state,
But, as quick as I could, I would hunt up a mate.

And I would not have one that was ugly and old,
But a chap that was "young, gay, galliant and bold;"
And I'd try mighty hard for a man I could love,
Then I'd "bill and coo" 'round him like a young turtle dove.

I'd hug and I'd squeeze him to my lovin' breast,
Whilst his languishin' head on my bosom should rest;
And should he come home with a "brick in his hat,"
I don't hardly think I should even mind that.

For, oft-times, when men are traveling around,
These "bricks" are so plenty and easily found,
That the wimmen I think should a fault never find
With a husband or loveyer when a "leetle bit blind."

And if to get married I should e'er have the chance,
I would hop, skip and jump, and merrily dance,
And my husband a gallant young soldier should be,
Who bravely has fought for Columbia the free!

BROOKLYN, April, 1862.

"4-11-44!"

OR,

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

[According to what we thought a liberal estimate, we increased our edition of last week on account of commencing this new story; but, it seems that the approval of our readers always goes ahead of our anticipations, and, as there is great probability that we may not now be able to supply the demand for last week's issue, we here offer a brief sketch of the leading points of interest in Mr. Vail's beautifully graphic and instructively exciting narrative, so far as the point now resumed. The first chapter opens with a spirited description of a winter's night in New York at the close of 1832. The cholera, during the previous summer, had almost desolated our city, but many families returned in the fall, and some semblance of business was resumed. Some families, living in affluence and splendor, in the fashionable neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green, had remained without making more than their usual summer travel. Among these were the Fosters. Lemuel, the father, had become immensely rich by a life devoted to business; but, on the winter's evening our author has just described, the old gentleman was attacked by the dread epidemic. His physician, Dr. Parker Peps, considered that recovery was not likely, and announced that dissolution could not be more than a question of time. Harry Foster, the son, is, at the date of commencing this story, about twenty years of age. He is articled in business to his father, but all his ideas and surroundings prove him as most likely destined to scatter the wealth his father had amassed. On this very evening, the young hopeful was out on a sleigh ride, studying "life on the road" with some boon companions, and stopping at the Half-way House to "take an observation" and "grease the runners." Among Harry's friends are Charley Gilbert, Tony Clements, and such like "bloods" of those days. Middle-aged readers and old Knickerbockers can readily recognize the real names of the parties thus personified and described. While at the Half-way House, Harry and his friends get so merry as to make their lady friends the principal topic of conversation. Harry proposes a toast to his "ladye love" in such extravagant language as to cause general remark and require some explanation. Harry praises her beauty, and confesses that her virtue seems unassailable. This announcement is received with jeering laughter, and bets offered, an even hundred each, on winning the prize. Harry takes the bet with one of the party, and a ride home by way of the Bowery is proposed. While these scenes are going on, the death gripe of the cholera has become more certain upon Lemuel Foster; and Dr. Parker Peps, at a quarter before 10, announced that midnight was the extent of hope for his rich patient. The dying man kept continually inquiring for his son, and all the ingenuity of people accustomed to obsequious obedience was fully taxed to pacify fretful eagerness, whenever the patient's remaining strength enabled him to call for the absent Harry. The Doctor, of course, knows a thing or two about city life, and sends for Richard Bradshaw, a well-known detective, to hunt up the truant. Five hundred dollars is no object, if the detective can find Harry within two hours. Dick wants another hour, but undertakes the job anyhow, as there was no time for multiplying words. The detective secures the hack and team of Slim Jim (who may be recognized as another well-known character around New York), and the Widow Harvey's, in Reade street, is the first place where Dick makes inquiry for Harry Foster. The truant is not there, but Dick gets the Widow in a good humor, takes one of her whisky skins, and finds out that Harry had invited her daughter Sarah out that very afternoon. Putting that and that together, was quite enough for such an old campaigner as Dick. Slim Jim's team were next headed for the old Harlem road, and through the pitiless storm they are driven, Dick making sure of his man at the Half-Way House. It was one of those nights when even "the old set," such as Harry Aroularius, Will Waltermire, or Steve Dubois, would think twice before going out once on the "Old Boston Road." Going up on what is now commonly called Third Avenue, Slim Jim carefully kept a keen look out and his equipage on the crown of the road. The jingle of sleigh bells is soon heard, and Bradshaw's eagerness to watch every chance, causes him to hail the sleighing party. Voices are recognised, and Bradshaw stops the singing of a jolly old road song by informing Harry Foster of the condition of his father. The awe-struck youth is sobered by this intelligence, and he hastens with Bradshaw to the deathbed of Lemuel Foster. The dying father recognizes his darling son, articulates "Harry!" and expires. This leaves Harry the supposed possessor of his father's wealth. Mr. Vail's pen next takes us, on this same night, to another part of the city of New York, commonly called "the Hook," where we find a Widow Paine, who is soliloquizing about her "Susy." Mother and daughter appear to have been cast off by Lemuel Foster, and we are left to suppose that the Widow had been seduced by the millionaire in his younger days. Other portions of her rambling soliloquy also show that the old lady is somewhat of a dreamer on the "4-11-44" business. For her daughter's sake, the Widow Paine is led to put in for any chance. The social comparison between her Susy and Harry Foster seems to upset all the lone widow's philosophy. Her rambling and muttering, amid the storm, are interrupted by the arrival of Tan Keeder, one of those jolly good fellows, who never require any better reward for a good action than the pleasure of doing it, although Tan was what the world sometimes calls "a prize fighter" in a tone of contempt. Tan has brought some good things in a basket for the widow, but she is more than ever tempted by her eagerness in the lottery business, (for her daughter's sake,) to almost ride a free horse to death by asking Tan for one more loan of money to be invested as previously. Tan stands her "confidence" once more. The old lady is also pacified with her own hopes, once more. Just then in comes her Susy, only seventeen, but for the previous three years "on the town" in the great city of New York. Susy brings the news of Lemuel Foster's death, as told to her by Dick Bradshaw. A storm of passion, from the old lady, reveals more dramatically the peculiar position of both mother and daughter, and thus we become prepared to trace the vivid characterization and startling events of the ensuing chapters.]

CHAPTER II.

WHO WINS THE CAPITAL PRIZE?

The picture of Joseph Caul with his snaggled teeth and broad grin, while in each of his horney hands a bag was portrayed as containing the round sum of $50,000, caught many a wayfarer's view who passed Scudder's Museum on the corner of Broadway and Ann street. The spirit to tamper with fortune ran as high in the days we write about as at the present time, and almost every block on the principal thoroughfares had its nominal Exchange Offices, with signs depicted in all the colors of the rainbow, such as—"This is the Mart of Fortune"—"Walk in, and try your luck"—"Fortune's Emporium"—while packages of tickets would be temptingly displayed in the windows, with placards asserting that 9-12-40, or 13-18-58, sold at that office only a week since, had drawn the capital prize of a hundred thousand dollars. In the days we wot of, men of character, merchants, and tradesmen often invested more in the purchase of tickets than their means would admit; the consequence of which rash act was that they were compelled to fail in business, and when their bottom dollar was reached in trying for the golden bait, the only satisfaction they could have was that they had paid a large amount for the benefit of the Erie Canal, or some other public institution. Those whose pecuniary matters were limited among the poorer classes, patronised the policy shops of Chapel street and Orange; for lottery tickets and the policy business sprang up simultaneously in the city of New York, when the new plan of combination numbers was invented for the managers, Yates and McIntyre, by an Italian who was good at figures, and who received a large reward from the firm, as it made the chances infinitely less for the players to obtain a respectable prize, while the schedule looked as interesting as ever. A worthy Israelite, "in whom there was no guile," feeling disposed to turn an honest penny in the way of business, opened an establishment in the vicinity of Cross and Orange streets, with a large sign of "Exchange," and was one of the first to initiate the innocent denizens of that classic neighborhood into the mysteries of saddles, gigs, horses, whips, and station numbers. By way of variety, he also intimated in glaring capitals that he bought gold and silver to any amount, but as a twenty shilling hit on his books made it convenient for him to go without a clean shirt for the remainder of the week, we doubt his having done much in the way of the Rothschilds. The colored population who patronised him dreamed dreams, and worked roots, and the business of Mr. Isaac Nosebaum flourished immensely.

It is a cold December morning, but the commercial establishment of Mr. Nosebaum is quite warm and comfortable, made so with a stove of lilliputian dimensions, assisted by the breath of some half a dozen colored gentlemen, with a sprinkling of the female sex, whose vocation as washwomen and people who live without silver spoons, is very apparent. Something has occurred to make his trade more brisk than usual, and the worthy proprietor is as busy as a bee.

"Well, I declar, Massa Nosebaum, you kin just take and put dem numbers right down for dis chile once more, said a stout wench, whose curly hair was confined by a red bandana. "I goes anoder cent on dat gig if I neber tries again—4-11-44, whew—a hundred tousand—bress de lord—what de woman do wid all de money. Was you dar, Uncle Pete?" she added, addressing a gentleman in the white washing profession, as his brush and pail denoted.

"Yes, honey, I was no whar else; for I was a doing of a bit of work for de Eagle Hotel, whar dey draw de numbers, on de corner of Broadway and Duane street, and when de little boy pull 'em from de wheel, Glory to God, how de old woman did go on. Ebery body said de lottery clean gone, bursted."

"Be jabers, it was enough to make her dance like a leprehaun, if she was as ould as Finn McCoul's cat," said an Irish laborer who had been an attentive listener to Uncle Pete's story. "What became of the dacent respectable old cratur?"

"Well, bossy, as dey had to keep de game a going, dey took her into de porter house a little ways below dere, kept by de widow Harvey—bery nice woman is Mrs. Harvey—dere where all de young sports go and spend lots ob money. Massa Nosebaum, please gib me a hoss. I dream I found a lot of silver last night, and silver plays 5; I likewise dream of ladders, and ladders plays 11, and den put mine and de old woman's age in 49 and 52, dat makes 5-11-49-52, bery good numbers, Massa Nosebaum; and if dey *do* come out, Lord wont dis nigga cut a shine!"

"There ish your hosh," said Nosebaum, as he wrote out a slip, "and now where is the monish?"

"Dere um is, Massa Nosebaum," responded Uncle Pete, as from the capacious pockets of his well white-washed overhauls he snaked up three cents, and deposited them on the counter.

"Ish there any body wants any more numbers before the book closhes," said the proprietor sharply, with an eye to business.

"Yes, please, Mr. Nosebaum," said a small ragged girl, whose head barely came up to the top of the counter; "my mother wants number 43 in the second station for ten shillings, and 6 and 29 in a saddle for a dollar, and she says she will send you 'round the money for them in a quarter of an hour."

"How often have I told you, Miss Jinny Jones, not to come fooling 'round my office and interrupting business; and now clear right home, and tell your mother the next time she comes to my establishment, to read the sign—'No trust on these premishes.' What can I do for you, Mister Barney McQuade? You wash in the big luck last night—struck a gig, and the first drawn number."

That's true enough for the likes of ye, but didn't every divil's penny of a week's wages go before I made a hit for a quarter of the amount I won through your swindling schames? I sent my childer barefoot, and Biddy without a second shift to her back, and all comes of the divil's lottery game that is deceiving people out of their wits. You will get no more of my money, Mister Nosebaum; for any man who thinks to get a prize in the lottery might as well try to hunt for a crock of goold, and there's divil a one this side of the Giant's Causeway—do ye mind that."

"You forget, Mishter McQuade, that only yesterday a woman drew the capital prize of one hundred thousand dollars," said Nosebaum, dwelling on the large amount, "and the lottery in forty days will pay her every penny of the monish. Come, come, you ish in excellent luck, let me write you out the whip you always play, and your old Gig; you know if you hits one number in the whip you gets your monish back, and a man is foolish when he is in luck if he don't follow it up. Suppose I write you out—"

"Now hold your whist, Mister Nosebaum. It's no use to urge Barney McQuade when he has once made his mind up not to do a thing; besides, I took a book oath last night to have nothing more to do with the devilish policy. I've won for once, no thanks to the likes of ye, and I am not fool enough to think that lightning is going to strike twice in the same place; and so, Mister Nosebaum, the top of the morning, and from this time to the world's end your Gigs, Saddles, Whips, and Horses may all go to the divil;" and so saying, the Hibernian stalked from the office, with the air of a man who had made up his mind.

Mr. Nosebaum was in no very good humor to hear his business thus criticised, but the brawny fists of the Irishman were a sort of knock-down argument to make him keep his temper, and perhaps he thought that by taking things coolly he might eventually get back one of his best customers, who, according to his means, had been a heavy loser at the subtle game. The time having arrived for closing his books, Mr. Nosebaum, for fear of being "pigeoned," informed his friends that he was under the necessity of shutting up the establishment for the present, as his exertions needed a stimulant in the way of a glass of beer and a mutton chop at the cook's shop round the corner.

The audience took the hint and dispersed, although there were many of them still eager to purchase; but Mr. Nosebaum was imperative, and he bowed them out and double-locked the door of his royal Exchange, where gold and silver (by the uninitiated) were supposed to be bought and sold in unlimited quantities.

As the reader has surmised, Tan Keeder, though generally a good judge of matters and things, had made a great mistake as regarded the widow Paine's luck, and the identical numbers of which she had so often dreamed had indeed drawn the capital prize. The event had caused even a greater excitement among the upper ten thousand than it had with the poor policy players of Cross and Centre streets. There was not a lottery ticket dealer on Broadway who would not have paid a round sum for the portrait of Mrs. Paine to adorn the window of his office, but when applied to for her picture she resisted every overture, however liberal, that was offered. She could now obtain any amount of funds to make her comfortable, and in forty days the ticket she held would be worth within fifteen per cent of its nominal value. Brokers could now be found at every street corner, only too glad to advance her such sums as she desired; but in good as in evil fortune her resource was her old friend Tan. No one was more rejoiced than the honest fellow at her good luck, and he told her that until her funds were forthcoming he had a thousand dollars to place at her disposal. With that amount, a neat but unpretending house was taken in Monroe street, not far from Tan's own residence, where he allowed he could be on hand to play bull-dog if any shyster lawyers or sharpers came round to beat her out of her money. Susan, now well clad, made a neat and even a handsome appearance; but that mysterious flash of insanity that was never known to leave a girl's eyes who has once trod the pave for a livelihood, still lingered in her's: but whether to be softened by the acquirement of wealth or to beam with a deadlier glare on the sterner sex for the future, time will show. She was superior in many things to most of those who had followed her profession, and sold themselves for the wages of sin. In the earlier years of her mother's liason, they had not wanted for the comforts and even some of the luxuries of this life; but she had never known what it was to possess a father's love, for he had contracted a wealthy marriage about the period of her birth, and his visits to their house were at long intervals. As her mother grew older these visits grew fewer, and at last ceased altogether. Then came letters of recrimination, charges of infidelity, and mutual reproaches, that ended in a suit at law, which allowed her mother a sum which, now grown reckless, she squandered in a year. Previous to this, however, little Susan had acquired some of the minor branches of female education at a public school, and bade fair to grow up a handsome and accomplished young woman, but when the mother took to drink and policy playing, the doom of the child was sealed. The hand-writing that appeared to the ancient Jewish prophet, when it gleamed in fiery characters upon the wall, could not have told her fate more certain in the future. The pawn shop first became their place of refuge, and one by one their articles of luxury soon disappeared. Then Mrs. Paine wrote to her former paramour a letter couched in humble terms, and stating that they were in sore need; but he was adamant to all her prayers for aid; the law had set him free, and not one penny of his wealth would he advance to save the mother or the child, who then were clinging to a single straw upon the sea of ruin.

Then, like a wild weed, grew up pretty Susan Paine, without a hope or mother's fostering care, until the foul betrayer met her in his path, and she became his prey, while yet in years a child. The mother and the daughter for a time lived on the wages earned by shame, in something like their former affluence; but launched upon the sea of vice, their bark was ever settling down, and when her cheeks—that once had vied with the summer rose—grew pale, or shone bedaubed with rouge, 'twas hard to find a victim on the brilliant sidewalks of Broadway, and she was forced to seek the blacker thoroughfares that made less visible her faded charms. Disease had wrecked her frame, and in her path of life the bludgeon bully and the panel thief could call themselves her equals and her friends. Such was the history of the past. How was her future lot to be when she became the heiress of a hundred thousand dollars?

A cheerful fire blazes in the parlor grate of her new home, and there is Brussels carpet on the floor, and several handsome paintings on the walls, as much unlike her former garret residence as Eden, from its bleak outside, entailed to man with thorn and briar; and yet she gazes on the burning coals with that same look she wore as on the night when demon cholera's last breath was borne far out to sea upon the pinions of the stormy winds. Her mother, likewise, seems to fear her as she did of old, but she can interrupt her reverie more freely now, for hers has been the magic wand that brought about this state of things. At length she ventures to remark, but not without some quivering in her tones of voice—

"Cheer up, Susan. What was you thinking of, my deary?"

She turned, but did not wear the look her mother feared to see. "What am I thinking of? A story that you told me many years ago, when I was but a little child. I've often thought of it before, but never did it seem so vivid to my memory as now. You know the fairy tale about the toads and diamonds?"

"I forget it, Susy, deary, what was it, good or bad, my handsome girl?"

"Why, when I learned it from you, mother, at the first I thought it was the prettiest tale that I had ever heard. It was the story of a mother who had two daughters—one obliging, gentle, truthful, good; the other, wicked, wilful, and perverse."

"I have only one daughter, Susy, deary."

"And am I wicked, wilful, and perverse," she uttered, turning sharply round.

"No, no, my deary. You are everything a mother's heart could wish. I only spoke because I love and think of you so much; go on."

The girl mused a moment, and continued: "The mother and her daughters lived close by a haunted spring, where fairy folks were said to dwell; and one day her daughter ('tis the good one that I speak of now) came there to fill her pitcher at the fountain. An old, old woman, clad in rags, and bending down with age, was nigh, and asked her for a drink. She held her pitcher kindly to the beldame's lips, when suddenly the withered hag changed to the bright and lovely fairy of the spring, who gave her the rich gift, that every time she spoke a pearl or diamond should drop at the word. Mother, it is too late for me to ever think of speaking pearls and diamonds now."

"What do you mean, my Susan, deary?" said her mother, with a troubled look.

"Because, when such as I go to the bad, there is no turning to the right again. It's always downward, till they die. A month ago it might have been in Potter's Field—my fame will not bleach whiter years to come, though in a marble tomb. A harlot once, a harlot ever, is the world's loud cry, and purple and fine linen will not hide the shame. Where was it that I left off in the story?"

"Where she spoke of pearls and diamonds, Susy, dear."

"Well, the good and virtuous daughter refilled her pitcher, and went home (the story goes the mother loved her evil daughter best), and when she scolded her for staying at the spring so long, the virtuous girl made an excuse, and pearls and diamonds sparkled on the cottage floor. She told her story, and her mother and her sister both were envious of her splendid gift, and then the evil girl resolved to make a journey to the magic fountain, and for a simple draught to dupe the fairy of an equal prize. She went and filled her pitcher, too. This time no old and withered crone asked for a drink, but a maiden fair and well attired; and the minx refused the boon with words of scorn. 'Speak toads and serpents,' was the sentence she received, for hag and maiden fair were both the same—the fairy in disguise. Mother, my story's done."

"What do you mean, my Susy, deary?"

"Why, that my fate has been but evil all throughout, and I must spit out toads and serpents till the day I die."

"But Susan, deary, now that we are rich—you won't be angry, Susy, if I speak out plain?"

"Why, what should I be angry for? Say on."

"Now that wealth is ours, we can turn good, and go into that society that should have been your station had I became your father's wife instead of mistress in my younger days."

"Toads and serpents still, for I should meet my brother there. Because we have acquired wealth, have we forgot the purport of our lives, revenge? If you have, mother, I have not. What better blood flows in his veins than in mine, that he for years has dwelt in luxury and ease, while I have dragged along in misery and want. My blood is boiling at the thought. I'd give, I'd give—"

"What, Susy, deary?"

"Ten years of life—and not the black and dreary ones I've passed in harlotry and shame, but ten that yet might come if I were virtuous and good, to drag him to a crust of bread, to crush him down with infamy like mine; but then the latter is impossible."

"Impossible, my Susy, deary?"

"Be sure it is. He may turn out a beggar—what of that? He never can become so base and abject as I feel myself to be. The pit is bottomless when woman falls. Unpitied and unpardoned, she can never rise again; but man, repenting of his errors, though black as midnight's darkest shade, is taken by the hand and made an equal in society once more."

"And don't you think, my Susy, deary, that our riches will make people overlook the past, if we do right for time to come?"

"Mother, are you growing childish (and now the scowl her mother feared flashed over Susan's brow). I tell you that the world's a lie, and it is much too late for such as you and I to seek its truth; and if you think that I am speaking toads and serpents without cause, I will read to you a letter that I have received by post this morning, to prove the truth of what I have to say. This is a precious document to recommend a girl like me in good society," she added, as she took a crumpled paper from her bosom. Listen, mother, while I read:

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DEAR SUKE—Old gal we havent heard anything of you in a month Sundays down to Dan Clarks or any of the other cribs. They all know what good luck you have been a having of, and feel anxious whether you are going to go back on the crowd of old friends or come out like a lady bird. Dident Dutch Jake when he found the thing was coped to rights set out a rousing lunch with goes of rum, gin, and brandy all round and nary red to sock up. He said he knowed that you was the right stripe to stand the shot and there wasent an old bummer in the neighborhood but what tucked himself out to prepare for a week's fast. I thought wall-eyed Jerry would have bursted. All the coves would be glad to see you and wish you luck with your good fortune. You was allways such clear grit we thought you would be glad to hear the news so I'll just sail in. Bill Dart who wanted to cap in to be your lover when you shook him has got his mutton cooked for ten stretches up the river. He and his pal Coffeepot Liz weeded a flats leather of a century on the panel lay, but they wasn't sharp enough to keep the trick to themselves and it got blowed about till Bradshaw got on the scent and then the game was up. Fidler Jack is on the stuff and heel but has to play micey as the officers have a grudge against him. Tom Fenton looks as gallus as they make 'em and won't have his pants cut less than twenty-two and a half around his patent leather squill pipes. He took a countryman's thimble the other night worth about half a century, and he and the Count d'Orsay have opened a check game of faro for suckers down in Red-head Bill's academy. This is about all the interesting news I have to tell old gal at present excepting that all the darkeys are bucking at 4-11-44 ever since you made such a rousing pile on them numbers. That was a trick worth taking and no mistake. Suke, I allways thought a thundering sight of you, I did, and if I can only cap in to be your lover, I'll see you out of any kind of muss, I will. I allways said to the boys that Suke Paine was the best worker that travelled on the cross and an ornament to her sex. Give me a sight dear Suke if there's any kind of a show and I'll be your loving friend 'till death do us part. SAUL BLUDGEON.

P. S. Direct your letter care of Dutch Jake at the corner grocery and if you have an extra ten about you don't be afraid to shove it in as the rounders all want to drink your good health.

Yours forever, SAUL BLUDGEON.

You are the gayest smartest gal
That ever capped in with a pal
It's the biggest trick I ever took
If I cap in with gallus Suke."

"There," said Susan, "you now see, mother, by this letter that I have received from one whose reputation is as wide as New York city as a noted thief, that I can never hope to mingle with the virtuous of my sex. Once lost, forever lost. Toads and serpents evermore."

A knock was heard at the door, and the girl, bidding the visitor come in, thrust the crumpled letter again in her bosom. The person who entered was no other than their friend and adviser, the rough, homely, but honest Tan Keeder.

"Looks mighty nice and genteel around here, I reckon," said Tan, with a grin that nearly stretched his uncouth mouth from ear to ear, "I'm damned if lottery has not done something good for once, though before this time I always thought it was a dead beat game. Why, what's the matter? You look out of sorts, old woman; tell a fellow what's up, and if Tan Keeder can set you right, he will do it, if it costs his last red penny."

Mrs. Paine related how her daughter had received that morning a letter from the notorious Saul Bludgeon, and Tan's eyes opened to their utmost capacity when Susan, at her mother's urgent request, re-read the missive for his edification.

"Well, I'm blowed," he exclaimed, when he had heard the precious document from beginning to end, "if I don't knock the whole side of his head off the first time we meet. I owe that man an old grudge, and as soon as I come across his track I'll pay him off, sure. He came into my crib one night with a lot of his bully friends, when I was away from home, and as it's only his gait to lick sick women, he raised general hell, and had things all his own way. He hangs out about Dan Clark's, and red head Bill's, and I'm going to cruise down that way this evening, and I'm just the boy that can make all the suckers about there stop writing letters or talking about you in any shape or manner, now you are placed so far above 'em all. I go in for woman's rights, I do; and if a girl wants to reform, why, let her reform; and it's not a damned bit of business to any outsiders, especially such foo-foos as Saul Bludgeon. Damned if I don't think I'll reform one of these days myself, and then if I feel like getting up a prayer meeting or praying club in my moral crib, and any sucker interferes, I'm damned if I don't lamb baste hell out of him. I just dropped in to see you for a moment now, and if you hear to-morrow that Saul Bludgeon's nose is split into like a veal cutlet, you can just take and bet your life that I had a hand along; so, good morning to you, and don't feel put out about the dirty thief's letter. I'll settle his hash;" and Tan, without another word, but with his fists tightened hard, strode from the apartment.

For a time we will leave the fortunes of the widow Paine, and her pretty daughter Susan, and relate how Tan kept his word in picking a quarrel with Saul Bludgeon.

In the days we write about, Water street, from Pike to Fulton, was the last resort of the depraved and vicious of all countries and climes. The street for that distance was lined on both sides of the way with the worst kind of houses of assignation, where lewd women sold their charms at most reasonable terms to those who sought such haunts of vice to purchase disease and death. The cyprians by day would stand on the stoops or side-walk, and chaff and barter with every passer-by. It was a dangerous preceeding for a busines man to make a short cut for any definite point through the vile neighborhood, and to reprimand the unblushing cyprian who urged him to treat or trade for her faded charms. Their bludgeon bullies, or fancy men, were always near at hand to pick a muss with the stranger, who was lucky, indeed, if he escaped from their clutches with his watch in his pocket, and a whole skin. It was the city's licensed sanctuary for brawl, drunkenness, and continual riot. There were a few good officers who did their duty faithfully and well, but they could not be here, there, and everywhere at the same time. The system of watchmen, known to the past generation as leather-heads, was in vogue, and it appeared to be the standard policy of the city fathers to bestow the situation (we suppose from sympathy) upon the most aged, impotent, and feeble old men. Under the circumstances, if they had the power to spring their rattles, and cry out for help in a tremulous tone of voice, they were considered worthy of the birth, and set down as able and effective guardians. It had given half a dozen of them serious trouble to take the Marquis of Waterford, although for a week after he had crossed the Atlantic he had been on a jolly spree, wrenching off door-bells, upsetting apple stands, and playing the devil generally in a very promiscuous manner. Pigmies can overcome giants by force of numbers; and the Marquis, who had collected several of their clubs and rattles by way of trophies, was finally overpowered, but the whole force of the city combined never dared to attack the gang of the notorious Jack Chichester. By night, the leprous haunts of Water street shone with oil candles or gas, (the rays of the latter being considered a luxury and unusual from the common herd) and then the sound of the violin (ever welcome to the ears of a sailor fresh from a long sea voyage) could be heard at every corner, until the hours of one, two, and even three in the morning. There was no resort for the weary Magdalen then but the black mould of Potter's field, and Water street was the pariah home where the fallen outcasts of society dragged their weary bones to die. There were only two men that the bullies and fancy men of that vicinity dreaded to tackle, and they were Bradshaw, the police officer, and the indomitable Tan Keeder.

Tan, to use his own emphatic language, had never knuckled under but once in his life. The boys all allowed that without being possessed of any great qualities of science, he always went in to win, and teeth, feet, and hands were at work all the time. As bowie knives and pistols were considered only fit weapons for an assassin or highwayman in the days we write about, he always made his opponent, excepting the one instance we quote, sing out enough. We will relate the particulars of this encounter, as after the trial for superiority they became boon companions and friends. On board the United States receiving ship that lay at anchor in the bay, there was a stalwart formed, double-fisted sailor, of almost superhuman strength, who was also a perfect marvel to his companions, and who christened him, for want of a better title, "Bruin the Bear." Tom heard of the prowess of this man, and resolved, if ever they met, to have a clinch with him, to test which should wear the laurel crown of victory.

It chanced one night, when the hardy sailor had received a month's pay and leave of absence for four-and-twenty hours, that the two cocks of the walk, who had never been conquered, met in a famous sporting house on the eastern side of the town. Each had their numerous friends about them, and each had heard of the formidable powers of the other. Tan was strong, wiry as an eel, and, to speak in sporting terms, was as quick as a flash of lightning. Bruin the Bear possessed the same requisites, notwithstanding his gigantic size; and in addition, as we have stated before, could boast of almost superhuman strength. The friends of Bruin allowed that there was never a better-natured or more harmless fellow in the world, excepting when he had a glass or two of whiskey on board, and then he proved a very rough customer to deal with. Tan was never known to drink a glass of liquor in his life, and went into a fight more for the fun of the thing than anything else.

There were few preliminaries when Tan wanted to pick a muss, and half a dozen words had not passed between them when they clinched and went in. It could scarcely be called a fisticuff fight, for there was no grudge between the men, but a sort of rough-and-tumble, in which the great strength of Bruin the Bear prevailed, for he chucked Tan, and held him down with ease, without, however, attempting to strike a blow. When Tan's friends saw that their champion had not a living sight, they sang ont, "Shall we double-bank him, Tan?" But the brave fellow replied, "Don't hurt a hair of his head. He is the best man I ever met in my life. Let me up, stranger. I've got enough." Neither of the men were hurt the least particle, but when Bruin complied, Tan was lost in admiration at his prowess.

"Where do you hail from, stranger?" he inquired.

"From way down east, State of Maine," was the reply.

"How long have you liberty to stop ashore?"

"Twenty-four hours."

"You shall stay a week, and be treated to the best my house affords, or my name is not Tan Keeder," was the rejoinder.

Tan was as good as his word. The next morning he took a yawl and skulled out to the frigate, and politely addressed the captain with the remark—"You have a man belonging to this craft called Bruin the Bear?"

"I have," was the captain's reply, "and we count him the best seaman on board the ship. What of it?"

"Captain," said Tan, "I should like to have him stop a week on shore with me; he is putting up at my house, at present, and I hate to part with him so soon."

Tan was not particular as to the kind of clothes he wore, and his old sou-wester and monkey jacket did not impress the captain that he was flush of money. Guarding against a direct denial, he merely said, "I would not lose the services of Bruin for any other ten men on board the ship, and if he stops on shore with you for a week, I should require security for his safe return in the sum of one thousand dollars."

"Certainly, certainly, captain," says Tan, diving down his hand into the pocket of his monkey jacket, "here is double the sum;" and he drew it out filled with gold pieces, known at that day as Jackson yellow boys.

"Why, who the devil are you?" said the captain, taken aback with astonishment as Tan displayed the glittering coin.

"Tan Keeder, and nobody else, captain."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the captain, glancing at Tan with a curious eye, "Bruin may go and stop with you as long as you

desire, and I will not ask a cent deposit to insure his safe return, for though you are not good-looking, I believe you to be an honest man."

Tan was overjoyed in the society of his new-made friend, and while Bruin's week of liberty lasted, they made things hum. Since that period Bruin's term of service had expired, and at the data of our story, when Tan resolved to give Saul Bludgeon a turn, he had not reshipped again. Tan desired no other champion to accompany him in the job of clearing Dan Clark's and Red-head Bill's dance house; and Bruin, fortifying himself with a couple of glasses of whiskey, while Tan indulged in a lemonade, they started for the haunts of Water street. They were too well known to be welcome guests in any of the cribs they visited, for the proprietors could easily see that there was something out; but not a word to cause a quarrel was uttered, until they encountered Saul Bludgeon, the bully pimp of Red-head Bill's establishment, that worthy having just enticed a countryman in to buck against the enticing game of sweat.

"My name is Tan Keeder," said our hero, "and you was sucker enough to write an insulting letter to a particular lady friend of mine, one Miss Susan Paine. Do you know the lady?"

"Gallus Suke, on the panel-lay—I don't know anybody else," said Saul, in a sneering tone.

"If you are not a coward, as you are a sneaking thief and shyster, square yourself," said Tan.

This appeal to the bully's courage was irresistible, for he knew that his reputation was lost forever if he did not make a show. He placed himself on guard, but, quick as thought, Tan with a well-directed one-two, brought him to mother earth, and he ejaculated for mercy in such piteous tones, that our hero did not care to huff him as he lay. The bully's friends looked on with amazement, but did not care to interfere, especially when they heard Tan's companion shout, in stentorian tones, "Come on; I am a match for any half dozen of you suckers, thieves, and shysters, that ye are. My name's Bruin the Bear."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S. A., Washington, D. C.—Hayes and Madden fought six hours and three minutes, in which 185 rounds were contested. This took place in July, 1849. In November, 1855, Jem Kelly and a man named Sneeth, fought near Melbourne, Australia, and the time consumed was six hours and fifteen minutes, that being the longest on record. In the latter affair, however, but seventeen rounds were fought, a great deal of time being wasted in sparring, and in idleness altogether.

FRIEND TO THE BOY, St. Louis.—In previous issues of the CLIPPER we have given all the information on the subject of the Boy's visit to England, that we were in possession of. It is said that he is to take a turn through Great Britain in company with a circus; but the general impression is, that his real errand is to meet Jem Mace. We have referred to the subject in this issue.

READER, Portland.—We prefer not to decide such questions, for we may be wrong in our estimate of the business. It is a matter of much dispute among those who are better qualified to judge than we profess to be. We should advise both parties to draw their money.

W. H. H. B., Washington.—Our impression is, that the "smoke stack" at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard, is *not* 220 feet in height. Perhaps some of our readers can post us. The monument is 220 feet in height.

PEDO, Delaware City.—Jack in hand does not count as soon as made, and, therefore, your opponent's low puts him out, and gives him the game. When turned up as trump, Jack is scored immediately.

HUCKEY.—1. Mr. Creighton does not receive pay for his services as pitcher for the Excelsior Club. 2. The Menken-Heenan divorce was brought about, probably, by Heenan's desertion of the lady.

WEBBY, Cincinnati.—We have made use of some of the items. Some matters in your communication was touched upon in our last week's issue.

PARK.—Let us hear both sides of the dispute, and then we may be able to give a decision. According to your showing, every thing seems to be one-sided.

J. B. SHAY, Roxbury.—British "Rural Sports" is a good work. Some of those who advertise books in our paper may procure it for you.

A. J. C., Brooklyn.—Our advice is, to let the thing pass, for your daughter's sake. It would not benefit her to bring the subject to public notice.

MONITOR, Baltimore.—You must have overlooked part of the summary, for mention was made of those places referred to in your letter.

RAMBLER, Boston.—Your letter must have been written before you saw our last issue; the ground was pretty well covered in that number.

FRANK HENRY.—We don't know where you can procure them. Some of our advertisers may accommodate you.

E. A., St. Louis.—Your communication throws no new light upon the subject; besides, you give us no name.

H. C. W.—Advertise them in our paper, and if you do not meet with a customer, we will make no charge.

W. BRENNAN.—Ben Caunt beat Brassey. They fought 101 rounds, in one hour and a half.

JOHNNY GRIFFITHS, St. Louis.—Ten miles have never been run in as quick time in this country as in England.

ROBERT, Peoria.—We have two works on boxing, but none on wrestling. The former we can send you for 13 cents each.

W. E. B., Boston.—1. The three kings and two trays win the pool. 2. He does not get more than any other Major General.

W. B. B.—We have a great many of such songs; more, in fact, than we can find room for.

W. P., Montreal.—The Merrimac, we believe, is a faster vessel than the Monitor.

HARRY ST. CLAIR.—If the three aces were not backed up by a pair, the flush hand wins.

BRADY.—We would advise you to apply for some minor position, and then try and work yourself up.

SANDY, Buffalo.—Tom Lane fought a draw with Johnny Walker.

F., Cairo.—Send it along, and if all right, we will give it a place.

OGDENSBURGH.—A book dealer will procure them for you.

S. F., Lockport.—All right, have corrected the error.

T. J.—See our city summary in the Theatrical Record.

SHOP BOY.—The Duke of Wellington was an Irishman.

J. B. B., Salem, N. J.—He should have another bird.

A TYRO, Cincinnati.—The figure of Liberty is head.

FRANK.—It is not good enough for publication.

IKE ANNERET.—Will inquire about it.

G. D. C., Chicago.—Received, all safe, thanks.

PEDESTRIAN.—See answer to J. R. Shay.

AHEAD OF TIME.

WE go to press a little earlier with this issue, in order that our friends may read of the arrival of Heenan in England, and of his reception in London; also that they may see the challenge issued by Tom Sayers, offering to fight the winner should Heenan and Mace have a trial for the Championship. Those who find their favors unnoticed this week, will be attended to in our next.

"HORSE MANSION."—This establishment, located on the corner of 7th avenue and 42d street, at the junction of Broadway, was opened on Thursday, April 17th, for the inspection of the public. It is a fine two-story building, entirely of brick, with an area of 100 by 130 feet inside the walls; with high ceiling, and erected with special attension to light, ventilation, and sewerage. The stalls are of extra width, and admirably arranged for the health and comfort of the horse. Some idea may be formed of the dimensions, when we state that there are ample accommodations for two hundred and fifty head, with their usual equipments. On the first floor are located offices, dressing rooms, with every convenience for ablution after a dirty drive, a retiring room for ladies, with a separate entrance from 42d street. Nothing, in fact, has been neglected by the proprietors to make this place what its name indicates, one of the first of its class on this continent. On the second story an extensive ring has been made for exercise in rainy weather; while in the rear are vacant lots for the purpose of walking stock not regularly driven. The proprietors, Messrs. Clemons & Bradshaw, have resolved to hold weekly auction sales of horses, harness, &c., for which they have facilities, and must have felt gratified at the attendance at their opening day. The biddings were prompt, and many purchasers have reason to be glad that they were present. A large number of circus horses were sold; having been turned out all winter, their colts were rough, of which fact the knowing ones in horseflesh took advantage, and realised bargains indeed. One extensive stage proprietor was present, and sent several good ones home, at ruinous prices to the seller.

TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECHES in England, on Slavery, Emancipation, and Pardoning Traitors, are published in neat form by Peterson Brothers, of Philadelphia, at the moderate price of ten cents. F. A. Brady, No. 24 Ann street, is the New-York agent.

HEENAN'S SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

HIS ARRIVAL IN LIVERPOOL.

APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

MACE SIGNIFIES HIS INTENTION TO MEET THE BOY.

TOM SAYERS AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

HIS CHALLENGE TO THE WINNER.

JOHN C. HEENAN, who left this port in the steamship City of Washington on the 22d of March, arrived at Liverpool on the 3d of April, where he was met by a number of friends, and soon after left for London, where his arrival had created an intense degree of excitement. Our London Correspondent, NED JAMES, in a hurried postscript to a private letter, says:—

LONDON, April 4, '62.

DEAR FRANK—Quite an excitement is manifested here, in relation to the announcement of the arrival of Heenan, whom very few expected to see in this country again. There are all sorts of flying rumors in regard to the object of his visit, but nearly all point to a match with Mace, the present Champion of England. Although Mace may have expressed a desire to meet Heenan, yet I doubt that he ever suspected the gay Boy would cross the Atlantic while his (Mace's) three years championship was being served out. If I were Heenan I should rather face Mace than one side of Sayers, for he loses all that wonderful science when he has a man before him who will worry him to death every round, instead of a chump like the Staleybridge. Mace don't like being hit *hard*, and every one knows that Heenan *is a hitter!* It is said that Heenan is in the Metropolis while I write, but I have not seen him, and am not sure that he is in London yet, but will be to-morrow, if he is not already here. There is another rumor current that Sayers talks of having another "go" in the Prize Ring, but I know not what truth there is in these reports.

In my next, I hope to give you full particulars of the Boy's arrival, his reception, and his intentions. I mail this to-day, in order that it may go by the steamer which leaves Liverpool to-morrow. From indications, there will be lively times this summer. Yours, NED JAMES.

By the London *Sporting Life*, of April 5, we learn that Heenan had reached London, in good health, accompanied by his brother, who is *not*, as the *Life* previously stated, bigger than the Boy. To judge by the articles in the London journals, it is taken for granted that Heenan's visit to London is for the express purpose of fighting Jem Mace, and this opinion is formed, before the Boy has had time to declare his intentions. In expectation that Heenan "comes for a fight," Mace had written that he would be "pleased, proud, and happy to fight Heenan."

But the most surprising part of the news received touching Heenan's arrival, is the challenge from Tom Sayers, who has come out boldly, and offers to fight the winner of the proposed match between Heenan and Sayers. Tom's challenge, which we give below, is inserted in the *Sporting Life*, and bears the stamp of authenticity, but it seems somewhat strange that after all the objections urged against a renewal of the Farnborough Fight—that he was bound down not to fight again—that he would forfeit his annuity should he again enter the Prize Ring, etc., etc.,—he should come out at this particular time, when he is doing a most excellent business with his circus, and signify his desire to fight either Heenan or Mace, or which ever should prove the winner, supposing that the two latter come together in an International Contest. In a private note to us, our correspondent in London says that there is a disposition to give Heenan a better show this time, "for whenever the Farnborough affair is broached, the Boy seems to have almost as many supporters as Tom Sayers. I feel satisfied that a number of influential men will see to it that fair play shall characterise the next International Fight." This is corroborated by some remarks in the *Sporting Life*, and altogether there is a better disposition, apparently, manifested towards the American.

Now, in regard to Sayers' challenge, there may be something in it that an outsider cannot comprehend. It may be genuine, or it may be a forgery, put out as a feeler for some purpose not dreamed of by the uninitiated. In anticipation of a meeting between Mace and Heenan, the odds are already offered on the Boy of 3 to 1, showing a great change since a little over two years ago, when his then opponent was the favorite at 2 to 1. It is not to be expected that Mace will issue a challenge, for he stands open to accept all that may offer, legitimately, to fight for the Championship. Neither is it to be supposed that Heenan will challenge Mace immediately, although that he will do so is the impression in certain sporting circles in London. In our next issue, however, we shall be able, probably, to get some definite idea of what is to come out of this somewhat unlooked for appearance of John C. Heenan in the home of pugilism, the Great City of London.

The following article on the subject of Heenan's arrival is from the London *Sporting Life*, April 5:—

HEENAN, one of the heroes of the battle of Farnborough, has arrived in England with the expressed intention of fighting James Mace, the present holder of the belt, and determining his right to be considered the Champion of the world. On the 17th of the present month, the second anniversary of the important fight between the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers will have arrived. Sayers, who it was understood had retired from the P. R. forever, hearing of a probable encounter between Heenan and Mace, has, to the infinite surprise of everybody, issued a challenge to fight whoever should prove victorious in the proposed contest. Tom's terms and challenge will be found below. After a calm a storm is said to be imminent, and the dulness which has of late pervaded prize-fighting affairs is suddenly relieved by the probability of a passage at arms not only between Heenan and Mace, but absolutely between Sayers and the Benician. This intelligence will undoubtedly cause a tremendous sensation throughout the country, and in the event of either or both these fights being brought to an issue, a degree of public excitement would be engendered equal in intensity to that which was manifested two years since, when the splendid battle of Farnborough engrossed the thoughts of Englishmen and Americans almost to the exclusion of every other topic. Since Heenan's return to his native country, he appears to have led a quiet and modest life, and has scarcely obtruded himself before the public, except when ill-advised by his friends of the trans-Atlantic sporting press. Mace has over and over again expressed his wish to fight Heenan, but Jem must be astonished at the sudden appearance of "the Boy," who gave no notice of his intentions, until he placed his foot upon English soil.

During the interval which elapsed between the settlement of the Trent affair, when war with England and America seemed inevitable, Heenan withdrew all challenges to English pugilists, but it was always understood that he intended to revisit us during the World's Fair. At present, we cannot announce any preliminary steps towards a match between Heenan and Mace, but the Benician's arrival at Liverpool, in the City of Washington, on Thursday, shows that he is in earnest. It will be remembered that we announced in our columns, after the fight between Mace and King, that Heenan's friends had resolved to induce him to come over, and have another try for the belt, as they considered Mace had not sustained his reputation, and that an easy triumph would be the result of a fight between these gladiators. Probably it is upon some such representations as these, that Heenan has been induced to re-appear thus unexpectedly; but, in any case, fight or not, his visit to England during the International Exhibition must prove a great source of remuneration to him, as sparring engagements at high salaries have at once been offered him.

Concerning Tom Sayers' challenge to meet either Heenan or Mace after they have fought, much uncertainty must exist. Tom's backers have always given it out that he should never fight again; and, indeed, it is known that the trustees of his annuity have bound him down, on forfeiture of his fortune, not to engage in any fresh battle. Mr. H. Bennett and others have constantly declared this, and it remains to be seen whether Sayers will risk the loss of his annuity, in his love of fame and ambition to regain the title he once so bravely defended, as Champion of England and the world. That he will be able to fight if he desires, is certain, but, in our opinion, it would be more discreet and dignified to rest upon his laurels.

"A well-tried warrior with grace may yield,
The oft-disputed honors of the field."

Although two years have barely elapsed since the fight at Farnborough, Sayers, we feel convinced, is not the man he was when he stood up with such unparalleled valor before Heenan. Tom's lengthened career, the severity of his last fight, and lately his wearing and somewhat harrassing life as a circus manager, must have left their mark upon his constitution and frame. Still, a return to strict training and regimen might work wonders, and once more enable him to show a bold front against either Heenan or Mace. Although a number of people, in discussing the probabilities of a fight between the two last-mentioned athletes, are greatly biassed in favor of "the Boy," yet there are numbers of sound judges who affirm that Heenan will find Jem a tremendously tough customer to dispose of. Certainly, Mace did not fight in his best "form" with King, yet everything was against him, and he could not display his science, quickness, or defence, owing to the "buttery" nature of the ground. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that he beat King, a fine, fresh young fellow, more than the equal of Heenan in length and reach, by sheer gameness and endurance. It will not do for the American's friends to delude themselves that their man will have an easy job, or that it is as good as a "walk over" for the belt. We must confess that we are glad to welcome Heenan, whose manly bearing and gentlemanly address won him no end of admirers upon his first visit. His return with fighting intentions, too, shows that his confidence in the fair play of Englishmen is not, as represented by a portion of the American press, entirely extinguished.

At the battle of Farnborough, mistakes and accidents occurred, and we have always insisted that the interruption of the fight arose from no direct wish to deny Heenan justice. It would, however, be worse than useless to recur to the old grievances on that score. Should Heenan fight again upon English soil, he need not, we are assured, feel any hesitation. He is immensely popular in this country, and his admirers and partisans may be numbered by hundreds of thousands. Since his last contest, the rules of the Ring have been revised and amended, and the barbarous "hugging" upon the ropes been rendered illegal. There can be no false impressions and arguments, therefore, upon that matter, and this, at least, his friends must consider as an advantage on his side. The sporting world is anxious to have a decided test of Heenan's ability, and if he can win the belt, everybody would be rejoiced to see him wear it, and enjoy the honors and emoluments of its possession. Should the Benicia Boy succeed in making a match with Mace, and should Sayers afterwards fight the victor, we have every confidence in seeing the contests finished with impartiality, and the American allowed "a fair field and no favor." Mace's agent has written to us from Cheltenham, to say that Jem, hearing of the Benicia Boy's arrival, takes the immediate opportunity of informing the world he will feel "pleased, proud, and happy, to fight Heenan," which is the one desire of his heart.

HEENAN'S ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

The celebrated John C. Heenan, accompanied by his brother, James Heenan, arrived in Liverpool on Thursday, April 3d, in the "City of Washington." As soon as it became generally known that he was to arrive by that boat, a great number of his friends and admirers assembled to give him a hearty greeting to old England. He appeared in excellent health and spirits, and bears no marks of his devotion to the "noble art." He shows no trace of his terrific contest at Farnborough with the redoubtable "Tom." Heenan's second visit to England, it is understood, is to encounter Jem Mace, the present possessor of his long-coveted prize, "the belt and the Championship of England," and his Liverpool friends appear very sanguine as to his success.

HEENAN IN LONDON.

Heenan's appearance in the metropolis has, of course, created much interest, and wherever he has shown in public he has been surrounded by crowds of anxious followers. Immediately a probable encounter between the Benicia Boy was discussed at the sporting-houses, opinions were at once pronounced which showed that the "talent" were impressed with the idea that it is odds on Heenan, and at Owen Swift's, on Thursday night, 3 to 1 was laid on him against Mace, should the men meet to fight for the Championship. We expect in our next number to announce that a match has been arranged. Of course, it is needless to remind our readers that Mace is compelled to fight Heenan, or "any other man," or resign the belt, but Jem's intention, as his agent's letter proves, is to fight to the last in defence of the trophy of pugilistic championship.

The following is

TOM SAYERS' CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Life.

SIR: Having seen in your paper of this day that it is the intention of Heenan to contest with Mace for the Championship of England, I beg to inform you that I will fight the winner of that important battle for the sum of £200 or £500 a side, as soon after that event as the winner thinks fit.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
TOM SAYERS.
Ex-Champion of England and Proprietor of the Champion Circus of the World.

Ely, April 2.

RE-OPENED.—Ed. Wilson, a well known and popular professor of the art fistic, and once an opponent of Harry Gribbin, has re-opened his hostelrie at Weehawken, N. J., where he will be on hand to mete out to all those friends who will please to meet him there, the choicest beverages, etc. As he was unfortunate enough to be burnt out last fall, it is to be hoped that Wilson will have a successful season to make up for his losses. Boys, don't forget Wilson and Weehawken.

FOLEY VS. KAVANAGH.—The third match between these two players for $1,000, is fixed to take place in Buffalo, the latter having the privilege of naming the date between the 5th of April and six months from that date. Under the circumstances, it is therefore highly probable that the latest date possible will be named, so as to make it possible for Mr. Phelan to be present on his return from the Golden State.

BOWLING.—The following "advertisement" we cut from the Binghamton, N. Y., *Republican:*

BOWLING.—Miss Hoyt, the celebrated lady bowler, has leased the Alleys in the rear of the Exchange Hotel, in this village, and will open them on Monday as a first class Bowling Gymnasium. Miss Hoyt has a Secession Flag, which she captured at the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, Va. Persons wishing to see a genuine Secession flag, can do so by calling at the Alleys.

AN IMPROMPTU FAREWELL.

MR. PHELAN'S VISIT TO CALIFORNIA.

On the evening of Wednesday, 16th inst., Mr. Michael Phelan, the famous billiard player and table manufacturer, was taken by surprise with an invitation to meet a number of his friends and admirers at the Maison Doree, in Fourteenth street, west of Brodway, for the purpose of giving them an opportunity of bidding him a cordial farewell, and hearty God-speed on his way to California, for which State he departs by the steamer of the 21st. At the appointed hour, the guests having assembled, Mr. Phelan was conducted by Mr. Neil Bryant to the seat of honor at a table bountifully laden with choice edibles—which, aided by the exhilarating influences of genial and jovial conversation, and the best of "Montebello," and other generous stimulants, were dispatched in a manner that amply illustrated the knowledge of good things, and what to do with them, possessed by the party. Among those present we recognised, in addition to the guest in chief, the familiar faces of Messrs. Neil Bryant, Christopher Conner, Phillip Tieman, Dudley Kavanagh, Messrs. Collender, Pense, Freeman, S. C. Campbell, Deery, etc., etc. By way of adding to the relish of the repast, Mr. Campbell sang, in his well known style, the popular Irish ballad, "Norah McShane," which was greatly applauded. After the removal of the cloth, and during the smoking of the fragrant weed, in response to the toast of "the guest of the evening" offered by Mr. Tieman, which was drank with all the honors, Mr. Phelan gave a brief, entertaining, and humorous account of his experience in the billiard world up to the present time. The first billiard table he ever saw (according to Mr. Phelan's remarks) was at the house in Maiden Lane, for a long time known as "Clarke and Brown's," where also he made his first essay with the cue. There, also, it appears, the then young Phelan, notwithstanding the opposition of an elder brother, soon learned to discomfit all his opponents; and here, too, the thought suggested itself that he could much improve on the old fogy style of billiard tables. For this, on mentioning it to those of a "green old age," like all other reformers and improvers, he was only laughed at, and the idea pooh, poohed; but this did not deter him from still pondering on the matter, and in a few years from that time, after a trip to California, and other adventurous episodes, he, in company with Messrs. Conner and Collender, manufactured the first table with Phelan's improved combination cushions, etc. What difficulties and opposition they met with, can only be understood by those who have traveled in a similar road. Suffice it to say, then, that from that first table commenced a prosperous career for the firms of O'Conner & Collender, and later of Phelan & Collender. On resuming his seat, Mr. Phelan was warmly congratulated on his success, consequent upon his persevering efforts. The socialities of the evening continued to "the wee sma' hours ayant the twall" in the most agreeable manner possible. The manner and circumstances of this "reception" must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Phelan, coming, as it did, in so impromptu a manner, from friends who heartily wish him success in all his undertakings in life, and that his pilgrimage to California may result in success, and in his safe return. He intends being absent about four months, we believe.

DEATH OF A CHESS PLAYER.—George H. Derrickson, a member of the Philad'a. Chess Club, and an able contributor to the chess department of this paper, died in this city, on the 16th inst. His remains were taken to Philadelphia, and the funeral took place from the residence of Dr. N. C. Reid, on Saturday afternoon, 19th inst. The deceased was in the 18th year of his age. He was an intelligent young man, and much beloved by those who had formed his acquaintance.

BOWLING.—Those gentlemen who contemplate supporting a club for the practice of this game, and taking a hand in at trundling the lignum vitæ, will please note that an adjourned meeting is to be held at the House of Lords, in Houston street, east of Broadway, on the 23d inst. Everybody and his friends are cordially invited to attend. We hope that a goodly company will be on hand to assist in furthering the enterprise.

THE CHANNINGS, a domestic novel of real life, by Mrs. Henry Wood, just published by Peterson Bros., of Philadelphia, is very interesting, both in plot and detail. Price, 50 cents. F. A. Brady, agent for New-York.

SHOOTERS, LOOK OUT.—Persons who "go a gunning," will bear in mind that it is not right to kill blue birds, swallows, robins, or any other insectiverous birds. Before shooting, overhaul your book, and see that you are about to kill according to law.

BILLIARDS.

PUSHING SHOTS.—For a long time the legitimacy of what are termed "pushing shots" in the game of billiards, has been doubted, good players, as a general thing, having condemned them as marring to a great extent, this truly scientific pastime. Notwithstanding such views have been entertained, the custom has been kept up, until it would seem almost an impossibility to discard it; but could the legitimacy be annulled, and the rules framed so as to forbid such practice, it would add vastly to the beauties of the game, and lead, eventually, to a much more skilful handling of the cue among our best players, who all admit that but little skill is required in making one of these same "pushing shots." The expediency of doing away with this sort of shot altogether, is, we are pleased to observe, being canvassed among the "upper ten" in billiard circles. The *masse* shot is the shot that should take its place in most instances, and where that would not serve, an additional impetus would be given to the player to study angle shots, and thus, as we before remarked, much enhance the beauties of the game. It has surprised, but at the same time pleased us, to learn that in the proposed third match between Messrs. Foley and Kavanagh, they have agreed not to take advantage of the "push." This is a move in the right direction, and if other professionals will agree to banish it when playing matches, we have no doubt but that amateurs will soon follow suit. By all means then, let us push pushers and pushing shots off the statute book.

THE FIRST OF MAY.—This—one of the greatest days on the calendar, for Gothamites, when all hands seem to be seized with the mania for changing their places of residence and business, is close at hand, when the cry of push along, keep moving, is pretty generally quoted. Some of our billiard friends intend to follow the custom, we understand. Messrs. Phelan & Collender having given up their rooms, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, that establishment is to be presided over by Messrs. Kavanagh and Freeman, who will leave their rooms in Fulton street; while Messrs Phelan & Collender will confine themselves to the prosecution of their manufacturing business, in Crosby street. Mr. Kilduff, of the Columbia Rooms, No. 946 Broadway, also intends removing to the south-east corner of Twenty-second street and Broadway, the first street below his present location. It is to be hoped that he will find no falling off in business, through his removal from his present little snuggery.

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

BILLIARDS IN STOCKTON.—Messrs. Eaton and Jamison, two first class players of that city, played a match in the City Hall, Feb. 27, in which the former proved the winner by 100 points in 500. Annexed is the table thereof:—

	EATON.			JAMISON.	
Play.	Run.	Total.	Play.	Run.	Total.
1	0	0	1	4	4
2	17	17	2	0	4
3	10	27	3	7	11
4	22	49	4	0	11
5	14	63	5	0	11
6	4	67	6	36	47
7	8	75	7	27	74
8	9	84	8	48	122
9	12	96	9	0	122
10	84	180	10	9	131
11	12	192	11	11	142
12	26	218	12	3	*145
13	9	227	13	4	149
14	0	227	14	2	151
15	48	275	15	38	189
16	7	282	16	0	189
17	9	291	17	17	206
18	3	294	18	2	208
19	13	*307	19	26	234
20	4	311	20	121	355
21	6	317	21	5	360
22	6	323	22	11	371
23	18	341	23	2	373
24	10	351	24	0	373
25	30	381	25	5	378
26	16	397	26	0	378
27	5	402	27	2	380
28	24	426	28	0	380
29	11	437	29	9	389
30	4	441	30	6	395
31	7	448	31	4	399
32	37	485	32	11	410
33	16	501			
*1 miss.			*1 miss.		

After the match game, Mr. Eaton offered to "grand discount" any man's game in the room, excepting that of Mr. Jamison.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will state that grand discount consisted in Mr. Eaton's commencing the game afresh each time his opponent made a count. He was first beaten by Mr. Boutelle, familiarly called "Balty;" then he beat Mr. Harris at the same game. Jamison then played a discount game of 200 points with Mr. Isaiah Eaton, beating him easily and making a run of 138 points. The next evening, Messrs. Eaton and Jamison played a game, which was won by Jamison. Eaton made one run of 184 points, but could not win the game.

THE FRENCH GAME.—A match at the French game of billiards for $1,000 a side, was announced to take place at San Francisco, between Messrs. Jamison and Gallotte, on the evening of March 9. Mr. Lynch closed the match for the former, and on expressing his belief that the Buckeye boy would weigh the Gaul's sugar, some dozen of French butchers pulled out their twenties and offered to back their champion. There had been comparatively little money bet, but a good deal was expected to be staked when the game began. A Berger table with Phelan's cushions is to be used.

COCK FIGHT.—On Saturday, March 1st, a number of "roosters" set themselves in battle array at Marysville. At 2 o'clock a large crowd wended their way to the cock-pit, corner of Fourth and D streets. A large and select audience, embracing representatives of almost every pursuit in life, were present. The pit was in fine order, the cocks were crowing lustily, and the crowd of spectators increasing every moment until the yard was full, and the surrounding walls and buildings crowded with people anxious to witness the entertainment. The first match was between a gray cock and a red rooster, both entered by a gentleman of Marysville, for a purse of some $200. After a sharp dispute of a few minutes, the gray cock applied the cold steel to the neck of the red rooster, killing him instantly. At this juncture a shed came down, and caused about twenty men and boys to look for other quarters in short notice. A match was then made up for a purse of forty dollars, on a dispute between a white cock owned by a horse physician, and a red rooster owned by a merchant. This dispute was of long duration, and closely contested on both sides, much money being staked on the result as the fight progressed. At last the white fowl keeled over, and was unable to stand up to his work, the red cock crowing over his victory, and taking the purse. Various disputes then took place between a variety of cocks, much to the amusement of the spectators, who appeared highly delighted with the entertainment.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH IN SAN FRANCISCO.

JAMISON DEFEATS EATON.

BEAUTIFUL PLAY, AND LARGE COUNTS.

The billiard match between Mr. Harry I. Eaton and Mr. A. W. Jamison, came off on Tuesday evening February 25th, at Tucker's Academy of Music, in the presence of about four hundred spectators, the extreme inclemency of the weather keeping many away. Those who did attend comprised the rank and file of San Francisco players, among whom we noticed Messrs. Lynch, Little, Kaeding, Maher, Carriere, and Gallotte. The balance of the audience were the amateurs who throng the saloons of our city and spend hours every day at this most fascinating game. The billiard table was of the Phelan patent, from Hughes' factory, and occupied the centre of the room, but owing to the dampness of the atmosphere, it was far from being a fast table.

The judges of the game were Messrs. Carriere and Maher. At ten minutes past 8, Mr. Matt Hughes walked to the table and announced that the game had been lengthened to fifteen hundred points, and called for judgment as to outside bets. The judges declared all outside bets off, that had been made up to the time of the announcement. Mr. Hughes then introduced the players to the audience. Harry Eaton is pretty well known throughout the State, a short, trim built fellow, and a steady, careful player. Jamison is a tall, leggy built man, about twenty-two years of age, and hails from Porkopolis; during the past year he has been in the Esmeralda country and only recently came to San Francisco. There was no trouble about choice of balls, Mr. Eaton taking the white and Jamison winning the lead.

The game went glibly on, some of the most brilliant shots we ever saw being made. Eaton, a little the favorite at first, grew largely in favor as he scored 168 in his seventh play. Jamison showed no *vim* till the thirteenth play, when he made 118, out of which 94 were single caroms on the red and white balls; had he got the two reds together, he would have made 141 exclusive of what he made before he began "nursing." Eaton ran three runs of 54, 43, and 41, consecutively, and made some splendid shots. The twenty sixth and seventh rounds were grand on each side, Eaton making 41 and 68 to Jamison's 57, 59, and 51, the latter in the twenty-ninth play. In the thirty-third round, Jamison scored 225 points! This is, we believe, the greatest run ever made in any match game. Eaton made 70 in his thirty-ninth round and in the forty-second round, Jamison having reached a thousand by a run of 121, an intermission of five minutes took place, in which 100 to 20 was freely booked on Jamison. Eaton now made four large runs 127, 192, 83, and 76, in close proximity, but the Buckeye shook him off easily, running 66, 75, 52, and then averaging 15 every time he played. Poor Harry was completely tired out, and seemed, after carrying away his cue-point, in the fifty-ninth round, to abandon all hope of winning. Jamison won cleverly by 185 points, making a five shot at the finish, and looking as if five hundred points more would not set him back.

Mr. Eaton certainly was in hard luck as regards the break-down of his cue. Jamison made his thousand, leaving Eaton 286 points behind him. On the fifty-ninth play Eaton was within twelve points of Jamison, when his *faux pas* occurred and he was obliged to play with a stick he had never handled before. All we can say is that Eaton has beaten himself to death, Jamison has beaten Eaton, and the game is beyond all comparison the best ever played in public, in America.

RECAPITULATION.

EATON—White.			JAMISON—Black.		
Play.	Run.	Count.	Play.	Run.	Count.
1....	0	0	1....	32	32
2....	4	4	2....	17	49
3....	0	4	3....	6	55
4....	12	16	4....	6	61
5....	0	16	5....	2	63
6....	12	28	6....	20	83
7....	138	166	7....	25	108
8....	20	186	8....	2	110
9....	54	240	9....	0	110
10....	10	250	10....	0	110
11....	43	293	11....	7	117
12....	41	334	12....	12	129
13....	0	334	13....	118	247
14....	0	334	14....	0	247
15....	2	336	15....	0	247
16....	0	336	16....	0	247
17....	3	339	17....	0	247
18....	15	354	18....	28	275
19....	5	359	19....	15	290
20....	0	359	20....	21	311
21....	20	379	21....	5	316
22....	0	379	22....	22	338
23....	0	379	23....	27	365
24....	7	386	24....	8	373
25....	2	388	25....	0	373
26....	2	390	26....	57	430
27....	41	431	27....	59	489
28....	68	499	28....	23	512
29....	0	499	29....	51	563
30....	0	499	30....	5	568
31....	2	501	31....	7	575
32....	0	501	32....	10	585
33....	11	512	33....	225	810
34....	59	571	34....	11	821
35....	6	577	35....	16	837
36....	0	577	36....	10	847
37....	0	577	37....	7	854
38....	24	601	38....	3	857
39....	70	671	39....	2	859
40....	9	680	40....	12	871
41....	16	696	41....	9	880
42....	14	710	42....	121	1001
43....	8	718	43....	3	1004
44....	0	718	44....	2	1006
45....	127	845	45....	22	1028
46....	0	845	46....	4	1032
47....	0	845	47....	26	1058
48....	192	1037	48....	8	1087
49....	0	1037	49....	21	1079
50....	9	1046	50....	12	1099
51....	2	1048	51....	14	1113
52....	16	1064	52....	10	1123
53....	83	1147	53....	6	1129
54....	19	1166	54....	66	1195
55....	0	1166	55....	0	1195
56....	76	1242	56....	75	1270
57....	16	1258	57....	2	1272
58....	0	1258	58....	8	1280
59....	14	1272	59....	4	1284
60....	3	1275	60....	4	1288
61....	19	1294	61....	52	1340
62....	4	1298	62....	8	1348
63....	0	1298	63....	9	1352
64....	0	1298	64....	29	1381
65....	0	1298	65....	35	1416
66....	2	1300	66....	10	1426
67....	3	1303	67....	13	1439
68....	7	1310	68....	40	1479
69....	0	1310	69....	5	1484
70....	5	1315	70....	0	1484
			71....	21	1505

—*California Spirit of the Times.*

SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT.—Mr. John Chamberlain, of Kittsburgh, New York, during the month of March, so it is said, killed 240 crows. The four most successful shots killed 38, 28, 23, and 19, making an aggregate of 108 killed at four shots.

FOOT RACE FOR A BIG STAKE.—A ten mile foot race, for $1000 a side, was announced to take place on the Willow Course, San Francisco, Cal., on March 9th, between Henry Derick and the Shepherd Boy, two well known pedestrians in the Golden Region.

JOHN DORSEY, assisted by Young Dorsey and Johnny McGrath, gave a sparring exhibition at Fireman's Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., on the 16th inst.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 15.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Continental Old Folks extended their engagement, for four nights, at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 16th. Mrs. Emma J. Nichols had a bumper benefit on the 14th. Yankee desendants of "ye pilgrims of ye olden tyme" seem to like "Old Concord" and the rattling of "Old China." The deep base voice of Father Gulick is displayed to good advantage, and John T. is just the man to take tea with the ladies of the "quire," fetching out all the "Old China" in town. We venture the assertion that all kinds of church music never were so popular as at the present time. Is not this fact sufficient to prove that all such matters are best left to the sovereign people, and let performers suit themselves while trying to "go up in the class."

The St. George's Society, at Cleveland, Ohio, give a musical entertainment at Trinity Church there, on the 23d, being St. George's Day and the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. Their usual Festival comes off at the Angier House. The best musical talent in the city is to be engaged. The proceeds this year will be applied to the Soldiers Aid Society of Cleveland. By George! this is good and patriotic.

Toledo, Ohio, has had quite a flood of amusements for the past few weeks. On Saturday, April 5th, the Toledo Opera House, formerly Stickney Hall, opened to an overflowing house. On Wednesday, the 9th, that "Prince of Nigger Lions," Wendell Phillips, lectured at White's Hall; Friday, 11th, the George Christy party played at the same hall; and Herrmann was on for the 18th, and Gottschalk for the 19th. Pretty good for a small town. With the "Opera House," business has been good; the following is a list of the present company:—O. W. Blake, Jas. A. Hayes, Lew Benedict, J. F. Oberist, J. C. Gomaze, John Herbert, Harry Taylor, H. A. Fistler, H. Lucker, and Carl Hulbert; Mrs. O. W. Blake and Miss Alice Victoria. On Saturday afternoon, the 19th, they gave a grand musical matinee, the entire proceeds going for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society.

A Spanish Opera, Ballet, and Dramatic company had arrived in San Francisco, from Havana. Report says they are very clever.

During an exhibition the other day, in Cleveland, at Prof. Humiston's, the curtain was drawn aside in the midst of the tableaux, when a group was disclosed, consisting of Dr. John E. Darby, Post Surgeon at Camp Chase, and Miss Julia F. Wright, a teacher in the Institute, supported on either side by brides-maids and groomsmen, and the Rev. Mr. Brewster in the foreground. The marriage service was then and there performed. The affair was a complete surprise to all present. So Cousin Reuben and Granny Slocum, of the Old Folks, who were the first to do that thing in public, are no longer singular in their "extra performance."

Lee Mallory is exhibiting a Panorama of the War, in Richmond, Va.

Matt. Verne's Comedians seem to be making the most they can of the vernal season up among the mountains of New Hampshire. With Mr. and Mrs. Verne, Messrs. Loomis, Powers, Brooks, etc., they give such pieces as "Zeb Stubbs's Visit to New York," or "Love In a Cottage," with a pleasing style. This party were at Laconia, N. H., on the 18th, and at Plymouth on the 19th, and well received. Some signs of thawing out up there, in our "American Switzerland."

Wyman, the wizard, remained two days longer at Rochester, N. Y., last week.

BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The performance of this Association on the 17th inst., at the Band Box, was well attended, the "Hunchback" and "Raising the Wind" completing the programme. In the first piece, the characters were well cast, with one or two exceptions. Mr. J. B. Ward, as Walter, at first showed a little tameness, but as he gained more confidence, instilled a pathos which is seldom seen on the private boards. In the last scene he was particularly good. The Sir Thomas of Mr. Leslie was excellent and handled with care. The Lord Tinsel of Melton did not quite come up to the standard. The Modus of J. B. Sherman was good; this gentleman evidently understanding the character. Johnny Cooper, as Fathom, was really clever; Master Wilford, and Heartwell, Thomas, Gaylove, Stephen and Holdwell, were each fairly rendered, as were the parts allotted to Misses Vallencourt and Frank Baker. The performance was brought to a close by the farce of "Raising the Wind," Messrs. Martin Everett, G. G. Hurst, George Gardner, Johnny Cooper, and C. Lewis, doing their parts well. Millie Clayton and Kate Weaver, as Peggy and Durable, were also good.

THE NONPAREIL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will give a performance at Dramatic Hall on Thursday evening, April 24th. "Naval Engagements," "Boots at the Swan," and "The Serious Family," comprise the bill.

THE J. W. COLLINS ASSOCIATION will shortly give a performance, of which due notice will be given.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Pending the uncertainty of the "next move" on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, we are happy to state that Mr. Paul seems restored to his usual health, and that the recent tour in Scotland progressed quite satisfactorily to all concerned. The style of performance thus favorably established needs some public description, as it is not a mere duologue, like that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, but a rich and varied entertainment, requiring the assistance of other first-class performers, and never possible to fail pleasing "all sorts of an audience." The Pauls have a variety of varieties—honestly on the "Life is all a variorum" principle—and never disappoint the most voracious demands for "full measure." With Miss Lydia White at the piano, and Miss Lavenu as an "accomplished accomplice" in the comediettas and burlesques, their powers of pleasing seem to be multiplied into protean perfection. Their character songs are full of dramatic power, and the little drawing-room burlesques are the most delightful amusements that could possibly be arranged, leaving the spectators to awake up from their dramatic dream and wonder how such powerful effects could be produced with such simple elegance and pure taste.

Jem Ward's daughter is to play at a concert on the 23d inst., in London, for Benedict's benefit.

BALL PLAY.

THE HOBOKEN CLUBS.

Most of the clubs whose grounds are located at Hoboken have commenced play for the season, and, by the attendance on practice days, we should judge that the clubs intend to have a fine time of it this season. Below we give the opening days of the Hoboken clubs:—

THE MUTUAL CLUB.—The members of this club assembled in full force on Monday, April 14th, for the first time this season, and had quite a healthy little game among themselves. Nearly all their first nine were present, either on Monday or Thursday last; and we noticed that the most prominent of them were as active and efficient as ever. Their practice days are Mondays and Thursdays, at 3 P. M.

THE GOTHAM CLUB.—This club will have their opening day on Tuesday, April 22d, and will no doubt muster well on the occasion. They will have the same effective nine as last season, with one or two exceptions.

THE EAGLE CLUB.—The Eagles will commence play also on Tuesday, April 22d. They intend playing some first class matches this season, and will muster a good nine to sustain their well earned reputation as one of the leading clubs of New York. Both these clubs practice Tuesdays and Fridays.

THE EMPIRE CLUB.—The members of this club will meet for practice for the first time this season, on Wednesday, April 23d. The old conquerors of the Atlantics intend to bestir themselves this season, and will doubtless contest for the palm of superiority with unusual vigor. This club's practice days are Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE JEFFERSON CLUB.—The members of this club are turning out this season in full force, and, from what we have seen of their play on the few practice days they have yet had, we should say that they will prove to be troublesome customers to every club they may play with this season, and none but first class clubs will have a chance of winning a ball from them. They will make a sturdy fight to win the honors of the season, and those who are likely to contest with them will have to be prompt in their attendance on practice days, for the Jeffersons are on for a thorough training already.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.—We are glad to learn that the veteran Knickerbockers are going to enter the base ball arena again. This season they intend to play matches with most of the leading clubs of New York and Brooklyn. We should like to see the Excelsiors and the Knickerbockers open the ball, by a match early in May. Both clubs are out of practice, and are therefore on a par as far as that goes. The absence of these two clubs from among those who took active part in the matches of last season, materially lessened the interest of the play during 1861. They should both remember that every first class club that retires from active play, deals a blow at the prosperity of the game.

MARRIED VS SINGLE.—The first of these club matches will take place on Monday, April 28, on which day the Mutual club will turn out their Bachelors and Benedicts for a contest. We shall give a report of this first club match.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB.—The well-known grounds of this noted club are to be re-occupied this season, but a change in the position of the bases will be made. The batting on the newly laid out ground will be from north to south; before, it was from east to west. We are glad to learn that the Atlantics have retained the grounds made classic, as it were, by the playing of so many well-contested matches, and the scene of so many exciting contests. The Enterprise club will also play on the same grounds. The Atlantics will commence play for the season as soon as the grounds are finished, which will be by the first week in May.

THE ENTERPRISE CLUB.—This club commenced play for the season on Saturday, April 12th, and they had a good game on the occasion. Until they occupy their new ground, they will play on the old Atlantic grounds. Their practice days are Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M.

BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Olympic Club were to play their opening game of the season on the afternoon of Saturday, 19th inst., on their grounds on the Camac estate, commencing at 2¼ o'clock, P. M. This is said to be the oldest Ball Club in the country, having been organized in 1833, by William E. Whitman, Esq., who is President of the club. Their days of play will hereafter be on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

THE NIAGARA BASE BALL CLUB.—This excellent junior club, which hails from Lockport, N. Y., held their annual election on the evening of the 11th inst., and elected a good list of officers for the year 1862. This club occupies a prominent position among the juniors of Western New York, and, we believe, sport the champion colors for their class. We hope to chronicle a clean record for the "Cataract boys" for 1862. We append the names of their officers:—N. H. Sadler, President; E. L. Mather, Vice President; C. R. Northorp, Secretary; W. B. Trever, Treasurer; Directors—J. W. Wilbeck, D. D. Dysinger, C. D. Metz, W. D. Palmer, and F. H. Gutchell.

ECKFORD CLUB.—The Eckfords began play for the season on Wednesday, April 15th, and turned out their first nine in nearly its full strength. They chose sides, and had a good practice game, the result of which we give below. The club practice days are Tuesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M.

WOOD'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.	MILL'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.
*Beach, c	1	5	*Manolt, c	2	1
G Grum, 3d b	3	2	*Brown, p	1	3
McAuslan, s s	2	4	Jenkens, r f	3	1
*Resch, 1st b	1	2	C Smith, 1st b	1	0
*Grum, c f	1	3	Devyr, c f	2	1
B Reach, r f	4	1	N Smith, l f	2	1
Moger, l f	2	3	C Mills, 3d b	2	0
*Wood, 2d b	1	4	*Mills, 2d b	2	1
*Sprague, p	2	3	*Snyder, s s	2	1
Cooper, r s	1	2	*Campbell, r f	1	2
Total		29	Total		11

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

Wood's side	12	4	1	3	6	3	—29
Mill's side	1	0	2	1	3	4	—11

Those marked with an asterisk (*) are first nine players for this season.

THE EXERCISE CLUB.—On Tuesday, April 18th, the members of this fine Brooklyn club opened play for the season on their grounds adjoining Carroll Park, South Brooklyn. The weather was a little chilly and unpleasant, or doubtless there would have been a fuller representation of the club present. However, sides were chosen from among the players on hand, and a lively and interesting game was played, the score of which we append.—The club practice days are Tuesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M.

MASSEY'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.	SIMONSON'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.
Massey	5	1	Skaats	2	6
Chapman	3	4	Crane	1	6
P. O'Brien	2	4	Simonson	2	4
Creighton	2	4	Povie	5	3
Bissell	3	2	Jerome	4	4
Laidlaw	3	1	Henry	4	4
Brainard	1	3	Savage	2	5
Galpin	4	1•	McKenzie	4	4
Field	4	1	Flanly	3	4
Total		21	Total		40

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Massey's side	5	0	1	2	4	0	3	3	3	—21
Simonson's side	6	8	6	1	4	5	5	0	5	—40

Umpire—Mr. Chadwick.
Scorer—Mr. Duval.
Time of game—two hours 30 minutes.
Home runs—Creighton, P. O'Brien, Grum, Savage and Povie.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB SPRING MEETING.—This event transpired at Mr. Howell's House of Lords, in Houston street, on Wednesday evening, 16th inst., and quite a number of the rank and file put in an appearance, together with a number of recruits. A canvass of the affairs of the institution proved every way satisfactory, notwithstanding the times, and fully warranted the re-engagement of their worthy and well tried professional, William Crossley. The furniture of the club was ordered to be added to in the shape of a heavy roller, a watering cart, and a horse to tote the same. That is enterprise of the right sort; a real live horse, mind you. Now, who says we shall not have good wickets. "Wait for the water cart, we'll all take a ride," that will be the cry now; instead of shinning it down to the ferry after a hard day's play. We shall take more practice ourselves, and have already begun at the other end of the season by calculating our averages—fifties in 75,000 are——. The opening day is fixed for Monday the 28th of the present month, when a full muster is fully expected, not only of members of the club, but of their friends, and we are requested to state that strangers will be warmly welcomed to take part in the proceedings of the day. At the meeting in question, delegates were also appointed to attend the annual convention, should it be held. This reminds us that Messrs. Hall and Fisher, of Philadelphia, have not sounded the note of warning; whether it shall take place or not. We doubt either the wisdom or necessity this season, but Messrs. Hall and Fisher would do well to state their pleasure. The New York Club have two or three prominent return matches on hand, viz., with Canada, Massachusetts, Philadelphia, etc., which will most likely be played. At all events, exercise, amusement, and pleasure will be often and very generally found to be agreeably mixed up on the grounds of the New York Cricket Club.

EAST NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club, for the election of officers for the ensuing season, and for appointing the opening day, is to be held at the Howard House, East New York, on Wednesday, 23d inst., at 8 o'clock in the evening. Members of the club are requested to be punctual in their attendance.

CRICKET IN NEW JERSEY.—The semi-annual meeting for the election of officers of the United Cricket Club of Trenton, N. J., was held on Saturday, April 12th, and resulted in the election of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing term:—Howard E. Laing, President; Henry L. Harris, Vice-President; Albert S. Phillips, Secretary; Wm. H. Katzenbach, Treasurer.

CRICKET IN OSWEGO, N. Y.—We are glad to observe that that good organization, the St. George Cricket club, of Oswego, New York, are moving in good season for the campaign of 1862. As a club, they have always performed a liberal share in pushing on the cricket column in their section of the Empire State; and they have entitled themselves to the good feelings of all lovers of their noble pastime, for their efforts in its behalf. On the evening of April 14, the club held their annual election, which resulted as follows:—President, A. C. Mattoon; Vice President, Henry Gleason; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Stevenson; Ground Committee, Messrs. Levy Hampshire, J. C. Cooley, C. H. H. Castle, and John Stevenson.

STILL LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

MERRY AND DETERMINED MILL

BETWEEN

BOB HEFFERAN AND DAN KEEFE, FOR £20.

The contest for £10 a-side between these aspirants to fistic fame, was arranged to take place on Thursday, April 3. This was the first appearance of the lads in a ring, although report spoke highly of them both in some rough turns up. Keefe, who is brother to Jem and Jack Keefe, was backed from Mr. Milsom's, the White Horse, Orchard street, Westminster, and trained for the event at Mr. J. Garratt's, Garratt lane, Wandsworth, attended by Dick Garratt, of the East End; he had for his colors a chocolate and white checked handkerchief, and was in excellent condition. Hefferan was backed from Mr. Staddon's, the Adam and Eve, Bowling street, Westminster, and had taken his breathings at the Rose and Crown, Highgate, under the care of Simon Finighty, who spared no efforts to get his *protege* in first-rate fettle. He had for his colors a salmon and blue cross-barred handkerchief. The lads were restricted to 7st. 6lb. They went to scale on Wednesday, April 2, at Mr. Staddon's, when each was found to be well within his weight. The rendezvous was Fenchurch street, by the first train in the morning, although it was well understood by the initiated that a journey by rail would be only the prelude to one by water. On reaching North Woolwich, a steamer was seen to be in readiness with steam up all ready for a start, but a great delay took place in embarking, owing to those who had the management of the trip being anxious to obtain as much of the circulating medium as possible, and waiting for another train to arrive from London. This delay, coupled with the fact of those present standing about in groups, and those of the noisy and "rougher" order indulging in practical jokes of the most boisterous kind, precludes the chance of bringing a fight to a conclusion without the knowledge and interference of the police. At length, all being on board, a start was made, and away the *voyageurs* steamed down the river. The first place stopped at was Dagenham, but it was found to be no go; and the spot whereon Shaw and Tyler fought was next attempted. Here Fred Oliver soon had the ring pitched, and at 11 o'clock Keefe, attended by George Crockett and Jack Hunt, threw in his cap. It was not until twelve or fourteen minutes after that Hefferan followed suit, waited on by Jem Hill, of Chelsea, and Simon Finighty. The betting was 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Keefe. Their toilets being finished, and the referee having taken his seat, they proceeded to toss for choice of corners, which was won by Hefferan, who placed his adversary with his face to the sun, and at seventeen minutes past eleven they stood up for

Round 1. On putting themselves in attitude, a marked disparity was seen between them, Keefe being the taller, and longest in the reach. From the way in which they manœuvred for an opening, a looker-on would not have supposed that it was their first appearance within the ropes and stakes, and the manner in which each feinted and broke ground would have done credit to many older practitioners. After a little sparring to get within distance, Keefe dashed out his left viciously, and got home a straight left-hander on Hefferan's left eye, causing him to blink again; he repeated the dose on the body, and got away from Hefferan's return. Hefferan, however, nothing daunted, dashed at his man, and a pretty rally ensued, in which some good counters were exchanged—Keefe on the body, Hefferan on the left eye and mouth, and in the close Hefferan slipped down.

2. No sooner was time called than Hefferan jumped up, and on Keefe facing him he rushed at him, and delivered both hands at Keefe's head. Keefe, not at all backward, met him, and returned hit for hit. They closed, and got to the ropes, where, in the struggle for the fall, both were down, Keefe under.

3 to 12 were of the same severe telling description, each round ending with the usual give and take hammering, and then going down.

13. Both up slow to the call of time, the fast fighting from the commencement beginning to tell tales. Without any hesitation Keefe dashed out his left on to Hefferan's nose, and again with the same hand got heavily on to his mouth, and repeated it on the nose. Hefferan tried his best to counter his opponent, but only got on slightly; he, however, persevered to a close, in which some heavy hitting took place, and Keefe fought Hefferan down in his own corner. Time. 35 min.

The cry of "Police!" was now raised, and sure enough seven or eight of them were seen making their way to the ring side. The officers, on coming up, proceeded to pull up the ropes and stakes, and take possession of them, but the tearful remonstrances of poor Puggy prevailed on them to let him have his cherished darlings back, and a move was made lower down the river. After a long journey a well-known spot was reached, and the ring again pitched, and at 1.22 p.m. the lads recommenced the fight. From the strong lead Keefe had taken during the last two rounds in the first ring, his friends were very sanguine, and offered 3 to 1 on him freely, but to their great surprise Hefferan quite turned the tables, getting on to Keefe with stinging severity, while he, on the other hand, fought wildly, and threw many blows away. Hefferan thus steadily increased his advantage, and although at times he got very weak himself, still he managed to punish Keefe so severely that he was quite blind with the left eye, and nearly so with the other. At length, on finishing the thirty-fourth round, Hefferan threw Keefe a clear cross-buttock, and fell heavy upon him, and Keefe's seconds, on carrying him to his corner, found that, although he was not out of time, still it would be useless prolonging the contest, and exposing their man to further punishment; they, therefore, wisely threw up the sponge, and Hefferan was hailed winner, after fighting in all thirty-four rounds in 1 hour and 26 min.

REMARKS

on the above fight would scarcely be called for were it not to point out to many of the great guns who have been performing so discreditably of late, the good example set them by these bantams, whose first appearance in the ring has reflected great credit not only on the winner, but on the loser also. Each fought well and did his best to achieve the victory in a straightforward, manly way, and the lucky few who witnessed it awarded their meed of praise to the lads in a most hearty manner. Several gentlemen who were present paid Keefe for his colors the same as if he had won, and there is no doubt but their liberal example will be generally followed. Indeed, so satisfied were his backers with his conduct, both during his training and the fight, that they offered to back him to fight Hefferan again for £50 a-side, at 7st 8lb. If the winner takes care of himself and conducts himself in a proper manner, he will, no doubt, much improve his position.

FIGHTS FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 12.

DAN THOMAS AND JOE NOLAN, £400, AT 8st 10lb (TUESDAY).—The match between Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan, at 8st 10lb, for £200 a-side, has assumed an unwonted interest, from the closeness of the merits of the men, who are considered masters of their art, and, from the fame they enjoy in their respective localities, no doubt some heavy betting will take place on the event. Both men are reported to be well up to the mark, and fit to fight for a kingdom. The weighing was to take place on Monday April 7, at Mr. W. Richardson's Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shoreditch (where Nolan would take up his quarters), between the hours of twelve and two p. m. Dan Thomas will be located at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, St. Martin's-lane, on Monday.

BANDOFF AND JOE ROWE'S NOVICE, £10 A-SIDE, CATCH-WEIGHT.—The fight between these men takes place in the same ring as the above, and although for a tenner, considerable interest is invested in the affair.

JACK BROOKES AND YOUNG BALDOCK, £25 A-SIDE, AT 9st.—These men were to contend on Tuesday, April 8 in the home circuit, and as both are reported to be well, a good mill is expected.

MORRIS PHELAN AND H. ALLEN.—The fight between these Birmingham men, for £25 a-side, at catch weight, is exciting considerable interest in the hardware village, and was fixed to take place between twenty and thirty miles of home, on Tuesday April 8. The betting was slightly in favour of Phelan, who, it will be recollected, was in his previous encounter with Allen. This most probably accounts for his being the favourite. Both men are paying strict attention to their training, and were reported to be in first rate condition.

The toss for choice of place had been won, on behalf of Phelan, by Mr. Bromwich.

TWO NOVICES.—On Tuesday March 29 a mill took place in the district of Abbott's Bromley, Staffordshire, between two novices, Pussey Cope and Badger Salt. Pussey was waited on by Tubby Murray, while Badger was escorted by Billy Rock. Jemmy Johnson was appointed referee. Some good give and-take fighting took place. In the second round Badger obtained first blood, and first knock-down blow in the fourth; and at the end of the fourteenth round, Pussey's seconds, seeing he had no chance, threw up the sponge. Time, 40 min.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EIGHT-OARED BOAT RACE.—The great aquatic event in England, between two-eights of Oxford and Cambridge, is announced to take place on Saturday April 12, and a great deal of interest is being concentrated on the result. The Oxford gentlemen concluded their practice on the Isis, on Tuesday March 29th, and their boat was immediately started for London. The crew arrived at Putney, on Wednesday afternoon, and, after taking some refreshment, went out in their boat for a row over the course against the ebb, but in their training flannels. They sat their boat most admirably, and rowed with the same dashing power that achieved their easy victory in the last year's contest. Part of the Cambridge crew arrived at Putney, about three o'clock on Wednesday, and the remainder on Thursday morning, and their boat having arrived, they took their first row over the course. They looked much smaller than their rivals, but were in excellent condition, and exceedingly smart in their style of sending their boat along. Both crews were out on April 4th, the Oxford men about a quarter to four, and the Cambridge men half an hour or more after them, and although the styles of the crews are so immensely different, both found fervent admirers. The following are the crews and their weights, as near as they can be calculated:

CAMBRIDGE CREW.	st	lb
1 P. F. Gerst, St, John's	10	6
2 J. G. Chambers, Trinity	11	7
3 E. Saunderson, Corpus	10	12
4 W. C. Smyley, Trinity	11	4
5 R. P. Fitzgerald, Trinity Hall	11	3
6 H. H. Collings, Trinity	11	5
7 J. G. Buchanan, Trinity	11	1
8 G. H. Richards, Trinity	10	6
F. H. Archer, Corpus (cox)	5	5
OXFORD CREW.	st	lb
1 W. B. Woodgate, Brasenose	11	6
2 C. S. Wynne, Ch. Ch	11	3
3 W. B. R. Jacobson, Ch. Ch	12	4
4 R. E. L. Burton, Ch. Ch	12	5
5 A. Morrison, Balliol	12	5½
6 A. K. Poole, Trinity	12	5
7 C. A. Carr, Wadham	11	2½
8 W. M. Hoare, Exeter	11	1
F. E. Hopwood, Ch. Ch, (cox)	7	3

RACKETS.—During the recent term at St. John's College Courts, Cambridge, a series of handicap matches were played for the possession of a handsome silver cup, kindly presented for competition by E. J. Mortlock, Esq. The entries were limited to thirty-two. The competitors were handicapped by H. Gray, and several very exciting and closely-contested matches proved the excellence of his judgment. The final tie was played off by Messrs. Daniel and Martin, and resulted in the victory of the latter.

DOMINOE MATCH BY BLIND MEN.—An interesting match at dominoes between Bishop of Birmingham, and Perkins of Leeds, both blind men, for £30 a-side, twenty-one chalks up, eleven dominoes each, double sixes, was played on Monday March 31st, at Leeds, Eng., and resulted in favor of Bishop, by two chalks, after a most exciting game.

NORTHAMPTON AND PITCHLEY HUNT MEETING.—On Wednesday, April 2d, this meeting was continued and concluded by the following races:—A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs., won by Lord Stamford's Sanita; Racing Stakes of 20 sovs. each, won by Count de Lagrange's Allez-y-Rondement; Althorp Park Stakes, won by Lord Stamford's Cerintha; Earl Spencer's Plate of 100 sovs., won by Mr. Naylor's Biondella; Selling Plate of 5 sovs. each, won by

SPORTS! SPORTS!
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

THE SEASON FOR SPORT.

THE mutability of human affairs is about to be verified in the amusement world, and those that are termed in-door sports will soon give place to those which attract us to the field, to the lake and river. This change is pleasing in more ways than one, for it affords us opportunities to study nature instead of art, gives us genial warmth of the sun, and the aroma arising from Queen Flora's domains, in lieu of artificial heat and the close atmosphere of an office or dwelling. The anticipations of the lover of out-door sports are now of the most ardent description. The Yachtsman is all but ready to trim the sails of his gallant craft, and try her speed; the Oarsman is anxiously waiting for the order "give way boys;" the Ball Player is looking to his paraphernalia, and pre-calculating the number of home runs, or catches on the fly that will grace his record for 1862; the Cricketer has already taken "a walk over as far as the grounds," canvassed the prospects for a good wicket; and a goodly number of runs, maiden overs, and catches, with an occasional smart throw in, are already marked down on his score sheet "in his mind's eye;" the Quoitsman has "rung" any number of discs; the Angler has hooked scores of "finnies" of every kind and hue; while pic-nics, moonlight excursions, and all kindred amusements have been planned before hand in every way satisfactory to the votaries of the same. These hopeful anticipations are good things, excellent tonics, promotive of health and length of days, and the happiest man is he who can build most of such castles, even if they be but "castles in the air." Better is it for a man to have such hopes and pleasurable anticipations, even if he be disappointed, than not to have them at all. In this change of season and of sports, we hope the CLIPPER readers will not be disappointed, and that in all the varied round of exercises and amusements, each one's realizations will more than equal their anticipations. We are hopeful, the more so, because of the recent successes of Uncle Sam's boys, among whom is many a gallant sport, and we hope that many of them will be enabled to return home soon enough to join hands with those "they left behind them," in a game of ball, after having given their rebellious brethren in the South, lessons in Football, and how to take care of Bowling-greens, etc. Such a change would indeed be agreeable, and one that we hope may be speedily consummated. "Variety is the spice of life," says an old adage, and the change from summer to winter sports, and *vice versa*, is a wholesome one. We like such changes; an alternation from the concert hall to the cricket field; from the billiard room to the ball ground; from the fire-side circle to the pic-nic party: all such mutations are pleasing and necessary. So, on with our spring and summer recreations, and may the season be prolific of happy results.

QUOITING GOT STARTED.—This spirited out-door game has now been fairly inaugurated for 1862. The matches played at the Quoit Shades, 273 Spring street, on the 16th, were very interesting, only the day was "not half long enough," and one important match had to be postponed until the 23d. After such a wet winter, of course even the best players were considerably out of practice, and the fun was "immense." Such roars of laughter are not heard every day, but the fine health thus caused is a help for many a day to all who can witness, if not join in, this manly sport. We were pleased to observe many of our cricket and base ball friends fraternizing with the hardy quoiters. Mr. Jas. Higham, of the New York Cricket Club, being readily recognized, was nominated as gamekeeper, and at once elected by acclamation. As the games played were merely on friendly account, by way of welcoming in the season, we need not go into the statistics of the contests, but can certify that the utmost harmony and good will governed the entire proceedings. Those who were not present missed a rich treat with "the magic rings," and we understand that many of our best suburban players intend to be on hand at the commencement of "regular business" on the 28d. A new base ball club is likely to result from this fraternization between the quoiters and the cricketers, and this fact shows how "contagious" good sport and good fellowship naturally become. Mr. Jas. Higham has promised to use his influence "in the premises." George Dunning, "the War Horse," a famous left handed quoiter, also offers a valuable maple-wood box, to be played for on the 23d, open to all players (right or left) of any nationality or club, on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon at the time of playing. "The War Horse" is a whole team when he gets started. So, all good quoiters will "keep this piece of paper in sight" for the 23d. Curling out—quoiting in.

OUR CRICKET CLUBS.—May is very near, and the weather is getting to be warm and pleasant. Now is the time to get the material in readiness and the fields in playing order for active operations. We hope, in our next issue, to be able to announce the opening days of the St. George, Manhattan, and other Clubs. We understand that the Newark and Passaic Clubs will take the field again this season, with renewed strength. In Brooklyn, cricket is likely to flourish more this season than it has done for some years. Some six or eight clubs are in operation in that city, and several interesting matches are spoken of as likely to take place in May or June. The Willow club will be the first in the field, as they name their first club match on the last Saturday in April. The New York club members, we see, are interested in a new game. We hope that Cricket won't be *bowled* out on their grounds.

IN BOND.—Purchasers of foreign journals have been deprived of their papers of late, owing to a suspicion that a little "smuggling" has been going on among the parties engaged in sending and receiving the "packages;" so the Collector has the bundles in his keeping, till things are cleared up. The CLIPPER, however, receives its papers by mail, and will give the latest foreign theatrical and sporting intelligence.

RIVALRY.—The beautiful weather of last week had the effect to stir up our sporting friends, and many of the ball players were out for practice at their favorite games. In another place we have referred to several games of Base Ball that took place during the week. Fine weather will soon bring out our boating friends, with their "trim built wherries."

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
A SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TWO.

JACK MACDONALD AT HOME—A FOURTEEN MILE DRIVE —"BIG BELL" CRACKED AGAIN.

AT the invitation of that out-and-out, thorough-bred, wholesouled sportsman, Jack Macdonald, I presented myself at his villa residence, Alfred street, Bow Road, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 16th. I had called a few days previous on a little matter of business, but John was not at home. With a degree of friendship that few, very few men of his means and influence would think of evincing for a comparative stranger, Mr. Macdonald had specially called at my headquarters, Percy street, Tottenham Court Road, to see me; but as luck would have it, I was out this time: this made our game blocked, but John, never at a loss for an idea, left word when I could see him, and that was the day above mentioned. I started out with the idea of catching a train for Bow from Fenchurch Station; arriving here it was evident that different arrangements existed on the Sabbath, for B. 45, M. P. stated no conveyance was to be had before one o'clock: it being now but little after twelve, I concluded to travel my favorite mode, "Shanks' Mare," and accordingly stepped out at a lively gait for Bow, a distance of some six miles from my starting point. It was a mighty tedious walk, and you may bet your Treasury Notes somebody wasn't sorry when the desired haven appeared in sight. Shaded by numerous trees, with a lawn in front, stands the snug little house, the very picture of comfort and cleanliness. I hardly had time to knock ere the illustrious little man was at the door, had it opened, and with a cordial grip of his honest hand, welcomed me most heartily. From the introduction at your hands, Mr. Queen, in the CLIPPER office, up to the present time, I had never the pleasure of a private interview, and consequently felt some misgivings as to his knowing my face again. How these were dispelled I need scarcely mention by the manner he evinced that he had *not* forgotten me. It may perhaps be wrong on my part to make mention of the brave seconder's vintage, but on this occasion where I acted as bottle-holder for the first time in England—it's not a bad berth, Frank—you can take my word, outside of France itself there's no such spirit in England as Macdonald's Otard. This is no *ipse dixit*: it's gospel truth, and those that won't believe me without putting their mouths to the bottle itself, can go to Halifax or New Jersey, and luxuriate in the real article, warranted to kill at sixty paces. There's no mistake about it, and I call on Tommy Burns, of Staten Island, for his affidavit to corroborate my statement. By the by, Jack told me he was never more surprised in his life than when little Tommy dropped as it were from the heavens right in front of his house one day, when he thought Nautilus Burns was behind his bar serving out those famous brandy smashes, sherry cobblers, gin cocktails and whiskey skins, for which he is so famous. Yes, only a few months ago, Mr. Burns was on here a couple of weeks, in Paris a fortnight, Liverpool two weeks, and made a stop at all the gay cities. I was first shown four card photographs he, Jack, had received through Messrs. Rumsey and Newcomb in a letter without town or date, but having a Southampton postmark outside; the portraits were the Bold Benish, Dan Bryant, Dave Wambold, and the lamented Jerry Bryant—all capitally taken. I declare if that was Heenan, it will be hard to recognize him on my return home, for John is so fixed up, with his curly hair, leviathan mustache and roguish eye, that even mine host remarked how good-looking the Champion of all weights was getting. Dan B's was very good, yet he seemed strange in three-quarter style and hat on—individually, I didn't like it half so well as that full-faced one without a hat, by the Messrs. Fredericks: Dave Wambold, in a white wide-awake, and whiskers, looked as natural and musical as any body could look: as to poor dead-and-gone Jerry, he almost seems in the act of speaking, but it is painful to think of his deeply-regretted death, and no one who ever listened to his wonderfully original wit, should be without a memento of that universal favorite, Jerry Bryant. Macdonald sets great store on them—especially that of Jerry—and has by this time had them all arranged side by side in one frame.

In McDonald's parlor are four immense pike, varying from 24 to 30lbs., taken by himself, and attested by dates, etc., written on cards inside: they are encased in very handsome rosewood square frames, with glass at sides and front. There are also two of the perch species, 2½ and 3lbs. each, appropriately arranged—the taxidermist part has been performed most excellently, and equals the best specimens at the British Museum. A very fine gray parrot is another noticeable feature, but he was not very communicative before dinner. Several splendid oil paintings grace the walls, and everything betokens comfort and luxury. To criticize Macdonald himself after all you have seen and heard about him, *would* be a lark; therefore I shall attempt nothing of the sort, but to those lucky ones who have enjoyed his hospitality here in England at his own home, and seen his very interesting family congregated around him, I'll venture to assert they never spent a happier time in their lives outside their own family circle than the hours whiled away with Jack Macdonald.

After a jolly old English dinner, to which I did ample justice, we had more conversation about the good old times he had seen in the States, and in contrasting the peculiarities of the two countries. Jack then gave orders to his right-hand-man, Pat, to have the mare, "Jenny," harnessed and put before the "trap," as he wished to give the animal a little exercise. This was done in very short order, and in five minutes your humble scribe and the world-wide celebrity, Jack Macdonald, were snugly wrapped up in buffalo robes, seated behind one of the fastest four-year-olds in England—I mean trotters, of course. "Jenny" is a beautiful pony, of splendid symmetry and gait—a neck arched like a bow—distended nostrils—fiery, sparkling eyes—legs as slender as a deer's—hoofs scarce larger than a silver dollar, inside the shoe—flowing mane and tail, neither too short nor too long—in fact, she's a perfect beauty every way. In a few minutes we were out on the country road connecting Bow with Stratford, and running many miles in a kind of half circle. The weather was cold and crisp, just the day for putting horses to their metal, and it was not long ere two of the racing cracks crept alongside, for on this road is where they all try their speed, and Macdonald informs me there are three on this road in summer to one on the Bloomingdale Road with you: this will give an idea of the myriads thronging this one route, all bent on passing each other. Jack having handled the ribbons alongside his staunch friend and admirer, Jim Irving, scores of times on the Bloomingdale Road, must be a good judge as to numbers out there of a fine Sunday afternoon, and you can rely on what Macdonald says to be true, every word of it. Well, I said two fast nags came scudding alongside with the idea of passing "Jenny:" by playing possum, Jack drew them on to their utmost speed, then with a laugh he asked them what they were fiddling at, and in two shades more they had been put the eighth of a mile to the rear. The pony had now warmed to her work so much that Jack had recourse to the loops to keep her from almost flying: every once in a while Mac would say, "Sit back, Ned!" but brace ourselves how we would, "Jenny" was not to be baulked if anything on four legs became visible ahead, until she had whirled past like a rocket. At various points of the road, it seemed as if the other nags had been stationed at certain distances apart just to tackle our cabriolet and mustang, for the glory of having it said they had beat Macdonald's four-year-old—but, "no you don't," John whispered as every fresh animal spread itself for a brush, and the fact was, for seven miles we had the course to ourselves, passing everything on four legs until the other sports gave up in despair, or slunk down a by-road for reflection. Since our friend took the Benician in hand, there has been a nasty, mean, jealous feeling shown by certain mercenary individuals calling themselves sporting men, against Macdonald, and these parties would go to purgatory to get the best of him in some shape or other: now, whatever they *may* do, when it comes to trotting, Jack is always there ready to sock up a few hundreds for a mile heat with anything in London—this they know, yet haven't the enterprise to back their own opinion, for, remember, they will not acknowledge inferiority of their own stock to any Jack can bring to contend with them, and yet decline a match.

On our way back we met Jack Brookes, training for his fight with Baldock, and Joe Nolan, whose mill with Dan Thomas will take place while this letter is on its way to you—at least it is appointed for the first week in April, when, let us hope it will be a "leetle" more stirring than Brettle and Rooke's, or George King and Reardon's latest attempts. Nolan and Brookes, with two friends, were having a walk across country: Joe looked a hundred per cent better than when I last saw him at Brettle's house in Birmingham, so you may expect a rare fight, if everything goes right. We next stopped at an inn called the Red Lion, kept by Mr. Barford—a great resort for gay boys with fast horses. The Red Lion (who ever saw such a monster?) is a kind of half-way house, with accommodations for man and beast—something like Fred Falkland's, Charley Jenkins', Ned Luff's, etc., up Bloomingdale way, only not half so stylish. In front of this tavern were twenty or more conveyances, mostly "traps," with little rats of ponies no bigger than a jack-donkey: these traps, to look at, one would think were purposely made as heavy and clumsy as possible—and such wheels! by the great Teetotum, if they're not half a span I'll swallow a couple, or burst in the attempt. "But they have to be strong," says Macdonald, "or how could they hold together under such a load as that?" pointing to a trap with four burly fellows going out for a drive: he was quite right; but it's rough work for the little mites that have to tote 'em round, and a "blarsted" shame that four men should be allowed to tax a poor horse in this manner. Here's a case for the British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to exercise their sphere of action, if so inclined. Another strange thing I noticed—several handsome, respectable ladies, dressed almost to death, sat as happy as turtle-doves, sipping their brandy-and-water, brought out to them in tumblers by their husbands, sweethearts, or cousins: no doubt I was the only person present who took any notice, it being a common English custom, but I can assure you it would look anything but lady-like for one of your divinities to sit in a light wagon smacking her pouting lips over gin-and-water, brandy neat, or John Bourbon—"horrible, most horrible" to *think* of such a thing! A deal of curiosity was shown about "Jenny," while some, more cheeky than others, lifted the rug for closer scrutiny. It appeared to me Macdonald didn't approve of this, for although he made no remark direct to the point, he ordered the groom to uncover, jumped in, myself after, and we were off homeward. After a rattling run of two miles or so, Jack gradually coaxed the mare into a moderate pace, then endeavored to make her walk, but it was of no use—she never learned that, and do all he will, it is impossible to get her to learn it, either. If that isn't enough to prove her a thorough-bred "from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail," I should like to know what is, that's all!

Towards four P.M., we reached the homestead, having travelled fourteen miles in—but I won't say it, or John will never get a match on in the world, and as he is anxious to give his rivals a chance to beat him, *if they can*, it wouldn't be the decent thing for me to "blab." Taken altogether, I consider this a very big honor—a fourteen mile drive with Jack Macdonald is something to blow about, and I intend to blow, too! With the exception of Horace Jones, Jim Irving, John C. Heenan, and a few others, I doubt if there are a dozen who can comfort themselves in this way. After "Pat" had put everything to rights, John led me carefully into his stables to see his American pony—the one he gave $250 for in the States—not the presentation trotter. It will be regretted by all the friends of Macdonald and those noble, generous-hearted fellows who subscribed—to learn that the beautiful little animal upon which all our hero's hopes were centered, has broken down, irrecoverably broken down, never to be itself again. It occurred after the first or second race, and at the present time our little man is inconsolable in his bereavement—for such it certainly must be called—all the best veterinary surgeons in England have been consulted, and their unanimous opinion is that nothing can be done towards a cure—the animal may live months, or perhaps a year or two, but can never possibly be of service to anybody again. Some few of Macdonald's friends may be aware of this—others are not, and as the whole American sporting community feel interested in the matter, I felt it my duty to let your readers be made acquainted with the facts. The American buggy, however, is as good as new; it was only a few days back he used it, and would have taken me out in it only that it was up in the hay-loft all covered and wrapped up with wonderful care. Still I had a peep at the 78lb. light wagon by going up a ladder and bobbing my head through a trap-door. Jack tells me his little boy can drag it easily, and laughs heartily at the "gape-seed" of the Londoners when he goes out for a drive: they seem to wonder that the machine don't get smashed to smithereens, because it's a mere feather alongside their solid, cumbersome, heavy-wheeled traps. After all, the fact is, they can't make 'em, and whereas Jack had two new wheels made expressly for his trap to run light, they couldn't manufacture them to insure safety less than double the size of those on his buggy—that's what's the matter! Altogether, without any attempt to appear stylish, Jack Macdonald's entire establishment, from the parlor to the "mews," is a model of elegance, taste, and refinement.

Having inspected horses and carriages, we took a stroll along Bow Road, while tea was being prepared, to watch the swells driving "down town" or into the city. The turnouts were numerous enough and handsome enough, or would have been without the ponderous baggage waggons the ponies were hitched to—still it was not half so pleasant as seeing youths in equestrian style mounted, in place of such unnatural loads of "ros-bif." We returned just in season, and now comes the worst part: I had scarcely become seated when a voice piped out, "Oh! what a shabby hat!" This was very cutting—not to say, personal—for my hat was certainly none of the best, as it looked like rain in the morning, and I had left the castor in my "hotel." Then followed, "What d'yer say?" "You're a bad 'un!" "I'll warm you." Things were coming to a crisis, and I wished the floor would let me through to get away from this voice, when John immediately uncovered the spokesman—who was no other than the grey parrot. "S'elp me bob," at first I thought it was a human, for the parrot had never occurred to me for the moment. The Guv'nor then rapped, and Polly said "Come in" a darned sight quicker and plainer than most people do under similar circumstances. "Spell your name?" "P-o-l-l-y—Polly!" "Who'll win the Derby?" "Calabar 'll win the Derby!" In this way the Guv'nor asked questions and Polly answered. "Happy George"—a sweet little fellow of four or five—gained permission to have a bit of fun with Polly by poking a whip inside, and if you could have heard the laughing "O-o-o-o," and seen the comical motions of Poll, you'd have died a' laughin'. I never saw such a bird in my life—she even sings several love ditties, the best being, "How do you do, Polly Hopkins?" and take Pol for all in all, I doubt if she can be beat in any country—which is a bold assertion.

Tea over, conversation was resumed by John saying how much he should like some water-melons to top off with, introducing several anecdotes of Jim Cusick's great partiality for the fruit—he also wouldn't mind a few ears of hot corn, or a basket of peach blows. But his greatest regard was for bivalves, and he fairly set my mouth watering when speaking about Ned Windust's, the Captain's, Dick Pratt's, Al Conrey's, George Cox's, Old Man Purdy's, Florence's, the Malta, Higgins's, Sherwood's, and a dozen other gay places at which he had tried the delicious oyster, "stewed, fried and in the shell:" says John, "they're as big as your hand, aint they?" and warming with the subject, "I've seen 'em the size of an eight inch boot!" all of which is quite correct, although it's a hard matter to make people here believe it. English oyster's are little bigger than clams, but not having tasted any yet I am unable to say how they eat: here allow me to whisper if any philanthropist will send a bushel or so over this way, Macdonald and myself will hold an inquest on them: don't all speak at once—I mean Yankee 'ysters. One subject led to another until we got talking about the gallant New York fire laddies—John could never understand how they kept on their pins, and praised not only the fire-vamps themselves, but the whole system: he never saw anything to equal your torchlight processions for enthusiasm, grandeur and expense: neither did anybody else, and the Lord Mayor's Day here aint a patch to the turn out for the Prince of Wales—there's no bounce about this assertion either. On referring to the Union army, he said, "It's sublime! all the standing armies of the world look small in comparison with the tens of thousands of merchants, tradesmen, lawyers and mechanics, who have left everything—mothers, wives, sisters, and dearest relatives—to defend their country and its glorious flag, with death staring them in the face! A curse on the man who would dare assert that such men are not brave, fearless, and patriotic!" I would sooner the hand that pens this should wither than ever to have it said I did aught, either by word or deed, while in this country, towards misrepresenting the lofty and holy object you have in view—the restoration of the Union! Heavens blessing rest upon every man now battling for his country's honor.

I cannot give all we so happily and enthusiastically dwelt upon, but my sketch shall be finished with a few remarks of my own, in regard to the late attack by *Bell's Life* on Mr. Macdonald. It is very possible you have copied the article and had something to say about it. First, *Bell* had a sharp cut at Heenan's friend when he seconded King—to which of course the gentleman replied, demanding an explanation, and the sensitive editor said it was because he had continually blackguarded him in America; this was not only false, but very silly, because he hadn't a particle of evidence to prove it. Then *Mr. Bell* comes out stating that Macdonald was at enmity with the American sporting press, to try and injure him in the estimation of the Americans, and make him out a turn-coat. To this he was under the necessity of inserting a letter from Mr. Macdonald denying every charge point blank, but not until a couple of weeks afterwards, thus giving time for Americans to suspect something really was wrong, because it was not contradicted there and then. The whole gist of the matter is simply this: *Bell* feels so cussed mean at the part he took in the Farnsborough affair, and is so sensitive and suspicious about it, that until he has shifted the blame on some other body's shoulders and taken the stain out of his own character, he will never rest contented. Everybody thought he got enough at the time he got into this pickle, and should have been the very last person in the world to revive the riotous proceedings of the 17th of April, by again showing his colors and bringing back that disgraceful scene where he "cut it" half scared out of his wits. What a wretched conscience he must have, to be sure! Any one else would have been right glad to let it drop and try to forget a thing that can never set him right by controversy. The great trouble appears to be, Macdonald's unimpeachable integrity and honor from the first moment he ever saw Heenan till after the battle was over. Had Jack acted for Sayers instead of Heenan, or played points on the latter, all this abuse would never have happened, but *Bell* would scarcely find language to praise him sufficiently. Considering the mint of money Macdonald could have coined by hocussing Heenan (for remember he was almost the *only* man in all England who wanted the Boy to win), I believe Jack Macdonald one of the most upright men in Great Britain, and it will require but a moment's thought for every American to have the same opinion.

TRAP SHOOTING.—A Pigeon Shooting Match came off on Thursday afternoon, 10th inst., between nine Detroiters and an equal number from the other side of the river. The match took place at the grounds of the Agricultural Society in Detroit. The conditions were, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, the best in a string of twelve shots. H. Fisher was chosen Umpire, and E. B. Chope, Jr., Scorer. The following was the score:

DETROIT.

C. Bradford	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—	8
E. Chope	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—	9
S. Ives	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0—	7
W. Langley	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0—	8
H. Cleveland	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—	9
John McAdams	1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—	7
James McAdams	1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0—	6
J. Christian	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—	3
J. Dygert	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—11	
Total		68

CANADA.

J. Forbes	0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—	7
P. Mayentite	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—	9
P. J. Salter	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1—	4
D. A. McNullan	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—	9
J. McKee	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11	
J. Goodenough	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—	4
J. Brandt	0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—	5
C. Cousins	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—	6
J. Chater	0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1—	5
Total		60

It will be seen that the Detroiters beat by eight points. The birds—wild pigeons—flew well, with but few exceptions, some being a little tame, the effect of having been too long cooped up in the city. The day was lovely and serene, and in the evening a supper was given at Christian's, where the feast of fat things pleased the sharp-shooters amazingly.

BILLIARDS IN BROOKLYN.—A very interesting game of billiards was played at Montague Hall, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, April 17th, between Mr. Dean and an amateur, 500 points up, Dean playing caroms only, while his opponent played the full game. The time occupied in playing was one hour and twenty-five minutes. Dean made the longest run, scoring 52, and won the match by a score of 500 to 398.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MADAMOISELLE CELESTE.

BORN in Paris, France, August 6th, 1814; made her first appearance on any stage at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1827, as a dancer; she was brought over to this country by Gilfert, of the Bowery Theatre; made her first appearance in Philadelphia, March 18th, 1828, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, and danced two pas seuls, the first composed expressly for her by Mons. Barbere, in a splendid Turkish costume, to the favorite air of "The Dashing White Sergeant;" the second from the opera of "Nina," as originally danced by her in New York. She did not attract very large houses, and her engagement did not prove very remunerative.

She was married in 1828, to Henry Elliott, of Baltimore, a young man who had been left a fortune of $30,000 by his father, which sum he soon got rid of.

Made her first appearance in a speaking character as Myrtillo, in "The Broken Sword," which proved a complete failure. On the 27th of March, she took her benefit and made her last appearance, as Julio, in the play of "Deaf and Dumb;" she went to England and made her first appearance in London, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1830, in the ballet of "La Bayadere." December 17th, '36, she took her farewell benefit in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, appearing as Fenella, in "Massaniello"—delivered a farewell address, and appeared as "The Devil's Daughter," in a spectacle of that name.

On the 30th of May, 1837, Celeste concluded her engagement at New Orleans, at the St. Charles Theatre, to a house crowded from pit to dome—every seat was occupied in this immense theatre, and large premiums were offered for places. In twenty-four successive nights, the receipts amounted to the extraordinary sum of thirty thousand dollars—and the receipts of her four benefits amounted to eight thousand dollars.

Her last appearance in Philadelphia took place at the Walnut Street Theatre, May 29th, 1852, appearing as Rose Fielding. Took her final leave for Europe, June 26th, 1852. She was originally a pupil of the Academy Royale of Paris.

LA PETITE CELESTE.

HER real name is Williams; made her first appearance on the American stage, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1837, as a dancer. Was the smallest child to dance with such perfection ever seen on the stage; made her first appearance in New York, at Mitchell's Olympic, January 15th, 1840, appearing as the Infant Prodigie, in "The Savage and the Maiden."

SAMUEL CHAPMAN.

WAS born in London, May 10th, 1799, and made his first appearance on the stage in his native city, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Agib, in "Timour the Tartar." In 1827, he came to the United States, and made his *debut* October 31st, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Pierre, in "Venice Preserved." In May, 1829, in conjunction with J. Green he became manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, where he exerted himself as never manager exerted himself before. He played every night, and wrote many of the pieces performed. The last of his dramas proved fatal to him: it was on the subject of the "Mail Robbers," which excited so much attention at one time. For the purpose of sketching, Mr. Chapman rode out to the scene of the robbery at Turner's Lane, and was injured by a fall from his horse, and died in the course of a week. Having hurt his shoulder, he was obliged to wear a suit of brass armor, and the weather being excessively hot, he wore it next the skin, which increased the excoriation; and it was supposed the verdigris had poisoned the wound. At any rate he died in Philadelphia, May 16th, 1830, and was buried at Ronaldson's Cemetery. On his monument is the following inscription:—"Even his enemies loved him." True, thought we, as we read the inscription, they at least must have loved that proud soul of his which buffeted the roaring torrent of his stormy but short career. As a man, more need not be said of him. Those who knew him best, admired him as a kind husband and sterling, honest friend; as an actor James Wallack is perhaps the only one that could at all compare with him in his very diversified range. Those who saw him so excellent in comedy, would hardly believe that in Richard the Third, or in Pescara, he had but few equals. With all his talents as a dramatist, and abilities as a manager, the theatre did not prosper with him; he was always in difficulties. We remember once when he was playing Staunton, in the "Heart of Midlothian," after gallantly defending Madge Wildfire from the Scotch rabble, he was himself pursued by the Sheriff's Officers; he escaped, however, in his stage clothes, and found refuge with a friend. An apology of course was made to the audience for poor Sam's "sudden indisposition." About ten months before his death, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the old favorite, Jefferson.

F. S. CHANFRAU.

FRANCIS S. CHANFRAU was born at the corner of the Bowery and Pell streets, New York, in a wooden tenement, known as the "Old Tree House;" on the 22d of February, 1824. After having received a good education, he left home, and we find him in the far West, working as ship carpenter; but he did not remain in that part of the country very long, for in a very short time we find him once more in his native city. From the unsettled state of his situation at this period, and having formed favorable notions of theatrical exhibitions, he determined upon the life of an actor; and accordingly sought the acquaintance of performers, and stage-struck heroes like himself. He joined a Thespian Association which was called the "Forrest Dramatic," with whom he appeared in many different *rôles*. Soon after, this Association united itself with the "Dramatic Institute," and hired the Franklin Theatre, where they, for a short time, completely murdered Shakespeare.

Our hero's next step was as "Super," at the Bowery Theatre, where he became a great favorite, particularly in his imitations of Mr. Forrest, which were excellent. He rose very rapidly in the profession, and in a very short time effected an engagement with John Rice, of the Buffalo and Detroit theatres. He created a sensation at Mitchell's Olympic, New York, where, as Jeremiah Clip, in "The Widow's Victim," he gave imitations of every actor of note. But his greatest triumph was Mose, in "A Glance at New York." He at once became the "lion" of the town; his likeness pervaded every window, and his sayings were uttered by every urchin in the city. From the celebrity acquired by him in this part, (Mose,) and the conceptions formed by many as to the range and scope of that character, it was supposed by some that his *forte* lay in the broadest of broad comedy, and that he was scarcely equal to characters which, even if not more difficult, are assigned a higher grade in critical estimation. His rendition of genteel comedy, not long since, at once dispelled this erroneous impression. In the farce of the "Stage Struck Barber" he gives imitations of Kean, Booth, Forrest, J. D. Rice, Barney Williams, &c., which are unapproachable.

First appeared in Philadelphia, September 20th, 1849, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Jeremiah Clip, and "Mose, in California." On the 23d of July, 1853, he was married in Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Henrietta Baker, of Philadelphia. At present, he is starring it throughout the country.

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU.

WELL known as Henrietta Baker, (her right name, however, is Jeanette Davis,) was born in Philadelphia, in 1837. She was formerly employed in a book-bindery, but soon gave it up for the Concert Room. She made her first appearance in public during the summer of 1854, at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, under the management of Prof. Mueller, where she appeared as a vocalist.

First appeared on the boards of a regular theatre at the City Museum, in her native city, making her *debut* September 19th, 1854, as Miss Apsley, in "Willow Copse." Soon after she became a member of the "Arch," where she remained nearly two seasons.

When Lewis Baker opened the Cincinnati Theatre for the season of 1857-8, she became a member of the company, and was a great favorite with her audience. While a member of this company, she was married to Mr. Chanfrau. The ceremony took place at the International Hotel, in the presence of a few friends.

Her appearance prepossesses an audience in her favor, but it is a pity that she does not take more pains to improve in the profession. There is a continual smile on her countenance both in comedy and tragedy, which, however she may imagine it sets off her charms, greatly lessons her merit as an actress; but as she is young, her own good sense may teach her to avoid this error.

The loveliness of her features, which are characterised by an amiable simplicity, are shown to great advantage in vocal parts of a genteel and sentimental nature. At present in New York.

THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.—At a meeting—held at Halifax, N. S., on the 5th inst.—of the Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers:—Capt. Chearnley, President; W. H. Harrington, Vice President; E. G. Stayner, Secretary; L. J. Morton, Treasurer. Capt. Chearnley moved a resolution that the President of the Society, or a Committee, be authorized to send circulars to persons residing in different parts of the Province, asking them to assist in carrying out the objects of the Society, by reporting violations of the law, and to encourage the formation of branch societies, or the joining of members residing in distant portions of the country, which was adopted, with the following amendment, moved by Dr. Jennings, and seconded by W. Sutherland, Esq.—"*Resolved*, That the Society give a reward of £2 for a moose; and 10 shillings to parties giving information concerning violations of the law."

A FISH STORY.—An Irishman, seeing in a drug store some gold fish swimming in a glass globe, said to the clerk: "Ooh! and it's a great curiosity you've got there. I niver before seen *live red herrings!*

A STRONG MINDED WOMAN ON MARRIAGE.—"Whenever I marry," says masculine Ann, "I must really insist upon wedding a *man!*" But what if the man (for men are but human) should be equally nice about wedding a *woman?*

A MEAN MAN.—Why is Hiram Powers one of the meanest men alive? Because he chiselled a Greek Slave out of a piece of marble.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. C. Reid, M. D.—Having got to your problems, we have been unable to make out either to our entire satisfaction; will you forward both on diagram, *as they should be*, and we will present them.

F. F. Brenzinger.—Your very welcome note, with promise of games from the "Paulsen Schach Club" is at hand. We shall hold you to that. Any problems for us?

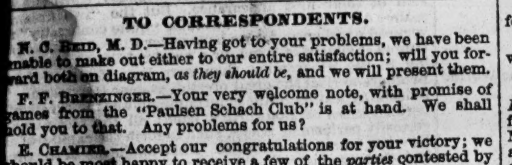
E. Chamier.—Accept our congratulations for your victory; we should be most happy to receive a few of the *parties* contested by you in that tourney.

Paulsen Schach Club.—the Tournament announced by us some time since as in progress, has been completed, our friend and contributor E. Chamier, winning the first honors and prize.

ENIGMA No. 325.

FOURTH PRIZE PROBLEM.—BY WM. MITCHESON, ESQ.

"Extremos Pudeat Reduxse."



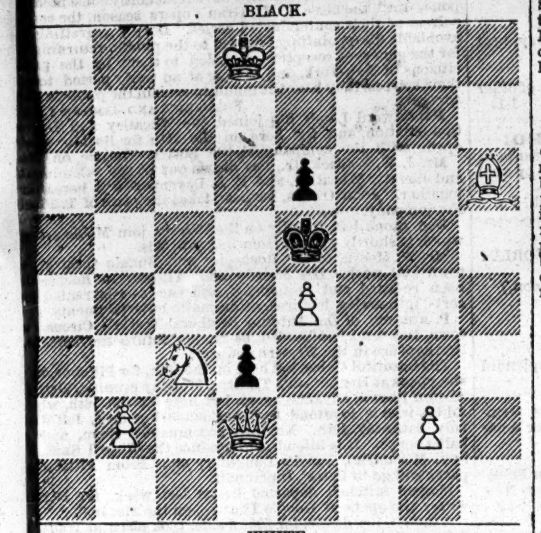
White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 325.

"Memoria Josephi A. Potter dedicatum. Arslonga est Vita Brevis."

BY J. P. BARNETT, M. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 325.

Our contributor P. Richardson gives his King's Kt to I. A. D., Jr.

K'S KT'S DEFENCE TO B'S OPENING.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, L. A. D., Jr.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, L. A. D., Jr.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q to K R 5	Q B to K 3
2..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	15..K B-Q 3	P-K Kt 3
3..P-Q 3	K B-B 4	16..Q-K R 6	K R-K sq
4..Castles	Castles	17..Kt-K 4	K B-home
5..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	18..Q-K B 4	K B-Kt 2
6..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	19..Kt-B 6 †	K B × Kt
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..K P × B	K Kt-Q 4
8..P-K 5	K Kt-K sq	21..Q-K R 4	P-K R 4(b)
9..B P × P	K B-K 2(a)	22..Q-K Kt 5	Q-her 3
10..P-K B 4	P-Q 3	23..Q B-B 4	K Kt × B
11..Kt-Q B 3	Q P × P	24..K R × Kt	Q-K B sq
12..B P × P	P-Q B 3	25..Q B × Kt P	B P × B
13..K B-K 3	Kt-Q B 2	26..Q × Kt P +, and the Attack mates directly.	

(a) He should have gone to Q Kt 3d.

(b) Several of the moves of the Defence have been ill considered, but at this point his game would seem tolerably defensible from 21..Q Kt to Q 2d; looking to emerge from the *melee*, if he could, with two Ps ahead, and the Attack considerably crippled. Our contributor wins, now.

It will be remembered that the very promising young amateur, H. Blackburne, of Manchester, Eng., played a match some time since with that veteran of the board, our friend and tutor, E. Lindar, Esq., Mr. P. winning every *partie:* and that subsequently they contested another match, in which the reverse had nearly been the case. It now appears, we are pleased to learn, that both equally ardent in the cause, seek a settlement of the question at issue, and have arranged a match of five games to win [too few] for superiority. Thus far (last arrival *Express & Review*) each champion had scored four games, three being drawn, a result promising great things indeed for Mr. B.'s future, whether he win or lose the deciding *partie*. The following "remarkably well contested game" is the eleventh of this new match. We hope to be able to present some of our old friend's victories.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Pindar.	Blackburne.	Pindar.	Blackburne.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	26..Q B to K 7(i)	Q Kt × B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	27..R × K Kt	Kt-Q B 3
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	28..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt × Kt
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	29..Q R × Kt	R-Q B sq
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	30..K-his B sq	K-his B 2
6..Castles	K B-B 4(c)	31..K-his 2	R-Q B 3
7..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 4	32..K-Q 3	P-Q Kt 3
8..K B-Kt 3	Q Kt-K 2	33..K-Q B 4	Q R-Q 3
9..Q B-Kt 5	K Kt-Kt 3(d)	34..P-K B 4	R-K R 3
10..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q 4	35..P-K R 3	R-K Kt 3
11..P × P en pass	K B × P	36..Q R-K 2	Q B-K 3(j)
12..Q Kt-K 4	P-Q B 4	37..Q R × R	K × Q R
13..K R-K sq(e)	Q B-K 2(f)	38..P-K Kt 4	P-K R 4
14..K B × B	B P × B	39..K-Q Kt 5	R P × P
15..Q-K 2	Castles(g)	40..R P × P	K-Q 3
16..Q Kt × B	Q × Q Kt	41..K × Kt P(k)	P-Q R 5
17..Q × K P +	Q × Q	42..Kt P × P	P-Q B 5
18..K R × Q	Q Kt-Q 4(h)	43..P-Q R 5	P-Q 6
19..Q R-K sq	K Kt-R 5	44..B P × P	B P × P
20..P-Q Kt 3	K Kt-B 6	45..P-Q R 6	P-Q 7
21..P-Q R 3	P-Q R 4	46..P-Q R 7	P Queens
22..Q B-Q 2	K Kt-Kt 4	47..P Queens(l)	Q-Kt 6 +
23..Q R-K 5	K R-Q sq	48..K-R 6 best	Q-R 5 +
24..B-K Kt 5	K Kt-B 2	49..K-Kt 7	Q-Kt 4 +
25..B × K B	K Kt × R	50..K-R 7	K-B 2, and

Mr. Pindar resigned.

(c) K to K 2d is, we think, a safer move; but in either case the Attack has the pleasanter position of the two.

(d) His best move, doubtless, but Q Kt 3d is an unusual place to find the K Kt so early in the game.

(e) A galling move for the Defence. Mr. Pindar follows up the right advantage of having had first play with much vigor and precision.

(f) His only good move. P to K B 3d would have been a fatal error; for the Attack could, in that case, give up a piece for two Ps, and remain with a winning game.

(g) Far better than any useless attempt to preserve K's Pawn. Mr. B.'s game has, somehow or other, wonderfully improved during the last few moves, his position being now in no wise inferior to that of his opponent.

(h) In playing over this game the movements of these knights will require careful watching, or much confusion will be found to ensue.

(i) We believe this to be far better play than the capture of either P or Kt.

(j) A hasty move, we should imagine; as after the exchange of Rooks we think the Attack should win.

(k) P to Q R 4th would still win the game, which by this ill advised play Mr. Pindar must inevitably lose. The end game now arising is both interesting and instructive.

(l) To all appearances Mr. P. has far the better game; but the peculiarities of the position are such, and so well availed of by Mr. Blackburne, that checkmate is now literally compelled in but very few moves.—*Stanley.*

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Andrew H. Mercer, Wellsville, N. Y.—Right welcome on board! Your communication appears this week.

H. Spayth, Buffalo, N. Y.—See the remarks of Friend Vanatta this week. What say you?

Express, New York.—Not "lop" but "lap," eh? How do you like the new Clipper?

Acceptance, Middeport, N. J.—Blythe offers to take the money you will resign. Clever! ain't he? Your 17th move, 22 to 15, corrected this week.

Blythe, Franklin, N. Y.—Good boy! We shall be happy to forward the "ten spot," should it become lawful prey. We shall preserve your P. O. address.

Wendis, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your solution is wrong, and that of Mr. Sturges is quite correct. You give White's third move as 10 to 14. Try 10 to 15, and we think you will discover a win. Should you still doubt, we will give the whole analysis.

C. H. W.—We fear your last Position has been mislaid. Please forward a duplicate, and we will be careful next time.

Nemo, Philadelphia.—See Position by W. B. Coddington in this week's Clipper.

A Card.—Pittsburgh, April 9, 1862.—Draught Ed. Clipper—*Dear Sir:* In the Clipper of the 29th ult. I saw a communication from Express, said to be a correction of the A. D. P. by A. H. Mercer. The same correction you will find in Vol. IX, No. 20, and signed L. of the W. (Luminary of the West.) Express is considerably behind time for once.

In Game No. 46, of the present volume, the men at the 41st move, stand thus:

Black man on 12; black kings 14, 15, and 18.

White men on 20, 24; white kings 8 and 11.

Black has the move and wins by playing 14 to 10, instead of 12 to 16, as played by Express, which makes White to win. H. L.

P. S. I neither assert or deny that the game is drawable from White's 23d move, not having given it that investigation necessary before giving my opinion of it.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AGAIN!

CHALLENGE FROM MR. VANATTA TO H. SPAYTH.

Mr. Editor:—This is the first communication which I have ever sent to any journal on the subject of Draughts, and I have only been induced to do so now on account of the controversy regarding the Championship. Now I do not say that Mr. Spayth is not the best player in America, (as some of his friends claim), but as I know of no other reason upon which they base their opinion than that he has compiled an extensive work on the game—made up almost entirely of selections from other authors, and the contributions of American players—my opinion is, that claiming the Championship is simply absurd; I am rather fond of the game, and should like to see the question settled in some definite way. I therefore propose to open the ball, and without further comment will come to the point at once. I propose to play Mr. Spayth a match, for about enough to cover expenses—say $25, the object being rather to test skill, than to make money. Should I be beaten, I will freely acknowledge, and make way for the next customer. Should the above proposa meet Mr. Spayth's views, he may correspond directly with me as to preliminaries.

Yours very respectfully, Aaron R. Vanatta,
748 South 2nd street, Philadelphia.

On the Single Corner Game.—Wellsville, April 8, 1862.—Ed. Clipper—*Dear Sir:* I find on referring to Game No. 40, New Series, in the Clipper of 1857, a game forwarded by me, as played between Anderson and Wyllie, in their last match for the Championship of Scotland, in 1848. Wyllie lost the game, and as such, is published in Anderson's Editions on Draughts. Perhaps the majority of your readers do not know that the game can be compulsorily drawn, and although one of the following variations can be found in Spayth's compiled work on Draughts, I communicated the same to Howard, Ratcliffe, and Spayth, two years before the A. D. P. was published.

GAME No. 2—VOL. X.

BY ANDREW H. MERCER.

SINGLE CORNER.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15.. 6 to 9	30 to 26
2..15 22	25 18	16.. 9 14	26 23
3.. 8 11	29 25	17.. 2 6(c)	16 12
4.. 4 8	24 20	18.. 6 9	22 18
5..10 15	25 22	19..14 17	31 27
6..12 16	21 17	20..10 15	19 10
7.. 8 12	(*)17 14	21.. 7 14	27 24
8..16 19	23 16	22..17 22	24 19
9..12 19	(†)27 23	23..22 26	19 16
10.. 9 13	23 16	24..26 31(1)	16 7
11.. 6 10	(a)14 9	25.. 3 10	12 8
12.. 5 23	26 19	26..31 26(d)	18 15
13..15 24	28 19	27..26 19	15 6
14..1 6(b)	32 28	28..14 1	6 2

Drawn.

(1)

24.. 3 to 7	28 to 24	29..13 to 22	16 to 7
25..26 31	24 19	30.. 9 14	7 2
26..31 26	12 8	31..22 26	2 6
27..26 22	8 3	32..26 31(e) drawn.	
28..22 24	3 17		

Notes by A. H. M.

* This is Anderson's 6th variation.—Black wins.

† As played by Wyllie—30 to 25 also draws, although Anderson wins with Black.

(a) The only draw move. Wyllie played 32 to 27 and lost.

(b) 2 to 6, 10 to 14, 11 to 15, also draw.

(d) Will the draught players of the Clipper compare this with the 12th variation in A. D. P., and ask where Mr. Spayth found this correction of Anderson's 25th variation, single corner game?

(e) Instead of this, see Spayth's 78th variation, single corner, page 43. I intend to show the players where Mr. S. got his 73d, 74th, 75th, 76th and 77th, variations from, all in good time, and the variations branching off from those mentioned.

I publicly proclaim that I have corrected Anderson on this game, and challenge Mr. Spayth to dispute that his 12th variation, A. D. P., on single corner game, belongs to any other man than A. H. Mercer.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 1—VOL. X.

BY I. D. J. S.

White.	Black.
1..10 6	1 10
2..11 8	4 11
3..19 24	28 19
4..18 22, and wins.	

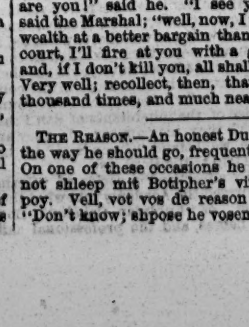
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 69th POSITION,

White.	Black.
1..18 14	6 18
2..26 22	16 15
3..24 19, and wins.	

POSITION No. 2—Vol. X.

BY C. ANDREWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

POSITION No. 3—Vol. X.

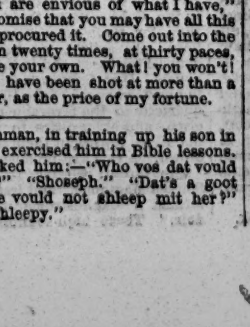
The following is the Position in the Match Game between On the Square and W. S. Knight, after the draw (?) move of White 26 to 23.

END-GAME.

Dedicated to Messrs. Nemo and W. S. Knight,

BY ON THE SQUARE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
16..15	19	26	22
17..19	22	22	15
18..23	27		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19.. 5	9	11	8
20.. 9	14	8	4

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18

A Pork Paragraph.—Widow Maloney's pig was stolen, and Pat was suspected of the theft; to whom comes the priest. "Pat, did ye stale the pig?" Pat—"I did, your rivirence." Priest—"What did ye do wid it, Pat?" Pat—"Ate it, yer rivirence." Priest—"Oh! Pat, Pat! could you ate the pig and not think of the dreadful day of judgment, when all's to be known? Sure, what'll you say for yourself when you and the pig stand there at the last, with the Widow Maloney before ye—" Pat (interruptingly)—"Did yer rivirence say the pig'd be there too?" Priest—"Sure, and I did, Pat." Pat—"Faith, then, yer rivirence, I'd know what to say, intirely! I'd say, Widow Maloney, *take yer pig!*"

A Thousand Times Shot At.—An old friend of Marshal Lefevre once came to visit him in Paris, and was struck dumb with the luxurious manner in which the Marshal lived. "Oh! how happy are you!" said he. "I see you are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well, now, I promise that you may have all this wealth at a better bargain than I procured it. Come out into the court, I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. What! you won't! Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, as the price of my fortune.

The Reason.—An honest Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him:—"Who vos dat vould not shleep mit Botipher's vife?" "Shoseph." "Dat's a goot poy. Vell, vot vos de reason he vould not shleep mit her?" "Don't know; shpose he vosent shleepy."

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

April —.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 12lb, Home Circuit.
1.—Bandoff and Hopkins—£10 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.
3.—Crockett's Novice and Hefferan—£10 a side, at 7st 6lb. Home Circuit.
7.—Gilbank and Humpage—£10 a side, Sheffield.
8.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, Birmingham.
8.—Baldock and J. Brookes—£25 a side, at 9st, Home Circuit.
15.—J. Hurley and E. Dwyer—£5 a side, Home Circuit.
22.—Nobby Hall and C. Wilkinson—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb.
22.—Lavery and M'Cartney—£25 a side, North Brittain.
29.—Jesse Hatton and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch-weight, Home Circuit.
29.—Fred Fisher and T. Brannan—£10 a side, 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
29.—Cook and Kenny—£15 a side, 8st 9lb, Birmingham.
May 6.—Peter Morris and John Hartley—£25 a side, at 8st, London.
6.—Marley and Welsh—£25 a side. Welsh to be 9st 3lb, and Marley 10st.
8.—Evans and Jones—£20 a side, at catch-weight. Western Circuit.
21.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.

HEENAN'S SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

HIS EXPECTED ARRIVAL, AND THE RECEPTION PROMISED HIM.

There is every probability of our having another international contest for the Championship of the world. The redoubtable "Benicia Boy," we are informed from a letter dated New York, March 19, was to sail in the City of Washington, on Saturday, March 22. The object of his visit will be to test the prowess of Jem Mace, the present Champion of England, and his right to hold the belt. We have already informed our readers that it was the "Boy's" intention to visit England to witness the Exhibition in May, and we understand he has entered into an engagement with a circus company. Heenan is in good health, and looks well, and will be accompanied by his brother, who is, if anything, of more gigantic proportions than the "Benicia Boy" himself. Since the ever-memorable battle at Farnborough and its undecided results, there has been a rankling left which our friends across the Atlantic have taken a delight in keeping fresh. We have been incessant in our endeavors to remove the cause of this unpleasant feeling, by showing that each man was entitled to his meed of praise for his manliness and heroic courage on that eventful day. We have ever conceded to John C. Heenan that he ranked first and foremost in the sturdy line of brave men who adorn the P. R., and we shall be the first to welcome the bold Benicia Boy to our shores, believing that he comes with the sterling and honest intention of an antagonist who will throw down the glove in the true spirit of chivalry, and which we are sure the plucky Champion of England will have no hesitation in taking up. Of one thing the American Champion may rest assured, that however conflicting may have been the issue of his fight with Sayers, the motto we have always upheld, of "Fair play and no favor," will be the governing principle when John C. Heenan and James Mace meet for a trial of strength and skill in the magic circle.—*Sporting Life*, April 1st.

Jem Mace and Tom King at Norwich.—The Champion and his late opponent took a benefit on Monday evening, March 31, at the Alhambra Circus, Norwich. There was a capital house, and the evening passed off very well. Both Mace and King seemed in excellent condition, and received a hearty welcome, Mace, especially, being most warmly greeted by his friends.

Dan Thomas and Joe Noman, £400, at 8st 10lb.—The whole of the money for this match is now down, and the mill looked forward to with great interest. Both men are in active training, Dan Thomas at Mr. Packwood's, the Boileau Arms, Hammersmith Bridge, under the watchful eye of Charley Jenkinson, the London Stag. Nolan has promised to be a good boy, and gone back to his training quarters, at Mr. Salmon's, Railway Tavern, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, where he has the services of Joe Wareham, the celebrated Birmingham trainer, whose persuasive powers are so thoroughly appreciated amongst the midland boxers and their backers.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The Indian Again a Winner.—Deerfoot, Brighton, Lang, and Jackson at Leeds Royal Park.—On Monday, March 31, the house of Mr. J. Woolfoot, Leeds, was thronged with visitors, who were anxious to have a view of the above pedestrians and their trophies, which consisted of the cups, belts, and the two notes presented to Deerfoot by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. The men had engaged to run in a race of six miles, for £50, given by Mr. Woolfoot, to take place at the Leeds Royal Park. This affair has for some time excited considerable interest throughout the district, and, although the weather appeared unfavorable in the morning, at noon the sky became more clear, and the afternoon was very promising. For several hours previous to the time of the race coming off, five P. M., the roads and thoroughfares leading to the park were thronged with spectators anxious to have a view of the Seneca Indian and his competitors. The peds were escorted with a band of music from Leeds to the running-ground, where they arrived shortly before the time for starting. During the interval of the men changing their costumes, the band played several pleasant airs, previous to which the whole of them walked round the course, which is nearly a quarter of a mile round. The men had to traverse it rather more than twenty-six times for the six miles. At the commencement of the race the Indian took the lead, closely followed by Brighton; Lang and Jackson being in the rear. At the first lap Deerfoot was first, Lang second, Brighton third, Jackson fourth. During the next four laps Jackson gradually lost ground, and the men, with the exception of the latter, kept changing places up to the thirteenth lap, or half the distance, when Deerfoot was leading. Time, 15 min. 30 sec. After this, all the men began to lag behind Deerfoot, Brighton keeping nearest to him, until near the finish of the seventeenth lap, when he began to stagger, placing one hand upon his side, and catching the fence with the other; he was then assisted, being unable to walk, inside the dressing-room. After this, both Jackson, who was now a lap behind the others, and Lang, gradually kept getting more behind Deerfoot, and, although the men ran well, Deerfoot went in a winner by about 100 yards. Time, 31 min. 28 sec.

One Mile Foot Race.—There were upwards of 1,000 persons assembled at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, March 29—the weather being everything that could be desired for out-door amusement—to witness the match between William Lang, of Middlesborough (better known as Crowcatcher), and John White (*alias* the Gateshead Clipper), to run one mile, for £25 a side, White receiving ten yards start inside. Considerable interest was manifested as to the result, from the men having previously "shone" in various ways on the pedestrian course, both being now "champions," holding cups which they have won. Lang had previously run a mile and suffered defeat by Siah Albison, in a race at these grounds—one of the quickest races on record—viz., 4 min. 22¼ sec. He, however, regained his lost laurels a few weeks since by defeating Albison, at Sheffield, for the one mile and a quarter Champion's Cup and £25 a side; and as he has been engaged for some time past along with other "peds" to compete with the renowned "Deerfoot" in his travels, he had been unable to pay proper attention to his training for the present match, added to which he had a few days previously injured one of his ankles; consequently, his condition was not what it ought to have been when competing with such a formidable opponent. White's last performance was winning the one mile and a half champion's cup, at Stockport, on the 22d March, when he quite outpaced James Sanderson (better known as "Treacle"), of Whitworth, near Rochdale. The articles for the present match were signed on February 3d, since which time the whole of the stakes have been made good, in weekly deposits, to the "pedestrian banker," Mr. Holden, of Manchester, who also acted as referee. The betting commenced at 2 to 1 on Lang, but previous to starting, it veered round, and slight odds were offered on White, but not much of the needful was invested on either man. On the signal to start being given, away dashed both men at a terrifico rate, for the distance they were going, Lang catching his opponent after going about a quarter of the distance, and just showing in front, when a little jostling took place by both; however, as they both kept sailing away, the referee did not interfere. White then dashed in front with the greatest ease, was never afterwards caught, and went in at his leisure, Lang giving up a "distance" from home.

Go of Ten Miles.—Rowan and Barker.—These peds ran ten miles, for £20 a side, on Monday, March 31, at Hackney Wick, in the presence of about 700 or 800 persons. There was little or no betting. Mr. J. Roberts, of Brompton, was referee. The race was set for five o'clock, and punctually at that time they entered the course, Rowan attended by W. Spooner, Barker by Mills (the "demon" of pedestrianism) and W. Richards, the Welchman. On getting the office to go, Rowan took the lead at a fair pace considering the heavy state of the ground, and kept it for five laps, when Barker went to the front and showed the way for two rounds. Rowan then again assumed the lead, and finished the first mile three yards in advance of his opponent. Throughout the second mile their positions were not varied, but during the running of the third mile they alternately held the lead, and at the end of that mile Sam was first by about two yards. Commencing the fourth mile, the North-countryman went to the fore, and held the lead throughout that and the succeeding mile. In the sixth, Barker put on some pretty spurts and tried to get the lead, but Rowan would not have it, and kept steadily on until coming into the straight for the fifty-sixth lap, when Barker had to give up dead beat.

THE TURF.

A Pony v. a Hunter.—A very interesting race came off on Thursday, March 27, on the Thirsk race-course, between Master Fred. Cass' brown pony and Mr. Pinkney's bay hunting mare Crucifix, for ten sovs. a side, over two miles. As Master Fred., who has seen only ten summers, could hardly turn the scale-beam at the feather-riding weight of "four stone," while the jolly landlord of the Crown Inn could with ease pull down a *hundred weight and a half*, the novelty of the contrast of jocks excited considerable interest between the friends and acquaintances of both parties, which was not lessened by the fact of Crucifix having been previously backed to win a good round sum over the Thirsk Hunt Cup Race at the forthcoming race on April 29. For some time previous to the match being run off, the pony was the favorite at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on him, and the latter price was the ruling offer on him at starting. When little Fred., equipped in full jockey costume (silk jacket and cap, breeches and boots), came upon the course, mounted upon his miniature race-horse, he was the "observed of all observers," and was immediately surrounded by a swarm of admiring followers, who seemed highly delighted when Fred. set the pony to take a preliminary canter, and held the ribbons like a veteran rider. Crucifix looked remarkably well, and full of muscle and vigor, but her style of going when taking her canter did not seem to please the public fancy, as nearly everybody wanted to back Fred. and the pony. The company assembled was both numerous and respectable; in fact, quite equal to some spring meeting gatherings. At the word "go," both took a nice level start, but after a few strides little Fred. took up the running at a steady pace, just like an *old hand*, instead of a juvenile at his *debut* in toggery before the public gaze, and who oftentimes seems fluttered and nervous; the pony and Fred., however, steadily led the first time round the course, when the old'un skilfully and gradually turned on more steam, and by the time the last turn was made it was "bellows to mend" with pony, although his diminutive rider gamely tried to keep him in his place but in vain, as the mare quitted the pair farther and farther at every stride, and came in a hollow winner by at least 200 yards. The distance run would be over two miles and a quarter, and was done in five minutes and eleven seconds, according to one time-keeper's observation. Little Fred rode very steadily and well, though not victorious. His pony was quite out-matched, both in speed and stride, by the mare, who has led a good field in many a capital run with the Bedale, York and Ainsty Hunts.

Northampton and Pitchley Hunt Meeting.—With this meeting commences the legitimate turf campaign in England, Tuesday, April 1st, being the day and date thereof. The opening appears to have been every way a success, the attendance of quadrupeds as well as bipeds being large. The first event "The Trial Stakes" of 10 sovs, with 50 added, was won by Count de Lagrange's Arcadia. The second event was "The Nene Handicap" of 40 sovs, added to a sweepstake of 5 sovs, won by Lord Stamford's Ellerton. The third event was for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, won by Count Batthyany's Loiterer. The fifth event was the Pytchley Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 40 added, won by Baron Rothschild's Walpole; after which followed the principal race of the meeting, details of which we here append:—The Great Northamptonshire Stakes of 100 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 only, if declared; the second to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes; the winner of any handicap after Jan. 18, 5lb; or any two handicaps, 7lb extra; two miles. 106 subs, 50 of whom pay 5 sovs each. The betting was 4 to 1 against Prince Plausible, 9 to 2 against Dusk, 7 to 1 against West End, 8 to 1 against Rapparee, 10 to 1 against Schism, 100 to 7 against The Monk, 100 to 6 against Stampedo and Magnum Bonum, and 25 to, against Watchfire. After several false attempts, Keane got away with a clear lead, Wild Duck following second, Watchfire third, Breechloader fourth, and Rapparee fifth, Finlande being last, except Dorking, who was left at the post. They proceeded in this order to the mile and a quarter post, where Wild Duck took up the running; Watchfire second; Stampedo and Rapparee well up, with Wombat and West End, who got badly off, whippers-in. On reaching the mile-post Stampedo rushed to the front, Watchfire still going on second, Finlande making up her ground at every stride. On entering the straight, Watchfire was beaten, and Finlande took second place, Rapparee lying third. Opposite the stand, Challoner called upon Rapparee, passed Finlande, but failed to reach Stampedo, who won cleverly by a length. The French filly was beaten by a head only for second place. The next lot beaten off were The Monk, Plumper, Watchfire, and Dusk.

SUMMARY.

Sir W. Booth's Stampedo, by Alarm, Repentance, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb.....G. Fordham	1
Mr. Osborne's Rapparee, by Rataplan, Lady Alicia, 4 yrs, 7st .....Challoner	2
Baron Niviere's Finlande. by Ion, Fraudulent(bred in France), 4 yrs, 7st 5lb.....H. Grimshaw	3
Count Batthyany's Prince Plausible, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb..A. Edwards	0
Lord Westmoreland's Schism, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb.....J. Adams	0
Mr. Saxon's The Monk, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb.....Midgley	0
Mr. Sargent's Paul Clifford, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb.....F. Adams	0
Lord Ailesbury's Plumper, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb.....Drew	0
Lord Wilton's West End, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb.....T. French	0
Mr. J. Smith's Wombat, 4 yrs, 6st 12.....G. Parsons	0
Mr. S. Jacob's Dorking, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb (inc. 5lb extra) (car. 6st 12lb.....Roper	0
Mr. Fleming's Magnum Bonum, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.....C. Gray	0
Mr. Boyce's Carisbrook, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb.....J. Osborne	0
Mr. Mundy's Watchfire, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb (inc. 5lb extra) (car. 6st 3lb).....Reeves	0
Mr. T. Parr's Dusk, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Whiteley	0
Capt. Lane's Breechloader, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb.....J. Grimshaw	0
Lord Uxbridge's Keane, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb.....A. Woodhouse	0
Mr. Law's Incitatus, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb (car. 5st 11lb).....Wheatley	0
Lord Coventry's Sappho, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb.....Carroll	0
Mr. Craven's Wild Duck, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Morris	0

The day's racing concluded with the Whittlebury Stakes of 15 sovs., 5 forfeit, with 100 added, which were won by Mr. Naylor's Biondella; and The Stand Plate (Handicap) of 50 sovs., won by Mr. Lincoln's Nightingale, and a Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., etc., for which Mr. Flutter's Priest walked over.

Pigeon Shooting.—There was a good attendance of the lovers of the trigger at Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham, on Monday, March 31, to witness the match between J. Duffield, of Darlaston, and J. Dickens, of Hill Top, according to previous announcement. The match was for £10 a side, eleven birds each, 21 yards rise, 1¾ oz. of shot, the boundary being the railings of the green. Shortly after two o'clock the first bird was trapped for Mr. Dickens, which he killed. Mr. Duffield then pulled the trigger with equal success, but missed his second and fifth birds, killing the remainder of his eleven. Mr. Dickens, although losing his opponent, narrowly escaped losing two birds (the third and seventh), which fell just within the limits of the boundary. The betting was slightly in favor of Dickens, 5 to 4 being offered, but very few backers. Mr. Pickin, of Birmingham celebrity, in the absence of Thursfield, acted as referee. Subjoined is the score: Dickens, 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1. Duffield, 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1. The stakes were drawn, but are likely to be increased for a future match.

AN OHIO JUSTICE ON THE RAMPAGE.

HOW SQUIRE SEDAM PUTS 'EM THROUGH.

Squire Sedam, who "does" justice in the township of Storris, Ohio, has made his annual return to the County Auditor. This document is so unique that the Cincinnati papers print it entire, except in one place, where they found it necessary to substitute phraseology more acceptable to ears polite. The report was made in due form, having attached to it, as a seal, a sheaf of rye straw, indicative of the rural habits of the citizens of that province. The 'Squire's constable is a big two fisted ox-driver, who knows no higher law than the 'Squire's decision.

To the Auditor of Hamilton County:

I received your notice, dated February 15th, 1862, in which you call my attention to my report as a Justice of the Peace for Storris township, Hamilton County, Ohio. Having a high regard for the law, as well as the present Auditor, I make this my statement and report for the year ending the first day of January, A. D., 1862, of cases on the criminal side of the docket that I have had before me. The following is the disposition made of the same:

1. Assault and Battery.—In this case I put the bail steep, and the party was unable to give it. After examination of the same the party was discharged on his enlisting in the service of the United States. No costs.

2. Assault and Battery.—The parties owing service some place, I sent them at my own expense, to the Thirty-ninth Ohio Regiment, where they enlisted, and have sustained the flag of our Country. No costs, except what was paid by this Court, for which I have no claim against the State of Ohio.

3. Larceny of this Court's Skiff.—The defendant in this case was a secesh, having stolen my property and thereby transferred himself into the army of the pretended Confederate States. Under the code of Storris the punishment would have been death. But the defendant was not arrested. No costs.

4. Personal Fear and Violence.—The defendant in this case was punished by imprisonment in my Bastile. No costs.

5. Cutting, &c.—Defendant in this case was pardoned and banished to Kentucky, where he enlisted in Captain Brown's company at Camp Finneli. No costs.

6. Storris Rebellion.—This was an insurrection of the Home Guards of Storris township. An attempt having been made to invade the soil of Kentucky, without cause, and said State being loyal, this Court assumed its authority, and having examined into the premises, suppressed and disarmed said Home Guards and entirely disbanded the same. No costs.

7. Keeping Vicious Dog.—The prosecuting witness having the seat of his pantaloons entirely torn off by defendant's dog I ordered the parties, as a settlement of their difficulties, to exchange their clothing, which was accordingly done, to the defendant's discomfort and annoyance. No costs.

8. Promiscuous Fight and Unlawful Affray.—This occurred during the pendency of a trial before this Court. The parties engaged in a free fight, the Court was adjourned, when I ordered my constable to whip the parties according to law, which order was promptly obeyed, the constable having his clothes entirely torn off his body. The costs of the same were paid by this court. No costs.

8. Riot.—This was a case of collision between the military and civil authorities of Storris. After a severe engagement, the majesty of the law prevailed, and brass buttons, *a la militaire*, came out second best. No costs.

10. Against S. V. Regl.—The defendant was arrested for assaulting and abusing a lone woman in the absence of her husband. The case was heard and said defendant adjudged guilty. Said defendant was then ordered to be taken to the side hill and receive a sound thrashing by the Vigilance Committee, which was done to the satisfaction of the citizens of Storris. Whereupon this Court paid the lager beer. No costs.

11. Proceedings of Mandamus by Superior Court Against this Court.—In all these proceedings this Court has been honorably discharged and acquitted.

Henry F. Sedam,
(Signed) Justice of the Peace for Storris

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With the GENIAL IRISHMAN
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LOTTY HOUGH, DAN'L SETCHELL,
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☞ Artists engaged will please be present at the Theatre the morning of April 18th. LEONARD GROVER,
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MATCH FOR $500.
The Dancing Match between
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Will take place at Mary Provost's Theatre, Broadway, near Broome street, on
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In addition to the Match Dance, there will be a variety of other performances, which will commence at 3 o'clock, P. M. 1-1t

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MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
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With very few exceptions the Jig Danseuses of the present day style themselves, when performing in places of public amusement, "THE CHAMPION;" and CLAIMING FOR MYSELF THAT TITLE, (which was awarded to me in a trial match with three rival claimants at the Broadway Pavilion in the winter of 1860,) and being desirous of satisfying the public to whom that title rightly belongs, I hereby offer to dance a straight jig against any female in the world, for any sum that may suit their inclination; each party to select one person to act as judge, and the judges to select another to act as referee. MISS KATE STANTON,
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HARRY BUCKLEY'S address, inquired for in our last, is Delavan, Wisconsin.

CITY SUMMARY.

SATURDAY, April 19, '62.

We are a little ahead of time this week, and make up our summary on Saturday afternoon. For the business of the week, we refer to the annexed summary, which we introduce without any lengthy preface.

Easter Monday, 21st inst., is to introduce another season of Grau's Italian Opera, at the Academy of Music. Signor Tombesi, tenor, from Havana, is to show, and Miss Kellogg, Mme. De Angri, and Signor Ferri, will also appear, in the opera of Rigoletta.

The Great Canterbuy is going ahead finely, and now gives one of the best entertainments of the day. The place is crowded nightly, and it is not to be wondered at, for the company embraces talent of a very high order, in the various departments.

The three 4's—American Music Hall—continues to thrive in spite of all legislative opposition, and if some of our wiseacres from Albany would just drop in there for a short time, we doubt if they would be so bitter in their opposition. Matinees are given, as usual, on Saturday afternoons, for the amusement of families and children.

Miss Sara Stevens left on the 19th in the steamship City of Baltimore. She is under engagement to Mr. Boucicault, of the Adelphi, London. Mr. J. S. Clarke was to have sailed in the same steamer, but we learn that he has deferred his departure for a few days.

Barnum has come to grief again. This time he mourns the loss of his seal, which departed this life on Monday night, 14th inst. This seal was an attractive feature of Barnum's show, and was really a great curiosity. The "whale," however, "still lives," and the nasty hippopotamus thrives amazingly well.

Our circus friends are leaving the city, preparatory to joining the companies with which they are to be connected the coming season. There have been quite a number of the profession here during the winter, many of them doing little or nothing in the way of active business, but preparing themselves for the traveling campaign now at hand. There has been a great deal of money expended in fitting out the various shows, and some of the most beautiful and costly establishments ever turned out will be upon the road this year. It is difficult to foretell what is in store for them, whether success or failure. It seems to be generally conceded, however, that the coming season's business will exhibit an improvement on last year's, the breaking out of the war just as the travelling season of 1861 opened, interfering sadly with the prospects of our friends. Things look better now. The rebellion has done its worst, and the leaders are being cornered in every quarter of their Confederate strongholds. The beginning of the end is perceptible—confidence in the ability of our government to carry out its laws is once more restored, and everything gives token of a revival in business of all kinds. The country must and will have its amusements, and circuses and other shows will strive their best to please and amuse the people.

The Hanlon Brothers, Thomas, William, George, and Alfred, start for California Monday, 21st, in the steamer Champion, not being able to perfect their arrangements in time to leave in the steamer of the 11th, as originally intended. They are under engagement to Mr. Maguire, late of the Opera House, now of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and will remain in that country about six weeks, returning to New York in July or thereabouts, when it is probable that one or two of them will proceed to Europe, to engage other talent of a high and varied character, which, combined with the Hanlon forces, will form a company complete in themselves, and with which they will make a tour of the United States, commencing in New York in October. In their trip to California, they take all the necessary apparatus and appliances for a proper display of their most astonishing and difficult performances, among which "Zampillaerostation" will be one of the great features. As the Hanlons have never yet been in the Golden State, their appearance there will create a sensation, for their reputation is as well known there, perhaps, as here. As artists, we have never seen them excelled in their general business, and in their special acts we have yet to see their equals. Our California friends have a treat in store in the coming performances of the Hanlons, and we recommend our young quartette to the favorable notice of the inhabitants of San Francisco, and other cities in which they may appear. If they are not all we represent them to be, we'll stand "Green Seal" for the crowd. A safe and prosperous trip to the Hanlons.

The Lubin Brothers recently advertised a series of "Grand Soirees Magiques," and transformed the Academy into what they termed a "Cagliostromantheum," or "Lubinian Cabalistic Boudoir." These high-sounding names, and the professional skill employed in bringing the supposed merits of the Lubins to public notice, filled the Academy on Monday, April 14th, at the occasion of their first appearance. But the "two dreams" in the realms of magic" turned out to be "quite contrairy" to the advertised excellence, for we have never witnessed more pretentious attempts at sleight of hand, or a greater failure to perform according to the programme, than were the efforts of these Brothers to rival the great prestidigitateur Herrmann. The only redeeming feature of the entertainment was the excellent performances of Dodworth's band; all the rest was a clumsily performed tricks, such as form the capital of a traveling-museum conjuror. Not a single act of the programme, but what was marred with some blunder or other. The œuvres were plainly perceptible, and as for sleight of hand there was none worthy of the name. The Italian Harlequin performance that is quite familiar to the boys in the streets of London, and we have seen infinitely better Marionette acts than that shown by Jerome Lubin. Whether we judge them by individual skill or the ingenuity of their mechanical appliances, we find equal cause for censure. They were successful but one thing, and that is in securing a good crowd for the night. Had their ability as artists *a la* Herrmann at all commensurate with their New York assurance—for they are not if to the manor born—they must have surpassed all that previously appeared before a metropolitan audience. The second night, 15th, the attendance was very small, indeed on the 16th the Academy was not opened at all, the people sought admittance there finding the doors closed against and the house in utter darkness. And thus ended the Lubin entertainments. From what we had heard of these men, expected to witness a good entertainment, but all such expectations vanished with the opening performance. The cause of their abrupt termination of their performances, we find in the following card. It would have been better had this card been suppressed before reaching the public through the press; it is transparent. Read it:—"THE LUBIN BROTHERS—A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—At the pressing solicitation of several prominent gymen, and numerous patrons of the Academy, who witnessed magique exhibition an entertainment unfitted to the solemn acter of Holy Week, the Lubins have reluctantly consented to pone, until the close of Mr. Grau's opera season, the remaining soirees of their contemplated series. Deeply regretting the unavoidable disappointment caused to the public, returning thanks for the generous reception accorded to them by the press and citizens of New-York, and hoping at an early period to resume their soirees, they have the honor to remain the public's obedient servants. FREDERICK AND JEROME LUBIN."

Mr. Edward Lamb has joined the Wheatley and Davenport Combination, and left here on the 19th for Boston, where he opens with the company at the Boston Theatre, on the 21st.

Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., has drawn out of the "Combination" and Jarrett, Wheatley, and E. L. Davenport will hereafter act together. John Owens, we hear, takes the place of T. Placide in the company.

Den Stone left the city on the 15th to join Mabie's company, which is shortly to start from Delevan, Wis.

Mr. W. Meech, of the Rochester and Buffalo theatres, was in town last week. His Metropolitan Theatre, in Rochester, has been re-fitted and re-modeled, and can now be rented for concerts, minstrelsy, lectures, or dramatic entertainments.

P. Antonio, of the Antonio Brothers' World's Circus, was in town last week, undecided as to his future movements. The brothers are in the Western country.

The beautiful Cubas left here on the 19th, for Pittsburgh, where she opens at Henderson's Theatre, Monday evening, 21st. Mr. Allston Brown, advance agent, left here on the 16th, while Mr. Addis, who is to attend to Cubas' stage business, left with the lady Saturday, 19th. Ximines accompanies them, and the ballet corps. It is intended to produce the Wizard Skiff, the Spy, Masaniello, Devil's Daughter, etc. From Pittsburgh the party will go to Bates', Cincinnati.

Maggie Mitchell departed hence last week, for Cincinnati, where she opens at Wood's Theatre, on the 21st inst.

A match jig dance, for $250 a side, took place at Wallack's theatre, Broadway, near Broome street, on Wednesday afternoon, 16th, in the presence of a very large number of spectators, the house being very nearly full. The contestants in this match were T. J. Peel, of Bryants' Minstrels, and R. M. Carroll, an agent performing at Canterbury Music Hall. The challenge was led to the match was issued by Carroll, a few weeks ago, and did not permit much time to elapse before answering it. After being signed, the time and place named, and Judges and Referee selected, the men began to prepare for the event, each, no doubt confident in his own abilities to pull him through the contest and land him a winner of the snug stake of $500. To this end Peel and Carroll applied their leisure time in practising the various steps which each intended to introduce in his jig when they should appear before the public to settle the question of supremacy. A good deal of interest was evinced in the match by the profession generally, and also by those who admire terpsichorean displays. The amount of the stakes, $500 each, been deposited in the hands of a Mr. Van Tine, who was chosen stakeholder, and so far everything seemed to give an air of credence to the statement that it was a *bona fide* match. On the afternoon of the 16th, the entrance to Wallack's began to be invested" by "all manner of men," and the promenaders of Broadway who were not posted in the event on hand, looked in wonderment at the crowd pressing in, and many inquired the reason of this unusual gathering of the "gay boys of New York." Some of them, on being told, invested the price of a ticket and "went in," too. By 4 o'clock, the house was well nigh full, the audience comprising many members of the theatrical profession, with concert hall people, minstrels, and sporting men in force. The dance, an afternoon performance giving the profession a chance to see a show for once, at least. There was a small orchestra present, and between 4 and 5 o'clock they opened the entertainment. The curtain was then raised, and Master George Newcomb, of the Canterbury, made his appearance, and sang a song for which he was *encored*. Then followed a clog dance, by Gettings, who was also favorably received. Mr. Garsed, cornet player of Bryants' Minstrels, then came forward, and performed a beautiful aria, with variations, upon his valve instrument, in the course of which he introduced a novel feature, an imitation of a distant echo of the tones of his own instrument. He first performed the melody, and immediately changed to the soft and delicate notes of the echo, and so clever was the illusion that many persons imagined that another performer was playing at a remote part of the theatre; but it was all done by Mr. Garsed through some contrivance in his cornet, by touching the valve by which the change of tone is effected. The whole performance was attentively listened to, and the applause which followed told how well the audience appreciated it. Gus Bideaux, attired as a French Zouave, was the next to appear. his bow, and while he held a large American flag, he sang "Marseilles" in French, with characteristic energy and feeling. We have heard him sing it much better than he sang it on this occasion; but he was encored, and rendered the piece without the flag. Mr. Cappello went through a number of contortionate exercises, some of which were wonderful to look at. During the afternoon, Mr. Haines appeared on parlor skates. He is evidently a proficient at the pleasant exercise, for he moved along with all the ease and grace imaginable; but the best part of his scene was his imitation of a person just learning to skate. It was one of the best and most truthful caricatures we have witnessed, and elicited roars of laughter. Mr. Haines will be remembered as one of those who attracted so much attention at Central Park during the skating carnival last winter. He is for a skater, and no mistake. But what's all this got to do with the dancing match, say you? True enough. So we'll now tell you all about it. Mr. Robert Hart, judge for Carroll, came forward and announced that the dance would now take place, but he would respectfully request that no applause whatever should be manifested, as the judges would be unable to arrive at strictly fair and impartial decision if any marks of approbation or disapprobation should be shown. In tossing for choice, Mr. Carroll was the winner, and his opponent was sent on to dance first. Mr. Peel is apparently about 20 years of age, short in stature, and of slight build. He was attired in pink striped shirt, dark blue velvet shorts, or knee breeches, white stockings and black pumps. Mr. Frank Converse, one of the best banjo players in the country, also appeared with Mr. Peel, took his seat on the upper side of the stage, with a "banjo by his side, and another in his hands. Peel then brought out from the wings a paper of sand, which he scattered on the lower side of the stage, where the principal part of the dancing took place. While the preparations were going on, the utmost quiet was observed in the auditorium, which was only broken just as Peel took the scratch by a gentleman in the dress circle exclaiming: "Two to five dollars that Peel wins this match." There was no response, their being but little if any betting, most of those present seeming to have made up their mind that Peel must win, sure, as it was a "square thing." The judges and referee took their positions in the orchestra, at the leader's point of observation, the eyes of all three being nearly on a level with the stage, so that they could see every movement, and detect every "skip," "break," or other flaw calculated to mar the chances of success of the dancer. And now, all being ready, the word was given, Converse struck "de ole banjo," and Peel stepped out to the sound of the music. His position was good, and his style neat and simple. The time was well kept up, the steps varied continually, and the dancer kept well to his work, although a nervousness was now and then perceptible. During the dancing, a dog was very thoughtlessly permitted to make his way upon the stage, and walk toward the dancer; and it is a wonder that Peel was not thrown off his guard. The canine was coaxed off, but again made his appearance, much to the annoyance of the dancer, and the disgust of all present. At the expiration of 10 minutes 4 sec. from the time the first step was taken, the last movement of the wind up was given, and Mr. Peel retired amid a perfect storm of applause. Once, during the dance, and while Peel was executing a very fine step, the people applauded, and that was the only time while the contest was in progress. Mr. Converse and his banjoes made their bow, and the stage being cleared for "the next couple," Mr. Carroll was introduced, with his banjo player, Mr. Ross. Mr. Carroll was received with applause, but his appearance, we think, operated somewhat against him. His attire was not what we are accustomed to see on a jig dancer, and it was not quite in keeping with the character of the dance. He wore a dark blue shirt, trimmed with lappels and collar thrown open, disclosing a white shirt underneath; long trousers, of bright red, reaching to the ankles, around which they were tight, but somewhat loose upwards; white stockings, and black pumps. He also scattered the sand around with a free hand. Mr. Carroll is older than his competitor; taller, and weightier. His position was not so good as Peel's, a stoop in the shoulders, and a somewhat awkward manner of holding his arms out from him, being rather unfavorable to him in the eyes of the spectators. However, there was a

o do him justice, and award him the money should his itle him to the victory. All clear, and Mr. Ross picked d Cremona," while Carroll took a preliminary canter himself and give him a starter; which done, he entered task before him. In the commencement of the dance, t not appear to be anything fresh or remarkable to t he made one very bad break, which he gave the to understand he was fully cognizant of. As he d, he executed some seemingly difficult steps. He to labor more than Peel, and was apparently more dis- towards the latter portion of the dance he revived by per- a side step, going clear around the stage, moving the ways, in and out. This was a sort of rest for him, and him to make a most capital wind-up, in which he per- some of the most novel, attractive, and difficult steps of h, surpassing in execution the most difficult exhibited Like his predecessor, he was loudly applauded at the e time occupied by him in actual dancing being 11 min. minute and more longer than Peel. Mr. Hart then stat- he judges and referee would retire, and render a decision inutes. It seemed to be a conceded thing, however, that uld be no difficulty in deciding in Peel's favor, and when es appeared at the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes, ounced that it would be impossible to give a decision d then, much dissatisfaction was expressed, and a good erted that it was a "sot thing," and that the crowd was pon Mr. Hart explaining the difficulties under which s labored in arriving at the true facts of the case, a bet- g prevailed. He said that there were points in dancing casual observer might not be able to detect, but which s and referee had been very particular in noting. He pplause of the audience should have no influence upon ected to decide the match, for they had their own ada to guide them, and upon these details they hoped e at a correct and honorable decision. The notes iges were read—for the people insisted on a decision in re, at once—and the difficulties that operated against an te settlement became more apparent. It was stated result should be made known on the morrow, and with erstanding the spectators dispersed, and the house was

In about half an hour after, the judges and referee een closeted that length of time, a decision was arrived n was, that T. J. Peel was the winner of the match and y, and we believe this was the verdict of a large majority who witnessed the trial. Both men, although dancing efore the public, exhibited some nervousness when they ward before such a critical assemblage of brother pro- s as greeted them at Wallack's; and we have seen both ce better on less important occasions, notwithstanding very well in the match. Had a decision been rendered stage, it is said that the winner would have been cha- a party present on behalf of Mickey Warren. Mickey nt, as was also Hank the Mason, both of whom are very heel and toe exercise. It may be proper to say that both reed that Peel was the winner, so that the referee was led to. Mr. Robert Hart was judge for Carroll, Mr. udge for Peel, and Mr. John Landers, referee.

lowing table, prepared by the judges, will lend addition- st to this match. The first column of figures denotes ber of steps made, while the second column shows the of triple notes made with each foot, counting double, in 2-4 time. The single dot between the colums of figures ts the step as having been well executed; while the double ifys very well executed.

PEEL.		CARROLL.	
1 . .	1	1 . .	2
2 . .	2	2 . .	2
3 . .	2	3 . .	2
4 . .	2	4 . .	3
5 . .	2	5 . .	2
6* . .	3	6* . .	3
7 . .	2	7 . .	1
8 . .	3	8 . .	3
9 . .	3	9 . .	1
0 . .	2	10 . .	3
1 . .	3	11 . .	2
2 . .	1	12 . .	3
3 . .	3	13 . .	1
4 . .	3	14 . .	2
5 . .	3	15 . .	1
6 . .	3	16 . .	3
7 . .	3	17 . .	3
8 . .	3	18† . .	2
9 . .	2	19 . .	1
0 . .	3	20 . .	2
1 . .	3	21 . .	1
2 . .	1	22 . .	1
3 . .	3	23 . .	2
4 . .	3	23 . .	2
5 . .	2	24 . .	1
6 . .	3	25 . .	3
7 . .	3	26 . .	4
8 . .	3	27 . .	2
9	3 Finish.	28 . .	1 Finish.

ne—10 min. 4 sec. Time—11 min. 16 sec.
* Break. * Bad break. † Break.

REMARKS.

ish of each separate dance was the best ever made in rience of the judges HENY D. TOUSEY,
ROBERT HART.

a receipt for the stakes awarded to Peel:
d, New York, April 17th, 1862, of Mr. J. Van Tyne, five dollars ($500), being the stakes deposited by Carroll and trial dance, to come off at Mary Provost's Theatre, , corner of Broome Street. The decision being ren- favor of Thos. J. Peel, I hereby acknowledge the receipt resaid amount.

FRANK B. CONVERSE, Depositor for THOS. J. PEEL.
—ROBERT HART, THOS. J. PEEL.

Anderson, comedian, has a complimentary benefit at Hall, Astor Place Opera House, on Tuesday evening,

A good bill is on, and we would advise all wishing to ociable evening, to hand their quarters into the hands Barney.

male jig dancers are to have a chance to show out who is . Miss Kate Stanton, in our advertising department, s to dance any danseuse that may offer to dispute her the championship. Now, then, girls, here's a chance. d a right nice match between two of the boys, and the e no idea of being left out in the cold. See Katie's chal- ewhere.

nefit for the widow and orphans of Thomas B. Morgan, took place at the Winter Garden on the 16th, and was crowder. We are glad of it.

am's Lyceum, Wallack's Theatre, Broadway Music Hall, k Athenæum, Mary Provost's Theatre, and lastly G. L. mpic, is to be re-opened on Monday evening, 21st inst., e direction of Mr. G. L. Fox, late of the New Bowery. ssion of good houses rewarded Mr. Wallack's efforts to e public, last week, on one or two occasions the theatre ll-filled.

Keene's business continues bad, and the lady is prevent- laying by sickness.

ateman opens at the Winter Garden on the 21st, as Julia, unchback, assisted by Henry Placide, J. W. Wallack, Jr., lams, A. H. Davenport, W. Davidge, T. E. Morris, Mrs. ke, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Mark Smith, Messrs. Grosve- l, Howard, Wall, &c.

ncert Saloon Bill, which was passed a week ago by the re at Albany, was signed by Gov. Morgan on the 18th, herefore a law. We have understood that it will be put n or about the 1st of May. Now, it is pretty certain that ur Broadway managers will test the constitutionality of and it is said that two or three of our most able lawyers engaged to defend the managers should any effort be nterfere with their business.

e houses are the rule at Bryants'. Tommy Peel, who match dance on the 16th, is a greater attraction than e that event. He bears the honors modestly.

e remembered that shortly after the news of the Trent t in England reached here, a statement appeared in our city papers, to the effect that Dion Bourcicault had Confederate flag over his Adelphi Theatre, in London. , a denial came from Mr. B.. of which the following is

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI,
LONDON, Feb. 3, 1862.

en informed that a paragraph has appeared in *The New* and *The Evening Post*, to the effect that I had "displayed nd Stripes over the stage of the Adelphi, in London, but ival of the news of the Trent affair, I had displaced the Union, and raised the Confederate colors in its stead."

ment is untrue from beginning to end—a pure inven- I regret to add, not the only falsehood which has ished concerning me in the American newspapers. of similar paragraphs were showered upon my success- hile I resided in the United States. D. BOURCICAULT.

uld seem to convey the impression that Mr. Bourcicault untenance any insult to the American flag, or any sym- n the Secessionists. The following plain statement of l at Nice places Bourcicault in a somewhat unreliable ontradicting, as it does, the Adelphi manager's com- n. To make our record complete, we give "our Con- erience, as published in the *Tribune* of April 18th:—

(one week after the news of the Trent seizure ngland,) while passing down the Strand, I observed acade of the New Royal Adelphi Theatre two dis- staffs, standing out perpendicularly from the build- United States flag was attached to one of the flag *g wound round upon, and secured tightly to it by a cord irally from end to end.* From the other flag staff, placed one described, *was a new large-sized Rebel flag flung defi- roudly to the breeze.* This spectacle, occurring as it did London thoroughfare as the Strand, and at such a time ent, attracted universal attention, and excited the in- of every true American in London. This performance ed on the 4th and 5th of December, to my own knowl- aw it with my own eyes. Whether it was continued I cannot say, as I left London on the 6th of December. nptible subterfuge of Mr. Bourcicault's card is trans- ugh in view of the real circumstances of the case. He ies having raised "the Confederate flag" over "*the stage* ohi Theatre." He denies what was never asserted. He y having raised it over the front of the theatre. He ny the *facts* given above, unless he covets the unenvi- able reputation of a deliberate falsifier. Should he visit the United States again, it is to be hoped that this compliment to the national ensign may not go unremembered by an appreciative public.

Respectfully, JAMES LESLEY, JR.,
United States Consul at Nice.

On Monday evening, April 14th, the operatic spectacle of "The Enchantress" was produced at Niblo's Garden, before one of the largest audiences ever assembled there. It has been placed upon the stage in magnificent style, with new scenery, costumes, mechanical effects, etc., etc. The principal parts were entrusted to Miss Caroline Richings, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Richings, J. Dunn, L. R. Shewell, H. Pearson, W. Scallan, etc. The first representation we looked upon more as a dress rehearsal than a regular performance, for there was a great deal of delay in changing the scenes, clearing the stage, and such like, nearly three quarters of an hour elapsing while the curtain was down between the prologue and first act; and it was a quarter past 12 o'clock when the curtain fell on the finale. Miss Richings was warmly received, and encored in one or two instances. Making all due allowance for a first night, we concluded to see the spectacle a second time before commenting on it. On Friday evening, April 18th, we therefore paid a second visit to Niblo's, and found a crowded house, not a seat to be had lower than the upper tier of boxes, and but few there. There was a decided improvement in the performance, and it was less draggy. Miss Richings was in admirable voice, and was most enthusiastically applauded throughout, being encored in two or three of her songs. Her voice has increased in power since we last heard her, and is evidently much more under command than it was a few years ago. Her compass is quite extensive, and her execution of difficult passages, and particularly of the trill, shows that she has been indefatigable in cultivating it, and deservedly successful. Her admirable rendering of the celebrated variations in the first act, brought down the house, an *encore* being insisted upon both in that and La Siciliene, in the latter of which she executed the trill, closing with a delightful passage *sotto voce*, in a manner that we have not heard equalled for years. We deem Miss Richings far above either Miss Kellogg or Hinckley in vocal powers, and as an actress her superiority is manifest to all who have seen the three. The choruses were unusually excellent and harmonious, showing evidences of skillful training, and the music has been capitally arranged from beginning to end. Of the dancing by the *corps de ballet*, as a whole it is praiseworthy; but in regard to the individual merits of the leading artistes, we cannot endorse all the lavish praises bestowed upon Galletta and Tophoff. True, the former executes several difficult terpsichorean *feats*, and certainly *toed* the mark very pluckily; but in the graceful movements of the *ballet* she was surpassed by M'lle Helene, who received a hearty and well deserved *encore*. As for Monsieur Tophoff, we confess to a dislike to see a man perform the dances he excels in. The scenic and stage effects of the spectacle are admirable, and the dresses, for once, appropriate to the piece. From present indications we should judge that the Enchantress is likely to have a run, and it certainly deserves it, for it is about the best mounted and most creditably presented drama of the kind that has been presented to a New York audience for several seasons.

Mr. Eaton Stone left the city on the 19th, to join Thayer, Noyes & Co.'s concern.

DRAMATIC.

The death by drowning of Mr. R. A. Eddy, agent for Miss Joey Gougenheim, is announced in San Francisco papers received by the steamer Ariel, which arrived here on the 18th. It will be remembered that some pecuniary difficulties attended the theatrical operations of Mr. Eddy in California, and various statements were published as to his sudden departure from San Francisco, one having it that he was carried off to Ireland, while Miss Gougenheim was on her way to Australia. It now appears, by the following article from the San Francisco *Morning Call*, of March 5, that Eddy did not leave at the time stated, but quietly made other arrangements for joining Miss Gougenheim, which resulted in his death. The following is the account alluded to:—"Mr. R. A. Eddy, who was supposed to have left this State privately in the early part of January last for Australia, in company with Miss Joey Gougenheim, was drowned near San Juan Island, British Columbia, on the 24th of February, by the capsizing of the schooner Tolo, Capt. Maloney. Mr. Eddy is supposed to have been in his berth at the time of the capsize of the schooner. We learn from entirely reliable authority, the following facts concerning deceased prior to his departure from this city. He had made arrangements to leave on a German ship that sailed for Melbourne about six weeks ago, in company with Miss Joey Gougenheim. Legal proceedings were instituted against him by a number of actors, musicians and others to whom he was indebted, the evening before he was to sail, and process for his arrest placed in the hands of officers. The latter went on board at an early hour in the morning, where they remained until the pilot left and the vessel was well out to sea. Mr. Eddy was very unfortunate in his management of the Metropolitan Theatre, having lost about $1,800 in two months. Knowing that he would be intercepted by his creditors, he took a boat and proceeded down the bay as far as Fort Point, where he expected to get on board. He there became aware that he would be arrested if he went on board, and concluded to return to San Francisco. He remained here about three weeks after Miss Gougenheim sailed, and then took passage for Victoria on the schooner Tolo, at which place he intended to take a vessel for Australia." Our own correspondent makes no mention of Mr. Eddy's death, although we received a letter from him by the steamer which brought this news. Mr. Eddy is said to be an old resident of California, having been engaged in the stationery business in Marysville. For the past five years he was engaged as agent for the Misses Gougenheim, and took them to Australia from San Francisco. He could not have been over 32 years of age."

A high stage of water at Cairo, Ill., does not seem to interfere with the stage of the Defiance Theatre there. A bill for the evening of the 12th, announcing "The Octoroon," also states, with characteristic amphibiousness, that—"The public are respectfully notified that the sidewalks on Washington Avenue and at the corner of Commercial Avenue and Fourth street will be thoroughly repaired and raised above the water in time for the accommodation of those wishing to avail themselves of this last opportunity of witnessing the greatest domestic drama of the age." Thus we perceive that all the members of the Sidewalk-Committee in Cairo would require mining boots as a part of their deliberating costume. Gentlemen taking a rampant attitude, while in the boxes, would be very likely to hear the cry of "Boots!" from a Yorker, or "Beuts!" from a Bostonian. However, the Defiance defies all competition or drawback. A. G. Williams is manager, with J. B. Curran for stage manager. Biz. seems to continue good, and, if the streets are muddy, the Defiance is all the more desirable by contrast. See other paragraphs in this issue.

Mrs. J. B. Allen and Miss Cline have been added to the usually attractive company at the Defiance, Cairo, Ill.

Dramatic influences certainly are somewhat under a cloud at Lafayette, Ind., but some particulars were not quite so bad as stated by one of our correspondents from that place in our issue of the 5th. We now learn that Mrs. Coleman Pope, after having lately announced some "Dramatic Readings," to be given at the Melodeon, in Lafayette, had not confronted rows of empty benches, whereupon she withdrew and left for parts unknown." It appears that the inclemency of the weather rendered the attendance of an audience quite improbable, and therefore the Melodeon was not opened at all on the occasion referred to. Mrs. Pope's other engagements could not allow a postponement until the following evening, and even if she had done so, the weather turned out equally unpropitious. The lady did not leave "for parts unknown," but for her own residence at Pleasant Ridge, Ohio. Under these circumstances we repeat, once more, our usual general and particular request that all our correspondents would keep to the facts as they are.

The National, Cincinnati, under Manager Shires, is still carrying on business bravely, but seems to be somewhat like going "up stream," although the prices are at a very "low stage of water." On the 10th he took a benefit, and had a bumper for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" with John Bates. A new play, called "Maude, or the Chimney Sweep's Daughter," was favorably received, and repeated on the 11th and 12th, to fair houses. The authorship is attributed to a lady formerly in the stock company at Pike's Opera House.

Miss Kate Fisher and H. A. Weaver wound up an engagement of two weeks at the Defiance, Cairo, by appearing as Zoe and Pete, in "The Octoroon," on the 12th.

The Webb Sisters are at present with the National, Cincinnati, where they perform until the 26th, and Miss Dora Shaw opens as Camille on the 28th, for a stay of two weeks. When Dora was at Pike's formerly, "Camille" was in fashion, but we suspect that our Cincinnati friends are like us Yorkers, and begin to think that "too much one ting jess nuff."

That favorite little soubrette, Mrs. Frank Graham, is set down as fully liable for a grand complimentary benefit at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo. Let the *defi* be accepted. We shall expect to find Frank himself on hand—no, glove—as her champion.

Maggie Mitchell commences an engagement at Wood's, Cincinnati, on the 21st, following Adah Isaacs, whose "Great Expectations" had to contend with some awfully wet weather—unmistakably Ohio rains—last week.

Newark, Ohio, has had quite a "revival" in dramatic amusements, by means of the Adelphi Dramatic Company. The managers are Heartwell, Bolton & Co., with F. L. Keller for stage manager, and J. E. Hartel as leader of the orchestra. Among the company we observe Messrs. W. P. Sheldon, H. B. Hudson, G. W. Murray, J. James, W. P. Hastings, J. Jones, F. L. Keller, Wyhow, Phillips, Herbert, J. H. Fletcher, Cook, Hill, Wheeler, etc., with Mesdames H. A. Perry, Mollie Williams, A. Hartel, J. E. Hartel, Annie Williams, etc. The benefit for the Soldiers' Aid Society was an enthusiastic affair. Performances are now given on Saturday afternoons. Such is the real advance of a spirited community in a moral improvement which creates no bigotry.

Miss Sallie St. Clair closed in Columbus, Ohio, April 18th, and inaugurates the season at the Cleveland Academy of Music, under John Ellsler's management, April 21st, playing for two weeks; after which she goes to Buffalo, to inaugurate the regular dramatic season of the Metropolitan Theatre, May 5. In the two latter theatres she produces Charles Barras' new sensational drama of "The White Terror."

At the Arch, Philadelphia, "Crohoore-na-Bilhoge" is still the attraction, with John Drew in his Irish farces. The "Groves of Blarney" is the title of a new piece in rehearsal at this establishment.....Miss Charlotte Thompson has played a good engagement at the Walnut. On the 18th, she had a benefit, appearing in three characters. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway are to appear at the Walnut, shortly, it is reported, in Edmund Falconer's play of the "Peep o' Day, or Savourneen Deelish."....At the Continental, the "Macarthy, or Peep o' Day," was in its second week; the houses have been rather slim. Mr. H. Clifford, the "Fat Boy" of the school scene in the Peep o' Day, has seceded from the establishment. Miss Jennie Parker, the "Ban Caointhe," leaves for Washington on the 21st.

Of the theatres in California, our correspondent, "Sherry Corbyn," sends us the following, under date of San Francisco, March 21, '62:—"Since my last, things theatrical have been flourishing at the American Theatre, which has been open ten nights, and on each occasion to the surprise, and, I may add, to the consternation of many, it has been literally crowded. The latest novelty here was the production of the burlesque of the 'Female Forty Thieves,' which was admirably gotten up, and after the first night was well played. It is still on the bills, and bids fair to have a long and successful run. This piece will be followed by the nautical spectacle of the 'Red Rover.' Manager Leighton has put his shoulder to the wheel in right down earnest, and says he means to do or die; and as he holds a good hand, and has got a first-rate starter, I think he will do, and do well at that.

The Metropolitan, since the co-partnership, has not been doing well, except on the occasions of three benefits, the last of which was a compliment to that talented actor and worthy gentleman, Mr. C. Wheatleigh, who returns to New York to-day. Chas. Dillon has been engaged at this house, and will appear in 'King Lear,' to-morrow, and may revive the fortunes of this beautiful theatre.

The Varieties Melodeon, formerly Maguire's Opera House, has not been doing as well as was expected. I presume the cause lies in the fact that the company, in point of talent, is inferior to those our people have been accustomed to in resorts of this class. However, they expect new faces from the East, when they may do better.

St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company will be the recipients of a benefit at the American Theatre, to-morrow evening, when, besides the admirable company, Mrs. W. H. Leighton, Mina A. States, and the Orrin Family, have volunteered.

On the 26th, *Crescent Engine Company No.* 10 take their benefit also at the American. I have not as yet heard what they do.

Charles Pope and his talented wife are about starting on a professional tour through the interior.

From various quarters we now learn that some of our most experienced correspondents have much mis-represented the good city of Baltimore in regard to theatrical matters lately. We thought there must be some mistake about "Old Balti" or "Old Baltimo;" but in the hurry of newspaper life, had not much time for examination. This week, however, we have determined to test many statements of which we previously had some reason to doubt, although every right to believe. With regard to the Holliday Street Theatre, we learn that considering the usual influences of the Lenten season, biz. has been not only fair but very good. Taken altogether, this present season has been more uniformly successful than formerly. Manager John T. Ford is, of course, not entirely unacquainted with "the sweet uses of adversity," but his six years of probation have proved him a man of probity. He has no outstanding obligations, his company are regularly paid without reductions, and (shades of Conrad and Charley Gilfert!) he is "all right" with his printer. Any how, Manager Ford has paid Miss Lucille Western on her "fair shares," this season, over five thousand dollars. We understand that not a single obligation remains unpaid. So much for the Holliday Street. This looks well for "Master Ford."

Adah Isaacs Menken opens at Columbus, Ohio, on the 21st, and next goes to Pittsburgh, succeeding Cubas. Adah still thinks of running over to England, in May.

In Washington, there is quite a "congress" of artists and any variety of "houses." George Kunkel has his Front Street dramatic company (from Baltimore) at the Old Theatre. His minstrels are at Odd Fellows Hall. John T. Ford's New Athenæum is doing an immense business with Forrest, and the house is declared not half large enough. George Percival, he of Canterbury Hall there, opens the New National Theatre on the 21st. This last was formerly Kings' Amphitheatre. Percival opens with John Collins as his first star.

Miss Lucille Western's benefits at the Holliday-street, Baltimore, on the 11th and 18th, were overflowing bumpers, and brought out the Baltimore belles much more than might have been expected, considering the usual religious observances among church-going families on those dates.

The Grand Combination open at the Boston Academy of Music (Theatre) on the 21st, with "The Rivals." The cast has Sir Anthony Absolute, John Gilbert; Capt. Absolute, Wm. Wheatley; Bob Acres, John E. Owens; Sir Lucius, L. R. Shewell; Fag, C. Barron; David, E. Lamb; Lydia, Mrs. W. C. Gladstane; Julia, Emma Taylor; Mrs. Malaprop, Mary Wells; Lucy, Mrs. Geo. Skerrett. On the 22d, "Money" is to be brought out, and no doubt money will come in.

Apropos, in order to prevent any possibility of misrepresentation now that the NEW YORK CLIPPER is the recognized "American Sporting and Theatrical Journal," why cannot managers, and all parties interested, send us the information "from head-quarters," as it were, and thus prevent us from being deceived by casual or designing correspondents? Any manager who gives us his confidence never has occasion to regret so doing. Ask the hundreds who communicate with us.

Herrmann is to follow the German Opera Company at the Front street, Baltimore, opening on the 28th.

Miss Lucille Western is likely to remain in Baltimore during May, as the Baltimoreans seem to have taken her prisoner in their affections. But our previous announcement of her performing in New York, before departing for California and Australia, will be fulfilled, so that Young New York may make its mind easy on that subject. The versatility and study evinced by Lucille Western's personations, seem to take a deep hold on the public mind, and always secure for her a welcome reception in Baltimore. Well, a sporting man would be very likely to call her The Baltimore Pet. Let all Young America make a note, and look out for Lucille.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Alhambra, or Burtis' Varieties, as it has lately been styled, in Philadelphia, seems to be an unfortunate establishment, for once more has it been closed, and that in a very sudden manner. On the 12th inst., with scarce a moment's warning, the company learned, to their amazement, that no more entertainments would be given there under Mr. Burtis' management, and the "people" were once more thrown upon their beam ends. The Alhambra is a snug little place, but as yet it does not appear to have been a source of much profit to any one. Several different managers have taken hold of it in the short time that has elapsed since it was fitted up as a concert saloon, but for some reason best known to themselves, each and all of them have left the place, in a great hurry. Why the place does not succeed is what we cannot understand. The location, Chestnut street above Sixth, *ought* to be good for the business. Perhaps a really first class company, in all the departments, has never been tried at the place. Who is the next customer?

Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, is said to be doing a good business, notwithstanding the opposition of other houses.

Billy O'Neil has been cutting up didoes again in San Francisco. He was to have appeared at the Bella Union, but broke his engagement, to the disappointment of those who had assembled to hear him. The place has not suffered much, however, by this conduct of O'Neil's, Harry Courtain being backed up by a pretty good array of talent.

Billy Worrel is among the performers at Long's Varieties, in Philadelphia. Miss Annie West is also there.

At Canterbury Hall, Philadelphia, there is no greater attraction than the proprietor, Mr. Wray, who is a company, almost, in himself. Wray is nightly arrayed in rays of brightest radiance at his hall, corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets.

At the Olympic, Philadelphia, Mr. Lea is gathering a splendid company around him, and his business is represented as being very fine. Mr. Lea is one of the most energetic and go-ahead managers there is in the business, and if talent can be had for money, he is always ready to pay well in order to secure the best. At present he has engaged at the Olympic, Fanny Forrest, Kate Pennoyer, Augusta Walby, Ellen Collene, Clara Berger, Annie Edwards, Kate Harrison, Mary Wolbert, Sally Wesner, Maggie Marshall, Maria Wells, Mary Morton, Eliza Florence, Mons. Velarde, J. Mulligan, Leavitt, Gallagher, McKenna, etc., etc.

The People's Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., is now occupied by the company that was detailed off from the St. Louis Melodeon, and at first opened in the Masonic Hall, Nashville. Nelson Kneas, Joe Mairs, and the other boys, have turned up as Campbell Minstrels, while the public approbation is more and more manifest. Miss Victoria Howard, Miss Kate Warwick (no matter whether married or not,) and the other pretty girls, have turned down a leaf in the book of memory for the Nashville folks, as each party hails the other with continued delight every evening. There is some meaning to the expression "reserved seats" now at The People's, Nashville. See another paragraph, about the change of location for this company.

"Sindbad, The Sailor," continues to draw like a steam tug at Manager Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis. Having already given a sketch of the piece and principal performers, we need only add that Tom Cony's stage management and T. C. Noxon's scenery have rendered it quite a dramatic triumph for a music hall. A varied selection precedes "Sindbad" on the same evenings, and the wonder is how Deagle can find his eagles.

That Pioneer Company (as they deserve to be called), who went up the Cumberland River to Nashville, almost as soon as Uncle Sam's military performers arrived, are now said to intend leaving for Louisville and other places, but the Nashville folks seem to consider that the company ought not to leave a place where they must ever be considered welcome. Well, as the Nashville people are now doing the generous thing, we think their liberality should be met in a corresponding spirit. St. Louis can afford to spare "a few more of the same sort." Ask Manager Chapman or Stage-Manager Merrifield. But, if the pioneers should wish to visit Memphis, (or any similarly circumstanced city), as soon as "circumstances would permit," our music-hall boys and girls would nationally mingle the pine and the palm in any Union scenery wherever they may find themselves placed. See other paragraphs.

There is something so characteristic of "our folks" about the recent branching off (without weakening) from the Melodeon, St. Louis, of a large and talented company, and their prompt "settling" in Nashville as soon as "circumstances would permit," that we feel tempted to note their continual triumph. As stated last week, they opened at Masonic Hall. They had to pay $15 per night for a city license. As biz. improved, and popularity was secured, the Masonic Hall could not accommodate the audience that tried to attend. The People's Theatre, being unoccupied, and already licensed as such for the season, was offered, in all good feeling, and accepted as courteously. Let our politicians try to equal this amount of reasonable consideration—if they can. Mr. Jas. F. Hackney, the former lessee and manager, puts his name on the bills, and thus an amicable arrangement meets all the difficulties of "the situation," while the city and the public are, in fact, the real gainers. To take $90 a week from a band of dramatic missionaries, while trying to "go about and do good," was no joke to the treasurer. But the best item of the lot is the fact that the rent paid for the theatre is no more than that paid for the hall. So, success to the Nashville branch of the St. Louis Melodeon! See another paragraph about the performers.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, gave a benefit for sick and wounded soldiers, on the 14th. During the day two steamers had arrived from Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., the January and Crescent City, containing more than nine hundred wounded soldiers. Flesh and blood could not stand such a sight, and no wonder the benevolent Jerry Merrifield, and the whole company of Manager J. W. Chapman, were immediately "impressed" to serve in the great cause of charity and patriotism.

Notwithstanding the bad news from Albany, about the Legislative Don Quixotes who try to oppose (instead of representing) the will of the people, Albany has a "model concert hall of the world." Its name is Gayety Music Hall. Fitzpatrick, Howard & Langrishe are the proprietors; Charley Lewis and J. F. Pike the stage managers; and quite a colony of people form the stock company. Of course, some revolving stars are, all the time, coming or going. Speaking of revolving things, the revolving tableaux, as once performed by the Keller Troupe, come next.

As Joe Mairs would say, in one of his burlesque orations, "That's what's the matter with Hannah Jane!" So, now we begin to find out that our former statement in regard to the marriage of Miss Kate Warwick, at St. Louis, was correct. One of the very parties who sent us his contradiction of our original statement, has this week "caved in" and sent us his confirmation. We "know of no just cause or impediment" why a lady and gentleman cannot as well get married on the 1st day of April as on any other in the year, throwing leap year in. Kate was probably a little mysterious on the subject, but the ceremony took place at the Watson House, St. Louis, by Squire A. Young, and the Benedick is Colonel John M. Navo, on the 1st April. No April Fool about this. Many persons cannot believe that an actress should marry well. Actresses often wear the orange flowers on their brow for others, and why not once in life for themselves? Cupid is said to be considerable of a botanist, and this spring weather makes us wish that the oak of hospitality may always protect the happy couple, while the pansy of pleasant thoughts, the passion flower of religious fervor, and the columbine of constancy, may always accompany the lady known to the public as Kate Warwick.

Aiken & Wilkinson's Troy (N. Y.) Theatre is enjoying a term in the Trojan war. Capital bills, partaking largely of the legitimate, have drawn fair biz. On the 17th the managers gave "Claude Duval" and "The Capture of Donelson," which certainly was good old Bowery measure. "The White Terror," a Ledger drama, was to be produced on the 21st, and we have no doubt will bring the treasurer out safe on the right side of his ledger. How would a piece called "The Hundred Days of Terror in Albany" go? We only ask in humble simplicity.

"Hail to the Chief!" comes to our mind on finding that Ben De Bar "actilly did" appear as Willibald, in "The Bottle Imp," at the St. Louis Theatre, on the 14th. Botanically speaking, on account of this spring weather, we may say that we "reckon" Ben De Bar among the cedar trees of our affection, and, when we think of his peculiar "fix" at New Orleans, we may class him among those camomiles which display energy in adversity. Well, go thy ways, Ben. The engagement of Ettie Henderson was to close on the 19th. She played Madelaine in "The Bottle Imp," and the entire cast was well filled.

CIRCUSES.

Mr. J. M. Nixon is in the field with a circus company, and will open the season at Brooklyn, on the 21st inst.

Robinson & Lake's Circus will start out from Cincinnati in a few days. P. H. Seamon, Yankee clown and Negro comedian, has been engaged to accompany the concern, together with his wife and boy, having started from De Ruyter on the 14th, to join the company in Cincinnati.

Van Amburgh's Great Exhibition will work its way through New Jersey this week, *en route* to Philadelphia.

Nagle & Kincade's Circus and Menagerie will leave Mansfield, Ohio, on the 20th of May, their route lying through Michigan and Canada. The company consists of Mr. and Miss M. Kincade, proprietors; E. Kincade and C. C. Easler, clowns; John Ovendorf, Thomas Evans, M. Smith; Mlle. Gardner, Mlle. Aubrey; Masters John Auburn, Adam, and Theodore. Their canvas, it is said, will accommodate one thousand persons.

As already stated by us, Thayer, Noyes & Co.'s United States Circus have been recruiting at Girard, Pa. They start on the 3d May, upon a grand circumbendibus route among the Western States. Dr. Jim Thayer is manager, clown, or jester, as occasion may require. Chas. W. Noyes is equestrian manager and ring master. E. S. Berger leads in either the brass or the string band, as may be. The brass band have a car of state, for triumphal or announcement occasions. Jim Thayer can make his comic mules do almost anything short of oratory, and Charley Noyes has a snow-white horse, named after good old Gen. Scott, also a pony named after Gen. Siegel, and this pony has a monkey rider who might rank with many human performers. We hardly know how to name all the good things in this concern, but have no doubt that Thayer and Noyes will make "some noise" as well as money. They have Jim Robinson, who is "backed" for a thousand dollars to perform more "feats" on a horse's bare back than any other performer can with a pad. Hoyle and Reisse, on the gymnastic business, John Glenroy as principal rider, and A. F. Aymar as leading clown. John Thompson is the leading "hacrobat." Eaton Stone (no novice) is to give the Camanche style of horsemanship, and Thayer and Noyes have a "fine lot" to select from. Then there is Charley Seelye, the India rubber man—but we have already stretched out this paragraph more than our spare space can well afford.

It was rumored in San Francisco that John Wilson had taken the Metropolitan Theatre, and that he intended to open it as a circus some time in April.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Many kind actions are performed by the profession which never find their way into print. Here is one good deed, however, which the party benefited requests us to make public. We give the letter, with the name of the writer attached:—"Providence, R. I., April 15, 1862. FRIEND QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—Knowing that you take an interest in recording the good deeds done by mankind to one another, I wish to add a little testimony of the good will shown to me by my professional brothers. I have been sick, and unable to do any thing for three months, with consumption, and most of the time, as I am now, confined to my bed. My heart was cheered by the arrival of Duprez & Green's Company in town, who are old associates of mine, and fellow travelers for two years. On learning the condition I was in, they made up a nice little purse for me, which came very acceptable; and as the only recompense that I can make them, is the making known through your columns their kindness to me, I hope you will do me the favor to make mention of it. CHARLES BOVEE."

The hall in which Sanford intends to perform with his minstrels, in Philadelphia, is the lower part of Concert Hall, and not the large room up stairs. It was formerly a carriage repository, but is now being fitted up in a tasty manner, and will make a very good place for entertainments of a minstrel character. We are not aware that Mr. Sanford has taken the place for any lengthy period, but will probably try it for a short season, and, if successful, he may remain there. Sanford's Minstrels, and Carncross & Dixey's party may have hot work of it in a little while, for there is not a great deal of love existing between them just now. What's the trouble?

Duprez & Green's Minstrels are represented as having done a big business in Providence, where their first night's receipts amounted to $350, and their second to $263. This is very fine for a place like Providence.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels gave their first performance, at Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 14th, before a large audience, and the business is said to have been quite good during the week.

The company comprising the new band of minstrels known as Carncross & Dixey's, now performing at Sanford's Opera House, in Philadelphia, embraces J. L. Carncross, E. F. Dixey, Frank Moran, Charles Villiers, Charles Gibbons, George L. Hall, Prof. M. D. Edmonds, Ira Paine, James La Mont, I. P. Ambrosi, A. H. Rackett, T. P. Deverill, Wm. Ziegler, T. A'Beckett, Jr., and R. F. Simpson. So far they are said to have met with a good deal of encouragement.

"Oh, hush! what is the use of trying to describe those performances at Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, Boston? We "give it up," for once. But full houses all the time tell the whole story.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Tom Thumb, who was at Columbus and Newark, Ohio, last week, this week appears in Zanesville and Steubenville, and opens in Pittsburgh on the 26th, for a short season.

Sheldon's Rebellion was on exhibition at Dayton, Ohio, on the 12th, 14th, and 15th. It was doing better than the real rebellion.

"Solomon's Temple" was erected in Dayton, Ohio, last week. The exhibition has not been doing much business.

Dr. Beale's Panorama was on exhibition at Havana, Cuba, at last accounts.

Aeronauts are beginning to loom up again. Mr. J. A. Light promises to make an ascension from Mount Etna, Berks County, Pa., on the 21st inst. The balloon being light, and the aeronaut being Light, a successful ascension should be the result.

It certainly is comical—but nevertheless a fact—that some correspondents, who must surely have "a fine face for a grievance," in writing about some petty inadvertence of another correspondent, will not take the trouble to mention what issue of our paper contains the supposed mistake, but leave us to find it as best we may, while others just as coolly mention the wrong date. Generally speaking, this leaves the subject matter about as difficult to find on our part, as any reasonable ground of complaint on their part.

Formerly, Union songs had to be kept on the back shelf at some places of amusement in St. Louis, but Rhody McGuire, Jerry Merrifield, and other good fellows there, have begun to "let em' rip" for the last two or three weeks. We do not perceive that St. Louis loses anything by a little of Dan Bryant's or Tony Pastor's—

"Whack row de dow,
We're bound to save the Union,
Whack row de dow—
Pop goes the weesel," etc.

Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara opens—no, unrols—at Smith & Ditson's, Cincinnati, on the 21st.

Ossian E. Dodge and William Hayward, with able assistants, keep dodging and "dancing the hey" all around Bostonward. They are like Figaro, here, there, and everywhere, but always wanted.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 11.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter:
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
And kinks of fun a-poking,
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a hopper,)
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "the corn's afire!
Why Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn,
Why don't you pop the question?"

FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

THE BLOODHOUND AND ITS VICTIM.

It is now six-and-twenty years ago, last November, on the 18th day of the month, that the events occurred which I am about to relate. Twenty-six years ago—yes! on the 18th day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty. I shall remember that date till my dying day.

My brother and I had gone to spend our vacation, at the invitation of an old friend, in a scantily-populated district of Herefordshire, for the purpose of recruiting our health and shooting over his extensive estates. Himself was away, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a snug lodge in the park, to living in the cheerless magnificence of an unoccupied mansion.

With us we brought a dog; it had been sent over from Spain a few months previously as a present to my brother. He was a bloodhound, and thorough-bred, standing fully forty inches high, with tapering muscular limbs, and with a countenance so intellectual and human in its expression, that, when at rest, it appeared as though it were working out some vast problem for the future benefit of its race. For myself, I shall never believe but that *that* dog was a deep thinker. It was curious to watch his eye, now turned upwards thoughtfully, as if it were seeking for some calculated result—now slowly dilating and brightening as that result became plainer and plainer—now shooting out a bright ray of light, as though the long-expected illumination had burst upon him, and then slowly sinking down again, to brood upon and amplify his newly-acquired theory.

Rudolph, for that was his name, was a grand dog, and of immense strength; but his slender legs, his finely-cut head, and, let me add, his sensitive nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of an effeminate giant. Even we did not fully appreciate his enormous power till one day, on coming home, we found the iron chain that bound him, snapped, and a large mastiff, that had dared to question his right to a bone, stretched dead at his feet.

Upon questioning our servant, he said he saw the mastiff jump over the low wall of the yard, and try to take possession of the bone; that Rudolph did little at first, but, with a stroke of his paw, just struck the bone from the mastiff as soon as he laid hold of it; that at last the mastiff, by a jerk, tossed it out of the reach of Rudolph's chain, and was following it, when, with a yell, he sprang to his feet, took a huge leap, snapped his chain, seized the mastiff by the throat, and before he, the servant could come up, the big brute was dead.

The farmer to whom the mastiff had belonged called next day. Though greatly grieved at the loss of his dog, which had been a great favorite, he nevertheless refused all offers on our part to make restitution, and declared that his only motive for calling was to make the acquaintance of a dog powerful enough to kill such an animal as his mastiff.

Rudolph was produced, and behaved so well, and looked so handsome, that the farmer declared he had never seen such a dog; and requested, "if it wasn't making too bold," that we should come and lunch with him some day that week, to see his farm, and bring Rudolph with us. Knowing that we could depend on him as long as he was within sight, and loth to refuse so kind a return for an injury, not the less real because unintentional, we heartily accepted the invitation for all three.

A few days afterwards, then, in accordance with this invitation, we presented ourselves at the farmer's door. The house was a long, rambling structure, nowhere more than one story high, and stretched its shapeless length round three sides of a large farm yard, containing the usual medley of pigs, ducks, manure, chickens, cows, and straw. Our host received us kindly, introduced us to his wife, a comfortable-looking body with six small children, two in her arms, and the others peeping timidly out of different folds of her gown, like little chickens. They were nice, clean-looking Saxon children, with white hair and blue eyes. The youngest, a pretty-looking girl of about two years old, was so dreadfully frightened at the sight of our big dog, that the mother was obliged to carry her off to bed, weeping piteously with terror, aggravated, perhaps, by the pain caused by the advent of sharp little teeth.

We were ushered into a large, low room, with a great fagot lazily smouldering on the hearth, and a long table spread with a snowy, home-spun cloth, and covered with substantial fare—cold sucking pig, roast beef, and fowls. Presently the good wife came back, saying that her pretty darling had gone to sleep. The farmer produced a jug of sound old home-brewed, with an extra streak of malt in it; and what with that and the rest of the good cheer, and the good humor, and pressing hospitality of our host and hostess, the first part of the day passed as pleasantly and merrily as could be. Presently, however, we were startled by hearing loud screams issuing from a distant part of the house; then they were hushed for a moment, and then they arose again, louder than before.

"The child! the child!" cried the mother, and rushed out of the room.

"Where's Rudolph?" said my brother.

"Oh, don't worrit yourselves!" said the farmer, with his mouth full; "the dawg's found its way to the child's room, and she's squealing. That's all."

And so it proved, for presently Master Rudolph made his appearance, walking, or crawling, rather, with his belly close to the ground, and his tail between his legs, closely followed by the mother, who was scolding him sharply, and beating him with a stick. "I'll teach you to go a frightening our poor little Mary, that I will; yes, and you killed poor Towser, too!" Now, whether it was at this reminiscence, or with anger brought to a pitch, as woman's anger often is, by the uninterrupted sound of her own voice, it matters little, but certainly the stick came down with greater violence than ever, and, as fate would have it, on the dog's head. He turned as if to leap at her, but seeing that I was looking at him, he retreated, but with his eye glaring with a passion which I could not believe a dog could feel or express. There was no mistaking it; it was a look of unmitigated hate.

looked round at the faces at the table, to see if any one had taken notice of this extraordinary look; but apparently no one had. Thinking that they would only laugh at me, I resolved to say nothing about it, determined, however, never again to let the dog escape my eye. I tried to reason with myself, and to prove how absurd it was—that I must be mistaken—that if I was not, the circumstance could still be of no moment. But do what I would, I could not shake off the vague apprehension that weighed heavily on my mind like lead. The words of Shylock occurred again and again to me:—"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?" Yes, "any *man*," 'twas true enough of man; but it was absurd to apply it to a dog, reasoned I with myself. "Pish! Nonsense! Absurd!" But still that dog's face haunted me.

I was aroused from my morbid reveries by the voice of our host asking us to come for a stroll over the farm. I immediately jumped up, called Rudolph to follow, and out we went. Nothing occurred in our walk which is worth mentioning now. We saw some gigantic turnips, and Brobdignagian mangul wurzel, and were much edified by a long lecture at each gate, upon what such and such a field had produced last year, the quantity of wheat that such another yielded to the acre, and statistics of the partridges he had once killed in one day among "them turnips."

When we came back again, the farmer gave us over to his wife, to be shown the farm yard. From the peculiar structure of the house before mentioned, every room in it overlooked the yard.

"That room," began our show-woman, "over there, is me and my good man's room; just above the shed with the strawberry calf. Oh, you must come and look at my calf—he's such a pet of mine! There! isn't he a beauty? And to think he's got to be killed? Why weren't you a cow, you silly? And that window there, gentlemen, that little window, just above the pig sty, next to ours, that's my sweet darling baby's little room. Oh, you must come and see our pig sty, with our poor dear sow, with her last little white piggy—you've just eaten its eldest brother, sir; that is, we called it the eldest, but of course, sir, you know sir, (here the poor woman blushed up to her merry eyes,) that they weren't none of 'em older than the other. And there's the hen house, and just above's where Mary sleeps; and there's the stables; and that's poor old Smiler, sir, thirty years old, and as sound as a roach; and—What's that?"

It was the baby crying again, and the mother, begging us to excuse her, rushed off to comfort her poor little darling. When the cries ceased, I became aware of a growling noise, like low thunder, that seemed to proceed from something behind me. I turned and saw Rudolph showing his teeth, with his eyes fixed intently with the same awful expression, on the little window above the pig sty.

I had never, during the whole of the day, forgotten that look, and when I saw it again, unable to conquer my fears, I determined I would not rest till I had seen the dog safely chained up in his kennel at home; and so, hurriedly saying that I did not feel well, and asking the farmer to make our excuses to his wife, I walked away with my brother, calling Rudolph after me. When we reached home, I felt tired, and telling the servant to chain up the dog, I went in and threw myself on the sofa.

I suppose it must have been about three hours after this that I was startled from a sleep that forced itself upon me, by my brother's voice:—"Hallo!" he said; "wake up! What nonsense you're talking; something about—'easy leap for a dog like him'—'over the pig sty'—'open window.' I declare, you quite frightened me, when you cried out in an awful voice:—'The child, the child!' You've eaten too much sucking pig."

I had a most dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was in the farm yard that we had lately quitted, and that I saw Rudolph in the distance, carrying off something white, and the ground was covered with snow. Then I heard a shriek, and turning towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, I saw the farmer's wife at the window, pointed out as that of the baby's room, and which was open, gesticulating wildly. Then I remembered calculating what an easy leap it would be, for a dog like Rudolph, on to the window sill, and then I heard a voice crying out, "Save it! save it!" and then I was awakened.

"The first thing I said was, "Is Rudolph safe?"

"I suppose so," said my brother, leaving the room. Presently he cried, "Come here!"

I ran down stairs, and saw—an empty kennel. The servant had chained the dog carelessly, and he had slipped his collar and made off.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A strange thing is mental electricity. We both gazed for a moment at the empty collar; then we both started, as if by a mutual impulse, and looked face to face; and then, without a word, I knew that he had observed the expression of the dog's eye, that he had as carefully concealed his fears as I had, and that he felt with myself that to the farm house, and nowhere else, had the dog gone. He was the first to speak.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farm house, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone for some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white. "Dream coming true," we both muttered.

When we had got within a stone's throw of our destination, we saw a large animal bounding away to our right, and I thought I saw something white in its mouth. "Rudolph," we both said in a breath.

"Did you not see something white in his mouth," I asked.

"No," said he; "it must have been the snow."

This seemed so reasonable an explanation, that I assented to it at once, and hastened onwards.

We agreed to go to the farm yard first, not wishing to disturb the house needlessly. All seemed still enough till, looking up to the often-mentioned window, we saw the farmer's wife in her night dress, gesticulating wildly. We heard her ejaculate:—"Save it! save it!" and without waiting a moment, rushed back to the road.

It had left off snowing. The footsteps of the dog, thanks to the snow that had fallen, were plainly perceptible, and they turned off through a gap in the hedge. We followed. Straight across the field showed the track, now lighted for a minute by the moon peeping out from a cloud, now lost again in the darkness. Over three fields we passed thus, when I saw, with terror hardly possible to describe, that the track became dotted, occasionally at first, and afterwards thicker and thicker, with small black dots. I stooped, and my worst fears were realized—it was blood!

How that discovery spurred us on! Over field, and hedge, and ditch we went, following that dreadful trail, which became more hideously apparent at every step. Over fences, through dykes, tearing, leaping, jumping, we went, caring not how, so that we only sped on; with our heads pressed forward, our tongues hot in our mouths, and our hearts beating audibly. At last, to our surprise, we caught sight of Rudolph tearing away before us; then he leaped a low wall, and was lost. How could we possibly have caught him up? We, forced continually to deviate from the straight path, now in order to find a gap in some hedge through which we could crawl, now to discover a narrower part of some ditch over which to jump, now on account of the darkness, losing the track altogether. How could *we* have caught him up?

We soon came to the cause—a pool of blood. Here, then, he must have stopped to make an end to the struggles of his poor victim; here, then, he must have stayed to regale his brutal appetite! Revenge, however, would not wait for tears, and without stopping a moment, we hurried to the wall over which the beast had disappeared.

To our surprise, we found it was the wall of our own yard, and leaping over it, we discovered, alas! that we were too—too late; for there, with a lamp in his hand, shedding a dim light over the dreadful scene, stood our servant James, and there, in a corner, crouching like a guilty thing, lay Rudolph, and by his side the mangled remains of the poor little—*sucking pig!*

THE THREE TRAVELLING BAGS.

CHAPTER I.

There were three of them, all of shining black leather; on the top of the pile of trunks; one on the ground; one in the owner's hand;—all going to Philadelphia; all waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggageman bustled, fuming from one pile of baggage to another, dispensing chalk to the trunks, checks to the passengers, and curses to the porters, in approved railway style.

"Mine!—Philadelphia!" cried a stout military-looking man, with enormous whiskers and a red face, crowding forward, as the baggage man laid his hand on the first bag.

"Won't you please to give me a cheek for this, now?" entering a pale, slender, carefully-dressed young man, for the ninth time, holding out bag No. 2. "I have a lady to look after."

"Say! be you agoin' to give me a check for that 'are, or not?" growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short, pocked-marked fellow in a shabby overcoat.

"All right, gen'l'men. Here you are," says the functionary, rapidly distributing the three checks. "Philadelfy, this? Yes, sir,—1092—1740. 11—1020. All right."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Whoo-whew?" responded the locomotive, and the train moved slowly out of the station-house.

The baggage man meditatively watched it, as it sped away in the distance, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, slapping his thigh, he exclaimed,

"Blest if I don't believe—"

"What?" exclaimed the switchman.

"That I've gone and guv them three last fellers the wrong checks! The cussed little black things was all alike, and they bothered me."

"Telegraph," suggested the switchman.

"Never you mind," replied the baggageman. "They was all going to Philadelfy. They'll find it out when they get there."

They did.

CHAPTER II.

The scene shifts to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Front parlor, up stairs. Occupants, the young gentleman alluded to in Chapter I., and a young lady. In accordance with the fast usages of the times, the twain had been made one in holy matrimony at 7:30 A. M.; duly kissed and congratulated till 8:15; put aboard the express train at 8:45, and deposited at the Continental, bag and baggage, by 12:58.

They were seated on the sofa, the black broadcloth coat-sleeve encircling the slender waist of the gray traveling-dress, and the jetty moustache in equally affectionate proximity to the glossy curls.

"Are you tired, dearest?"

"No, love, not much. But you are, ain't you?"

"No, darling."

Kiss, and a pause.

"Don't it seem funny?" said the lady.

"What, love?"

"That we should be married."

"Yes, darling."

"Won't they be glad to see us at George's?"

"Of course they will."

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it so much. Shall we get there to-night?"

"Yes, love, if—"

Rap-rap-rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between man and wife—to opposite ends of the sofa; and then—

"Come in."

"Av ye plaze, it's an M. P. is waiting to see yez."

"To see me? A policeman?"

"Yes, sur."

"There must be some mistake."

"No, sur, its yourself; and he's waiting in the hall, beyant."

"Well, I'll go to—no, tell him to come here."

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the M. P., with a huge brass star on his breast, who appeared with great alacrity at the waiter's elbow. "B'lieve this is your black valise?"

"Yes, that is ours, certainly. It has Julia's—the lady's things in it."

"Suspicious sarcumstances about that 'ere valise, sir. Telegraph come this morning that a burglar started on the 8:45 Philadelphia train, with a lot of stolen spoons, in a black valise, Spoons marked T. B. Watched at the ferry—saw the black valise—followed it up here—took a peek inside. Sure enough, there was the spoons. Marked T. B., too. Said it was yours. Shall have to take you in charge."

"Take me in charge!" echoed the dismayed bridegroom. "But I assure you, my dear sir, there is some strange mistake. It's all a mistake."

"S'pose you'll be able to account for the spoons being in your valise, then."

"Why, I—I—it isn't mine. It must be somebody else's. Somebody's put them there. It is some villainous conspiracy."

"Hope you'll be able to tell a straighter story before the magistrate, young man; cause if you don't, you stand a smart chance of being sent up for six months."

"Oh, Charles! this is horrid! Do send him away! Oh, dear! I wish I was home," sobbed the little bride.

"I tell you, sir," said the bridegroom, bristling up with indignation, "this is all a vile plot. What would I be doing with your paltry spoons? I was married this morning, in Fifth Avenue, and am on my wedding tour. I have high connections in New York. You'll repent it, sir, if you dare to arrest me."

"Oh, come, now," said the incredulous official, "I've hearn stories like that before. This ain't the first time swindlers has traveled in couples. Do you s'pose I don't know nothin'? 'Tain't no use, you've just got to come along to the station-house! Might as well go peaceably, 'cause you'll have to go!"

"Charles, this is perfectly dreadful! Our wedding-night in the station house! Do send for somebody. Send for the landlord to explain it.

The landlord was sent for, and came; the porters were sent for and came; the waiters, and chambermaids, and bar-room loungers came without being sent for, and filled the room and adjoining hall—some to laugh, some to say they wouldn't have believed it, but nearly all to exult that the unhapy pair had been "found out." No explanation could be given; and the upshot was, that in spite of tears, threats, entreaties, rage, and expostulations, the unfortunate newly-married pair were taken in charge by the relentless policeman, and marched down stairs, *en route* for the police office.

And here let the curtain drop on the melancholy scene, while we follow the fortunes of black valise No. 2.

CHAPTER III.

When the train stopped at Camden, four gentlemen got off, and walked arm-in-arm, rapidly and silently, up to one of the by-streets, and struck off into a foot-path leading to a secluded grove outside of the town. Of the first two, one was our military friend in a blue coat, apparently the leader of the party. Of the second two, one was a smiling, rosy little man, carrying a black valise. Their respective companions walking with hasty, irregular strides, were abstracted, and apparently ill at ease.

The party stopped.

"This is the place," said Captain Jones.

"Yes," said Doctor Smith.

The Captain and the Doctor conferred together; the other two studiously kept apart.

"Very well; I'll measure the ground, and do you place your man."

It was done.

"Now for the pistols," whispered the Captain to his fellow second.

"They are all ready, in the valise," replied the Doctor.

The principals were placed ten paces apart, and wearing that decidedly uncomfortable air a man has who is in momentary expectation of being shot.

"You will fire, gentlemen, simultaneously, when I give the word," said the Captain. Then in an under tone to the Doctor, "Quick, the pistols."

The Doctor, stooping over and fumbling at the valise, appeared to find something that surprised him.

"Why, what the devil—"

"What's the matter?" asked the Captain, striding up. "Can't you find the caps?"

"Deuce a pistol or a cap but this."

He held up—a lady's night-cap.

"Look here—and here—and here!" holding up successively a hair brush, a long white night-gown, a cologne bottle, and a comb.

They were greeted with a long whistle by the Captain, and a blank stare by the two principals.

"Confound the luck," ejaculated the Captain, "if we haven't made a mistake and brought the wrong valise!"

The principals looked at the seconds; the seconds looked at the principals. Nobody ventured a suggestion. At last the Doctor inquired—

"Well, what's to be done?"

"D—d unlucky!" again ejaculated the Captain. "The duel can't go on."

"Evidently not," responded the Doctor, "unless they brain each other with the hair-brush, or take a pop at each other with the cologne-bottle."

"You are quite sure there are no pistols in the valise," said one of the principals, with suppressed eagerness, and drawing a long breath of evident relief.

"We might go over to the city and get pistols," proposed the Captain.

"And by that time it will be dark," said the Doctor.

"D—d unlucky," said the Captain again.

"We shall be the laughing stock of the town," consolingly remarked the Doctor, "if this gets wind."

"One word with you, Doctor," here interposed his principal. They conferred.

At the end of the conference with his principal, the Doctor advanced to the Captain, and conferred with him. Then the Captain conferred with his principal. Then the seconds conferred with each other. Finally, it was formally agreed between the contending parties that a statement should be drawn up in writing, whereby Principal No. 1 tendered the assurances that the offensive words "You are a liar" were not used by him in any personal sense, but solely as an abstract proposition, in a general way, in regard to the matter of fact under dispute. To which Principal No. 2 appended his statement of his high gratification at this candid and honorable explanation, and unqualifiedly withdrew the offensive words, "You are a scoundrel," they having been used by him under a misapprehension of the intent and purpose of the remark which preceded them.

There being no longer a cause of quarrel, the duel was of course ended. The principals shook hands first with each other, and next with the seconds, and were evidently very glad to get out of it.

"And now that this is so happily settled," said the Doctor, chuckling and rubbing his hand, "it proves to have been a lucky mistake, after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady that owns it will say when she opens ours and finds the pistols."

"Very well for you to laugh about it," growled the Captain; "but it's no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers—best English make, and gold mounted. There arn't a finer pair in America."

"Oh, we'll find 'em. We'll go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost a night-cap and found a pair of duelling pistols."

CHAPTER IV.

In very good spirits, the party crossed the river, and inquired at the baggage room in reference to each and all black leather valises arrived that day, and took notes of where they were sent, and set out to follow them up. In due time they reached the Continental, and, as luck would have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman.

"What's all this?" inquired the Captain.

"Oh, a couple of burglars, caught with a valise full of stolen property."

"A valise!—what kind of a valise?"

"A black leather valise. That's it there."

"Here!—Stop!—Hallo!—Policeman!—Landlord! It's all right. You're all wrong. That's my valise. It's all a mistake. They got changed at the depot. This lady and gentleman are innocent. Here's their valise with a night cap in it."

Great was the laughter, multifarious the comments, and deep the interest of the crowd in all this dialogue, which they appeared to regard as a delightful entertainment, got up expressly for their own amusement.

"Then you say this 'ere is yourn?" said the policeman, relaxing his hold on the bridegroom, and confronting the captain.

"Yes, it's mine."

"And how did you come by the spoons?"

"Spoons, you jacknapes!" said the captain. "Pistols!—duelling pistols!"

"Do you call these pistols?" said the policeman, holding up one of the silver spoons marked "T. B."

The captain, astonished, gasped, "It's the wrong valise again, after all!"

"Stop! Not so fast!" said the police functionary, now invested with great dignity by the importance of the affair he found himself engaged in. "If so be as how you've got this 'ere lady's valise, she's all right, and can go. But, in that case, this is yourn, and it comes on you to account for them 'ere stolen spoons. Have to take you in charge, all four of ye.

"Why, you impudent scroundrel!" roared the captain; "I'll see you in ——. I wish I had my pistol here; I'd teach you how to insult a gentleman!" shaking his fist at the policeman.

The dispute waxed fast and furious. The outsiders began to take part in it, and there is no telling how it would have ended, had not an explosion, followed by a heavy fall and a scream of pain, been heard in an adjoining room.

The crowd rushed to the scene of the new attraction.

The door was fast. It was soon burst open, and the mystery explained. The thief, who had carried off the captain's valise by mistake for his own, had taken it up to his room, and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, thrusting his hand in after the spoons. In so doing he had touched one of the hair triggers, and the pistol had gone off, the bullet making a round hole through the side of the valise, and a corresponding round in the calf of his leg.

The wounded rascal was taken in charge first by the policeman, and then by the doctor; and the duellists and the wedded pair struck up a friendship on the score of their mutual mishaps, which culminated in a supper, where the fun was abundant, and where it would be hard to say which were in the best spirits, the captain for recovering his pistols, the bride for getting her nightcap, the bridegroom for escaping the station house, or the duellists for escaping each other. All resolved to "mark that day with a white stone,' and henceforth to mark their black travelling bags in white letters.

Moral—Go thou and do likewise.

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Who might be likened to an April day;
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A curious compound of the grave and gay!
By times she lecture would, and then she'd pun:
In fact, she had a most amusing way
Of mingled satire, repartee and pathos,
With attic salt, pure eloquence and bathos.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862. | VOL. X.—No. 3. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

Be cheerful and happy for life is but short;
Let us join in the dance and the song,
For nature decreed that rational sport
Should be enjoyed by the young and the strong.

'Tis pleasant to see the dear children at play,
And hear the sweet sound of their voice,
Merrily chanting their own simple lay,
As with frolicsome glee they rejoice.

The rays of the sun, so resplendant and bright,
Will enliven the sweet verdure so green;
The forest and meadow now decked out in white,
In their own native garb will be seen.

The steamboat and car will be hired for the day,
For those who will join in the throng;
The lads and the lassies will trip off so gay,
And the woods will resound with their song.

Why should we fret in the noontide of life—
Or the cares of this world make us sad?
'Tis better by far for both maiden and wife
To be cheerful while mirth's to be had.

Then let us forget the dull theme of the sage,
That would censure our peaceful resort;
The dullness of life can never assuage
Our thirst for sweet music and sport.

"4-11-44!"

OR,

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

[According to what we thought a liberal estimate, we increased our edition of last week on account of commencing this new story; but, it seems that the approval of our readers always goes ahead of our anticipations, and, as there is great probability that we may not now be able to supply the demand for last week's issue, we here offer a brief sketch of the leading points of interest in Mr. Vail's beautifully graphic and instructively exciting narrative, so far as the point now resumed. The first chapter opens with a spirited description of a winter's night in New York at the close of 1832. The cholera, during the previous summer, had almost desolated our city, but many families returned in the fall, and some semblance of business was resumed. Some families, living in affluence and splendor, in the fashionable neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green, had remained without making more than their usual summer travel. Among these were the Fosters. Lemuel, the father, had become immensely rich by a life devoted to business; but, on the winter's evening our author has just described, the old gentleman was attacked by the dread epidemic. His physician, Dr. Parker Peps, considered that recovery was not likely, and announced that dissolution could not be more than a question of time. Harry Foster, the son, is, at the date of commencing this story, about twenty years of age. He is articled in business to his father, but all his ideas and surroundings prove him as most likely destined to scatter the wealth his father had amassed. On this very evening, the young hopeful was out on a sleigh ride, studying "life on the road" with some boon companions, and stopping at the Half-way House to "take an observation" and "grease the runners." Among Harry's friends are Charley Gilbert, Tony Clements, and such like "bloods" of those days. Middle-aged readers and old Knickerbockers can readily recognize the real names of the parties thus personified and described. While at the Half-way House, Harry and his friends get so merry as to make their lady friends the principal topic of conversation. Harry proposes a toast to his "ladye love" in such extravagant language as to cause general remark and require some explanation. Harry praises her beauty, and confesses that her virtue seems unassailable. This announcement is received with jeering laughter, and bets offered, an even hundred each, on winning the prize. Harry takes the bet with one of the party, and a ride home by way of the Bowery is proposed. While these scenes are going on, the death gripe of the cholera has become more certain upon Lemuel Foster; and Dr. Parker Peps, at a quarter before 10, announced that midnight was the extent of hope for his rich patient. The dying man kept continually inquiring for his son, and all the ingenuity of people accustomed to obsequious obedience was fully taxed to pacify fretful eagerness, whenever the patient's remaining strength enabled him to call for the absent Harry. The Doctor, of course, knows a thing or two about city life, and sends for Richard Bradshaw, a well-known detective, to hunt up the truant. Five hundred dollars is no object, if the detective can find Harry within two hours. Dick wants another hour, but undertakes the job anyhow, as there was no time for multiplying words. The detective secures the hack and team of Slim Jim (who may be recognized as another well-known character around New York), and the Widow Harvey's, in Beade street, is the first place where Dick makes inquiry for Harry Foster. The truant is not there, but Dick gets the Widow in a good humor, takes one of her whisky skins, and finds out that Harry had invited her daughter Sarah out that very afternoon. Putting that and that together, was quite enough for such an old campaigner as Dick. Slim Jim's team were next headed for the old Harlem road, and through the pitiless storm they are driven, Dick making sure of his man at the Half-Way House. It was one of those nights when even "the old set," such as Harry Arcularius, Will Waltermire, or Steve Dubois, would think twice before going out once on the "Old Boston Road." Going up on what is now commonly called Third Avenue, Slim Jim carefully kept a keen look out and his equipage on the crown of the road. The jingle of sleigh bells is soon heard, and Bradshaw's eagerness to watch every chance, causes him to hail the sleighing party. Voices are recognised, and Bradshaw stops the singing of a jolly old road song by informing Harry Foster of the condition of his father. The awe-struck youth is sobered by this intelligence, and he hastens with Bradshaw to the deathbed of Lemuel Foster. The dying father recognises his darling son, articulates "Harry!" and expires. This leaves Harry the supposed possessor of his father's wealth. Mr. Vail's pen next takes us, on this same night, to another part of the city of New York, commonly called "the Hook," where we find a Widow Paine, who is soliloquizing about her "Susy." Mother and daughter appear to have been cast off by Lemuel Foster, and we are left to suppose that the Widow had been seduced by the millionaire in his younger days. Other portions of her rambling soliloquy also show that the old lady is somewhat of a dreamer on the "4-11-44" business. For her daughter's sake, the Widow Paine is led to put in for any chance. The social comparison between her Susy and Harry Foster seems to upset all the lone widow's philosophy. Her rambling and muttering, amid the storm, are interrupted by the arrival of Tan Keeder, one of those jolly good fellows who never require any better reward for a good action than the pleasure of doing it, although Tan was what the world sometimes calls "a prize fighter" in a tone of contempt. Tan has brought some good things in a basket for the widow, but she is more than ever tempted by her eagerness in the lottery business, (for her daughter's sake,) to almost ride a free horse to death by asking Tan for one more loan of money to be invested as previously. Tan stands her "confidence" once more. The old lady is also pacified with her own hopes, once more. Just then in comes her Susy, only seventeen, but for the previous three years "on the town" in the great city of New York. Susy brings the news of Lemuel Foster's death, as told to her by Dick Bradshaw. A storm of passion, from the old lady, reveals more dramatically the peculiar position of both mother and daughter, and thus we become prepared to trace the vivid characterization and startling events of the ensuing chapters.

Such was the introductory resume in our issue of the 26th April; but, the extraordinary interest created by this captivating story has again exceeded our expectations, and we now continue this preliminary epitome, for the benefit of such readers as may not have been able to procure the previous editions. The second chapter opens with a general review of the most noted lottery offices as they existed in New York about 1832-3. This generalization is artistically narrowed down to the particular example of Mr. Isaac Nosebaum's "exchange" establishment, in the vicinity of Cross and Orange streets. A cold December morning is selected for giving an exemplary picture of the conversation among the usual customers of Nosebaum's "policy crib." The group are all more or less "statesque," as the dramatists say. There is a stout nigger wench, full of dreams and hopes; a boss white-washer, Uncle Pete, with brush and pail, but not more than three cents in his pocket to "buck again" with; a Miss Jinny Jones, who wants two important chances, requiring twenty-two shillings to purchase, but also requiring Mr. Nosebaum to "trust" her mother for a quarter of an hour; a Misther Barney McQuade, who is full of repentance, and decidedly incredulous about any further faith in 4-11-44 business. From the general thread of the remarks made by these characters among the parties present in Nosebaum's office, we gather the fact that the Widow Paine's "once more" trial with Tan Keeder's money has been successful, she being the fortunate winner of the "big thing" then in Yates & McIntyre's lottery arrangements—namely, one hundred thousand dollars. Hoity, toity! so goes the game of life. The Widow Paine is now not so afraid of comparing the social position of her Susy with that of Lemuel Foster's son Harry. With a hundred thousand dollars, Susy might stand some chance for what goes by the name of respectability. However, the forty days of grace and the fifteen per cent commission, allowed by law to the agents, cause both a delay and discount to the actual receiver. All sorts of "advances" are offered by the shrewd brokers who know the circumstances, but Tan Keeder heads them all off with a thousand dollars of his own; and the Widow Paine, with Susy, are once more placed in comfortable circumstances, such as they had been accustomed to before the hard-hearted Lemuel Foster sanctimoniously deserted them. The new wealth, however, brings its troubles. Susy is full of repinings and remorse about the sort of life bitter necessity had compelled her to lead. The old lady begins to find that the daughter has "a will of her own." Sausy letters and messages are sent to Susy from her recent companions, and one fellow, Saul Bludgeon, claims her as a "pal." In explaining the operations of the alley bludgeoners, our author gives a graphic description of the Water street of former times, as it existed from Fulton to Pike street, and which is not quite cleared away yet. In this state of Susy's affairs, Tan Keeder is again the "friend in need" for the daughter as well as the mother. Tan threatens to lick Saul Bludgeon, as an opportunity offers. About this time, Tan happens to make the acquaintance of a Yankee sailor, known as Bruin the Bear, the latter having conquered Tan in a rough and tumble, but behaved so gallantly that a great friendship sprung up between the two. Tan gets permission for Bruin the Bear to come ashore for a week, and stay at his house. While there, Tan proposes that he and Bruin should go and "shake up" Saul Bludgeon, Red-Head Bill, Dan Clark, and other Water street worthies, by way of making them "civil" to Susy Paine in future. Such a knight-errant as the Yankee tar was delighted with the business in hand, and the chapter ends with a decided war, carried on by the fists of Tan and Bruin, among the Water street institutions. To be relished properly, our author's narrative should be read in the original; but this sketch may serve to introduce the principal threads.]

CHAPTER III.

THE STARS ARE READ FOR BEAUTIFUL SARAH HARVEY.

The will of Lemuel Foster having been duly attested in court, and his son Harry proved the sole legatee, with the exception of a few nominal bequests to the old and well-tried servants of the paternal mansion, that fast youth, now freed from all restraint, began a career of pleasure that far outstripped his companions who had not been so liberally provided for by the goddess of fortune.

His tandem team of blooded coursers was the envy and admiration of many a titled sprig of nobility as they ambled along the fashionable thoroughfare of Broadway; and calculating mothers, who had daughters of a marriageable age, had ever a friendly smile and welcome for the young man who, at one-and-twenty, would own a fortune that towered over a million dollars. Added to all this, he was accomplished in those trifles that serve to ensnare a young and unsuspecting girl, such as singing a fashionable melody with proper air and taste, or thrumming a guitar, which in love affairs often prove most formidable rivals to real merit and positive worth. Since the death of his father, he had been a continual and welcome visitor at the saloon of the widow Harvey. So lavish was he of the funds he now had at command, coupled with the loan of a thousand dollars payable at an indefinite period that Mrs. Harvey needed to clear off the balance of a mortgage on the house in which she lived, that it made him the favorite both with mother and daughter of all the fast young men who visited the establishment; and though Sarah was seldom visible to the customers, who could never tire of gazing at her wondrous charms, there was a cozy parlor overhead, where Harry was always made welcome by her sweet and winning smiles. Mrs. Harvey loved her daughter with all a mother's tenderness, and the reader may wonder why she so fearlessly permitted her to associate with the most wealthy and handsome roue of the day. We can only answer that she was a worldly woman, as regarded the accumulation of gain, and it would not have been polite to affront Harry, who was the best patron of her house. Though possessed of a small store of learning herself, the profits she had made in business had not been spared when Sarah's welfare could be advanced, and able masters had taught her most of the accomplishments of the time. She sang and played admirably, and when her dainty feet tripped through the mazy dance, she was the envy of her own and the admiration of the sterner sex. She was the aptest of pupils to learn how men can be ensnared, and had learned to jilt and coquette with her admirers without ever allowing them to advance too far. Beneath the Argus eyes of her mother, a word towards her daughter that broke the strictest bounds of propriety was enough to bring the acquaintance to an end, and fast Tony Clements and fascinating Charley Gilbert had left the ring without the ghost of a chance of accomplishing their purpose—only too happy in being allowed to draw the amount of their wager held by the accommodating landlord on the Harlem road.

But Harry Foster was too old a hand to risk all his hopes of success by such a fatal mischance. The truth was, that he was really in love with the beautiful girl; and had he not dreaded the jeers and scoffs of his high connexions, he would have proposed to her as his wife. Had he done so, he would have displayed the true nobility of manhood that dares, in the cause of right, to live down the world, and he might have become a useful member of, and an ornament to society, strewing pearls and diamonds in his path, instead of toads and serpents as it was to be.

Resolved to possess her, he cared not what obstacles were in his path, or what portion of his father's patrimony he lavished, so that his object was obtained at last. His presents to mother and daughter were without stint, and of the most valuable kind. A diamond necklace sparkled on the snowy neck of the beautiful girl and rings of great price adorned her tapered fingers. The mother scarcely hoped that her daughter would ever become the wife of one whose position ranked as high as young Harry Foster's, although she had hinted that such a thing was not impossible to officer Bradshaw, on the night when he was searching the city to find and bring Harry to his dying father's bed; but while she let the game go on because it added to her store, she gave fair Sarah good instructions how to play her part. All this was well enough as long as Sarah had no heart to lose, but soon she learned the measure of young Harry's step; was also anxious when he tarried half an hour beyond the appointed time, and tears would spring up in her eyes whenever the unhappy thought occurred that never yet had he profferred the word of marriage to her ear. No woman plays the coquette with the man she really loves, and now that Harry's word was law, her mother knew no further how the plot went on. The promise that she would guard her virtue was the mother's hope, now that the thing had gone so far. The lovers both were tangled in the net, for Harry had forsworn the dice and cards, which made his needy friends oft wish that he had never fell in love with handsome Sarah Harvey.

The fruit was ripe, and the young rous resolved to cull it, though it blasted on his lips. It needed one confederate in the shameful plot, and there were many such who could be bought for gold. One day a notice in a daily paper caught his eye, the very thing to carry out his plans. The advertisement Harry Foster saw, and which he hoped would aid him in his plans, was of a gifted woman, who pretended to make known for trifling sums, the mysteries of the cabalistic art. The notice stated that she could do most wondrous things; in fact, that she, like sage Agrippa, was the owner of a magic glass, in which all persons who paid her the accustomed fee could view the one that fate decreed their partner for this life. Hundreds since have followed in her wake—seventh daughters, gifted Spanish ladies, and so on—fit workers from the shades to fill our brothels overfull; but then the thing was new, and took amazingly with the weaker sex. Young Harry Foster placed the paper in fair Sarah Harvey's way, and the advertisement he wished to meet her eye was marked. Since Blue Beard's time, the bane of woman has been fatal curiosity, and even while they laugh and mock at idle freaks, such as the sieve and shears, when over head and ears in love, they often test it on some mode akin, to know their future fate.

Sarah did not prove an exception to the general rule. The promise of the gifted woman, Esther Paine, worked on her mind; and she resolved, unknown to Harry or her mother, that she would visit her and learn the curious truth. She did not dream that he had been before her in the act, and she would only play a secondary part, for which the hag had been well paid; though she in his case would have done the work for love without a hope of gain. Though now possessed of wealth that few could boast, her daughter, Susan Paine, had forced her mother to take up the baneful trade, in order, as she said, that they might sow as they had reaped; and Harry Foster, when he visited the house, had been a welcome guest indeed. The daughter, though invisible, had from her secret hiding place well noticed every action and remark that he had made, and the aged sybil, haggard and white-haired, had cursed him even while she smiled and took his gold, for Lemuel Foster's sake.

When he had taken leave, the price of Sarah Harvey's virtue was arranged, and he had left his miniature with the gifted woman, as she styled herself, the usual trick and custom of all libertines even at the present time. That the maiden's history was well known to Madame Paine, when she applied to her to learn her future fate, 'tis needless to relate.

A neat and tidy servant girl ushered the lovely Sarah Harvey into the enchanted room, where the old hag with tricks and shows of mummery, pretended that she read the stars.

"Thou comest to me, sweet maiden fair, to learn thy future lot," said the old crone, even while she chuckled at the thought. "I had a daughter once as fair and virtuous as thou art now, and thou shalt be brought down as low as her, for in thy fall the son of Lemuel Foster adds another crime to his long list of evil deeds, and sinks still lower in the scale of ruin. Give me thy hand, "she said aloud, and I will truly tell thee what thou dost desire to learn in thy future lot in life."

A blush flashed on the lovely maiden's cheek, and though she doubted in the hag's ability to read her fate, a tremor shook her frame that she could not conceal. "There," she said in pure and silvery tones; "there is my hand, and though I may not be a firm believer in thine art, I trust the fortune that thou wilt bequeath to me will be a kind one."

"The stars lie not, fair maiden, and all the powers of earth can never charm them from the mighty truths that they reveal. Thou art beloved, and love," she added, as she held fair Sarah's little hand, and bent down over it as if intent in reading the lines depicted there.

"It does not need a sybil to confirm that truth," said Sarah, while a deeper crimson bathed her lovely brow, "for I am young and—"

"And handsome, too," the sybil interrupted; "and on that account have never lacked admirers. The one who has your heart in keeping is both talented and rich, and courts you for his wife. I see it here as plainly as the noon day sun."

Fair Sarah started at the word wife, and half unconsciously she uttered—"He has never spoken of marriage yet."

"But will anon, young maiden, never fear. Perhaps his motive is to learn how much you love him, and may test that love before he bids thee name the wedding day. You love him, maiden, do you not?"

"Ay," responded Sarah; "better than life."

"And he loves thee as well, for so the lines upon thy hand depict, and one so beautiful and fair as thee need never fear thy lover will prove false. Are there more questions thou wouldst ask?"

"Yes, one thing more; 'tis said, good mother Paine, thou hast a magic mirror in which I may behold my future husband face to face."

"'Tis true, I own that costly gem. Wilt thou not fear to gaze therein?" inquired the hag, with a sharp, piercing glance, as if she fain would read the young girl's heart.

"I will not tremble if you show to me the features that I most desire to see."

"Firm in her own strength of mind," muttered the hag to herself; "such are the kind that easiest become the spoiler's prey; and if my prophecy is not a lie, she is the very one to drag him down—down—full as low as my sweet Susy dear;" and then she added aloud, "Come in this way—I keep a costly treasure hidden from the light of day."

And Sarah followed her into the adjoining room, that at the moment seemed to be shrowded in impenetrable darkness.

"Stand still," exclaimed the modern Witch of Endor, "while I get a light."

The hag returned in a brief space of time, bearing a lamp that gave sufficient light to display the hideous and grotesque appearance of the place. The walls were painted sombre black, and placed on pedestals equally apart, there grinned a human skull. It seemed as if the grave alone could lend sufficient aid to add to the old witch's dreadful charms, but Sarah did not tremble at the awful sight, for she had braced herself against the thought of fear. If there was a trick, she made her mind up that at least she would not be the dupe. Though clad in innocence and virtue then, she stood in the enchanted spot a model for some future Marguerite of Burgundy or Fredrigonde.

"We call the dead to our assistance when we deal in magic art," exclaimed the hag; "but I can see that thou art brave and dost not fear the spell. It was thy own request that thou shouldst see thy future husband's face—behold it in the mirror there."

And then a strange thing met the young girl's wondering gaze. A shadow stole across the magic glass—quite vacant heretofore—that vanished not until young Harry Foster's features were depicted to her view as true as if they were a master-piece of the limner's art."

"Until that moment she had been a doubter in the skill of Madam Paine, and she had braced herself against the minor tricks that fortune-tellers use to ply their evil trade; but this was something strange, mysterious; and while a shock ran through her frame, she gasped for breath, and finally fainted sheer away. The hag turned to observe her visitor, and for a moment was herself struck with dismay. What if the shock had been so great that Sarah Harvey might become a maniac, or what was worse, should lose her life in the dread trial. Her schemes of vengeance then upon young Harry Foster would be all in vain, and mercy, she could hope for none if caught within the clutches of the law. In such a case she had no other resource than to call upon her handsome daughter Susan, the confederate in the game.

And Susy, dear, had been the Mephistophiles that aided Madame Paine, the gifted woman, in her magic tricks. Her's was the hand that through a secret trap had placed the miniature of Harry Foster true to time, behind the wondrous glass. Hers was the spirit, breathing toads and serpents for the whole wide world, that sought to lure a brother on to ruin—to consign an innocent and virtuous girl to misery and woe, down, aye, forever down.

While Sarah Harvey still remained unconscious, she came in the room. Much of her former beauty had returned. Her dress Diana might have worn, for she had been as chaste as her since fortune had raised her from the slough of shame. Mrs. Paine was bending o'er the one to whom she had displayed her skill, and wrung her hands at the mischance she feared would bring her calling to a sudden close. There was a light tap on her shoulder, and when she looked around she saw her daughter wearing that forbidding air that made her quake: the air she wore as when she was upon the town, and bluff Tan Keeder was their only friend.

"Oh! Susy, deary, this is such a dreadful thing. What if the girl should die?"

"Don't be a fool, mother," said her daughter with a sneer—the while her dark eyes seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire. "The faint is square enough, but wasn't I upon that lay a hundred times myself since you first sold me to —"

"For God's sake, Susy, dear —"

"Well, I'll dry up, if you'll play the fool no longer. The girl is well enough. Give her a dose of hartshorn; that will fetch her to. That was the trick that Bill and I played on the flats when we were on the panel game. We drugged 'em first, and when we took the trick, the hartshorn brought them to. The maze is set, get her away, and play no more mummeries to-day. See, she revives; I must prepare to meet my music teacher in half an hour—the dancing-master follows—ha! ha! I am improving at a rapid rate, and soon I think I shall be able to go out in good society;" and with a deadly glare upon poor Sarah Harvey, and her finger on her lip by way of warning, Susan darted from the enchanted room.

The gifted woman did not need the drug, for Sarah's natural strength of constitution quickly brought her to herself again, but her philosophy could not account for that which she had seen, and shuddering at the presence of the wrinkled hag, she quickly paid the fee required, and left the house; the while she firmly and implicitly believed that she was to be the wife of him she loved the best on earth—the wealthy Harry Foster.

She drew her veil down as she left the door, for Madam Paine dwelt in a neighborhood that people called respectable, and Sarah did not care that any one at any future time might recognize her as a fortune-teller's dupe; but in spite of her precaution there was one man opposite who saw and knew her well—the servant of the public—the police officer, Dick Bradshaw.

His commission at that moment was to take the number of the gifted woman, Madame Paine, for future reference; but detective as he was, he scarcely had expected, 'till convinced by his own sense of sight, that lovely Sarah Harvey had been there to have her fortune told. He knew the mother well, honest, but worldly in her hope of gain, and thought by timely caution he might save the child. Scarcely had she left the door before his mind was made up on the point, and he was by her side.

"Good afternoon, Miss Harvey."

"Sir—that is—oh; Mister Bradshaw."

"At your service, Miss Harvey. I was on my duty in this ward, and recognized you as I passed, and I am going your way now, and wish to see your mother on some business. May I have the pleasure of attending you, as I am disengaged from duty at the present time."

Sarah had no response to make to such an offer from the gallant officer, except "with pleasure, sir," for she knew well that he was a friend and patron of her mother's house; and Richard Bradshaw, versatile on every point, as any police officer should be, gave not a single hint of what he thought or knew, but played the true knight-errant well. He made his mind up how to teach the bird to shun the fowler's snare; and then, if lost, his conscience never could reproach him that he had left a deed undone to save the pure and lovely girl from the seducer's toils.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they arrived at the widow Harvey's; and Sarah, after explaining to her mother that she had been to make a visit to a female friend, invited Mr. Bradshaw, as a favorite guest, up to the little parlor—the private sanctuary of the choice visitors of the saloon. Bradshaw always had been welcome at her mother's house, and Mrs. Harvey knew his character so well she did not fear to trust her daughter in his charge, feeling that his advice and counsel would be to her benefit. Her customers were continually dropping in, and while she tended to the duties of the bar, he talked to Sarah like a true and well-tried friend. His ready tact soon led the fair girl on to tell why she had made a visit to the gifted woman, Madame Paine, and he imagined truly who had thrown the sybil's advertisement in her way.

"I am accustomed," he began, "to deal quite frankly with the persons whom I seek to serve; and Sarah, as I knew your father well, and loved him as a friend, I will be frank with Robert Harvey's child. Sarah, you must beware of Harry Foster; he only courts you for your ruin."

"This is an insult that I cannot, will not brook," said Sarah, rising, and about to leave the room.

"Stay," said the officer, "and hear me out, I would not hurt your feelings for the world; but in your case, with no protector but a widowed mother, and possessed of beauty such as few can boast, I should not prove myself a man or deem myself as worthy of the proud position I hold, unless I warned you of the ultimate result should you persist in favoring Harry Foster's suit."

"Sir—Mister Bradshaw—I know you are my mother's friend, but I cannot stay to hear the base insinuations that you make against the man I dearly love. Please, as you regard my feelings, change the subject, or I must retire."

"Listen, mad girl; you would not dally with a serpent till it struck the deadly blow. I am your elder nigh a score of years, and must speak plainer now. Know you, that on the night his father died, he made a wager with some boon companions that he would triumph over your virtue in the space of three short months—two are already gone, and you are safe; but if you visit fortune teller's dens, and listen to the lying prophecies they reveal, you will not pass so scatheless through the third. Know Sarah, Harry Foster did precede you at the house of Madame Paine, and told her all the jargon that she was to say to you. The plot for your destruction is as clear to me as glass."

"Mister Bradshaw, can it be possible that what you say is true?"

"'Tis true as heaven. It is my business as a guardian of the public welfare to find out crime wherever it exists, and shield the innocent and pure from wrong."

"Then," exclaimed Sarah, vehemently, while the tears coursed down her cheeks, "I'll cast him to the winds, although my heart should break in doing so. I never dreamed before that Harry Foster could be half so base, but though I hitherto have been his dupe, I trust, dear Mister Bradshaw, you will keep it from my mother's knowledge. I will fortify myself to treat him with such cool indifference when next we meet, that he will learn my mother's daughter, in spite of all his wealth and high degree, can prove an equal match for him who dared to wager he——. I cannot speak the word aloud, but you know what I mean."

"I do," exclaimed the officer, who noticed well the agony the maiden's heaving breast displayed, "but calm yourself. Now that you know the worst, there is no future cause for fear. As Sarah Harvey's friend, I can congratulate myself that I have stripped the viper of his fangs."

"Shall I return his presents? At your bidding, I will do so 'ere the sun goes down. Advise me as you think the best. Hereafter, Mister Bradshaw, all my trust and confidence I place in you."

"No, not for the present," said the officer, after musing for a moment, as if he held communion with himself; "there are some reasons why you should retain the trinkets he has given you from time to time, and now that you are on your guard, will you for a season strive to play on him as he has played on you?"

"I loathe him now as much as once I loved, and will do anything that you require."

"You have discretion far beyond your years. The fortune-teller will make known to him your visit there, and tell him all you have said and done. Smile on him still, as though you was not made aware he was the hag's confederate in the dark. The task may prove an irksome one, but I will bring it shortly to a close, and you will secure the ends of justice. You must be guarded in your intercourse with him, for I am satisfied that he will never stop at any means that will promote his ends. The reason why I have arranged this, I will let you in the secret of, when he has run his length; but now 'tis growing late, and I must say good night. Keep up your heart, and dry your pretty eyes (forgive the compliment, for you deserve it Sarah), and while you seem to favor Harry Foster's suit—"

She interrupted him with—"Do not fear me, Mister Bradshaw, all the world shall never tempt me to do wrong."

The officer glanced at her gloriously handsome face, beaming with virtue, innocence, and truth, and left the room quite satisfied that Sarah Harvey would remain impregnable to Harry Foster's wiles.

As he descended the stairs, he heard an animated conversation going on, the purport of which was concerning a dreadful murder that had taken place that day—the victim being no other than a well to do and prosperous Wall street broker. As he made his appearance in the bar, he found some half a dozen persons present, and the widow Harvey doing quite a rush of trade while they discussed the subject *pro* and *con*, and how the fearful deed was done. There was none of the assemblage there who knew his calling, save the widow Harvey; and as he came in after a momentary lull, the conversation was resumed.

"Murdered in broad daylight," exclaimed a red faced, stout built man, "and in his office, too, in plain view of the street where people are continually walking to and fro. I wonder what the devil New York city's coming to, if things keep going on at such a rate.

"Sodom and Gomorrah, I suppose," responded a soggy individual whose white cravat and waistcoat, linked with a fob chain fastened to a massive seal, proclaimed him a man of means. "When a person's throat is cut from ear to ear, in his own office, at the hour of noon, and no police are near to stop such pleasant jobs, damn me if I don't think its best to emigrate to Africa or some where else. How much reward is offered for the murderer? I hope they'll set it up as steep as possible."

"Five hundred dollars," said a seedy individual in reply, whose vocation was a third rate actor when in an engagement, but as Shakespeare says, "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who robs——"

"Robs! Ay, to be sure, and murders cool as winking—five hundred devils—it's not half enough. His clerk, who had just gone out a moment previous, to the bank, (as I have been informed) says that the villain must have robbed the place of nearly seven thousand dollars."

"Might I inquire," said a little one-eyed man, indulging in a modest glass of rum and sugar, "is it known if he had any enemies?"

"You may," said the stout man, with some asperity, "and keep on inquiring till the crack of doom; but such a question will not mend the matter. Everybody's got their enemies; I've got mine, and if, on that account, I run the chance of being murdered twenty times a day, why, as I said before, I'd rather like to emigrate."

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind," exclaimed the actor, in a dramatic tone, who never missed an opportunity to lug in his favorite quotations of the immortal bard.

"Damn it, Mister Bellamy, this is no time for joking," said the other, somewhat nettled, "the work in hand is for the police to find out the rascal, and then to string him up as soon as possible."

At this retort, the landlady and the officer, who had taken no part in the conversation, exchanged a meaning glance.

"Has any one yet been arrested on suspicion?" inquired Bradshaw, deferentially.

"Yes, on the opinion of the clerk, (a very nice and business-like young man) a ragged fellow who came in the day before and begged for God's sake for a quarter, or something of that sort, and told a shilly shally story all about a starving wife and child. Such nonsense won't go down with business folks in business hours, you know, and they soon turned the villain out; but now the clerk well recollects he eyed the money eagerly, and looked as if he meant to come some night and crack the safe. They found a jack-knife on his person when he was arrested in a cellar down in Ferry street, and that's suspicious, if I know what's what. They ought to hang such vagabonds upon suspicion, and when we have a new police 'twill come to pass, just mark my word."

"Quite likely," said Bradshaw, dryly; "was his story true about his wife and child?"

"Oh, there was a woman and a young one, sure enough, but that's the game these fellows play—they go round robbing honest men, and plead up poverty or some such tale, when they don't find a chance; and when you trace them to their dens, you won't find anything there; they know a trick worth two of that. But on this occasion I must say the officer that took Bill Wiggins (that's the fellow's name, or alias) done his duty promptly. The woman was sent to the alms house with her squalling brat, and he is safely under lock and key."

"Of course he denied the charge," exclaimed the little man, who was profoundly impressed with the orator's wisdom.

"Certainly; said he was honest, and had done no harm but beg, and would not have done so had he not been out of work and starving; but the jack-knife and the clerk's opinion of the man while loitering about the premises—there's the rub—and I'm inclined to think that Wiggins, or whatever else his name may be, will have a job to prove that he is innocent. But I must travel home, as it is growing late," and the speaker, ostentatiously displaying his gold time piece, bustled from the house.

"Blow me tight if Alderman Puffy isn't a smart man," said his former admirer, as that gentleman vanished from the scene.

"Very," exclaimed Bradshaw with a quizzical air.

"Can see through a brick wall as far as any one I know, and if ever he runs for office again, he gets my vote; that's true as preaching."

The dilapidated actor began another of his Shakespearean quotations, that Bradshaw did not care to listen to, and, nodding to the widow Harvey, and bidding the company good night, he also took his leave.

As he reached the sidewalk, he considered for a moment as if uncertain which way to steer, but finally concluded to wend his way towards the Bowery, his ultimate destination being the Hook, having an idea that in that vicinity he might pick up some clue that would lead to the discovery of the murderer.

"The bird, whoever he may be, has not flown the city yet," he muttered to himself, "and I have been informed by Justice Marshall that every avenue is closed against his flight, unless he plays his pointe uncommon sharp; what that shallow-pated fool just said amounts to moonshine, nothing more. Dick Bradshaw, Dick, my boy, have all your wits about you now, for at this time I find you'll have to play your biggest card. There's cut-throat Billy might have done the deed; but no, that cannot be; he never had the nerve to try a game like that. Rattlesnake

preparations made to drag the machines home; and now ensued one of those scenes which have long been the disgrace of the New York firemen. A dispute had arisen between two members of rival companies about some trifling matter, and in a few seconds the whole force of both engines were engaged in a desperate fight. Axes, clubs, bricks, knives, and pistols made their appearance with startling suddenness, and then the truncheons of the police came into play, and ultimately quelled the disturbance. At the same time another interesting occurrence took place in the same street. Diker, the detective, who was on his way up town when the fire broke out, had gone to it, and was contemplating it at a somewhat safe distance on the outskirts of the crowd, when his attention was suddenly rivetted by the movements of a man whom he knew well. He watched him warily for a few seconds, and then, as he noticed him engaged about a gentleman's pocket, followed him up quickly, and laid his hands on him.—To be Continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNOW.—1. What your Farm-school President undoubtedly meant was, that the presence of excessive fatness would be likely to develope disease in the lungs or the liver, in case those organs had any incipient tendencies to disease, or were unable to bear the extra labor caused by the presence of fat in the cellular membrane coating and permeating the body. If so he is correct. The steer you speak of is only an average example of nearly all pasture cattle. 2. The lady is said to be in Philadelphia.

BEVERLY.—At a certain stage of the fight, McCoy was in the ascendancy, and a point that might have made him the winner was claimed, and, we believe, allowed; but Mac's backer, wishing to see the contest fought on its merits, and without taking advantage of outside issues, refused to avail himself of the chance offered, and said that the fight should go on. It did go on, and McCoy died in the ring, after one of the gamest battles on record.

S. H., JUNIOR.—1. We know of no such firm. 2. Our legitimate business occupies too much of our time to devote it to such matters as you refer to. Some one of the advertisers in our columns might accommodate you. 3. We believe the advertisement tells the truth. 4. We are not in want of a youth in that capacity.

S. R., Sacramento, Cal.—"A and B made a bet on a trot, A betting that his horse could do a mile in 2:50; the mile was accomplished in 2:47, and B claims that he (B) wins, because the time bet on was not made. Who wins?".....A wins, of course; he stipulated 2:50 as the time, but anything under that is the same.

R. STEPHENS, Buffalo.—Mace and Brettle fought in two rings, on two different days; on the first day, six rounds were fought, when the blues interfered; on the next day, five more rounds were fought, when Mace was proclaimed the victor; the time occupied in fighting on the two days being nineteen minutes.

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo, N. Y.—If a person assumes the name of another for the purpose of wronging him, or doing him an injury, pecuniarily or otherwise, it is fraud, and punishable as such. If fraud is not intended or attempted, a man can assume whatever name he pleases.

L. J. INGOLSBY.—The "Professor" you inquire about belongs in Philadelphia, and is usually at Barnum's Museum in the summer months. He is known as "Our Ned" among newspaper folks. We are not aware of any other "Professor" of that name belonging to New York.

CLA. CHR., Williamsburgher.—Ed. J., got yours of April 11, on the 25th. Can't you raise the ducats? Nonsense. Ask Ben Wood for a loan, or play 11 first in the Poke, and 25 second in the Delaware, for a thousand. Look for an answer in a week or so. How are *you*, "Types?"

S. O'NEIL, Niagara.—You are mistaken about the American Deer. He was not born in this country, but in England, as stated in our last. He came over here on a speculating tour, and ran a number of races, and subsequently returned to England.

DRY RUBBING, Easton.—Yankee Sullivan fought Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Bob Caunt, Tom Hyer and John Morrissey, in this country, and was to have fought Joe Winrow in California, but this last ended in a draw.

REFEREE, New York.—A wins, and is entitled to the money. The majority of bets are made because both parties think they know, or have got a "sure thing," and he who takes measures to post himself correctly, deserves to win.

R. C., Toronto, C. W.—Bill Poole was shot about one o'clock on the morning of Feb. 24, 1855, and died at about 5 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, March 8. From these data you can make your own calculation.

C. D., Montreal.—Sir J. Hawley was the winner of the Derby in both years, 1858 and 1859; the first year with Beadsman, the next with Musjid. He did not win the Oaks in either of those years.

W. E. A.—1. A boy "afflicted with a dramatic bias" should apply to some dramatic association. 2. Boys under eighteen years of age, are, usually, non-eligible. 3. An initiatory fee is usually required on assuming membership.

MORTON DURWOOD.—Our previous answer remains unshaken. If you inquire of the stage-door keeper, as we have, you will find "that's so." A question for you—Did you ever see a ledger?

PINE, Harlem.—Your opponent cannot play it alone; if he makes three tricks, he euchres you, and scores two points. If you take three tricks, you make your play, and score one point.

BILL JOHNSON, Milwaukee.—1. Orville Gardner *did* fight Dublin Tricks, and Orville was defeated; they fought as antagonists but once. 2. Hastings never fought Yankee Sullivan.

MARTIN.—1. The fight between Hyer and Sullivan resulted in the defeat of the latter. 2. Sixteen rounds were fought in 17 minutes and 18 seconds.

READER, Philadelphia.—The match race between the New York yacht Auburn Belle, and the Philadelphia yacht Warnock, in 1860, was won by the latter.

A. A. A.—A few applications of Scotch snuff steeped in gin will scatter the "varmint." Keep the dog muzzled until washed off.

SENECA, St. Louis.—1. He was a private soldier. 2. Mr. P. contradicts your statements about him.

AMATEUR, Philadelphia.—The Chestnut Street Theatre was torn down in the spring of 1855.

J. L., St. Thomas, C. W.—A party engaged in the business will send you full particulars by letter.

HAL. HOTSPUR.—Fistiana will appear; the others we have mislaid, but will look them up.

T. J. C., Chicago.—Shall be pleased to hear from you as your leisure permits.

TOPSY, Fortress Monroe.—The flush which contains the highest cards, wins.

RAIL SPLITTER, Springfield.—Illinois was admitted into the Union in 1818.

B., Wheeling, Va.—Aaron Jones is supposed to be in the rebel army.

D. H. O., Philadelphia.—We have no letter directed to your name.

JEFFERSON.—We are not in possession of the lady's address.

INQUIRER.—McDonald never fought a prize fight.

J. D., Baltimore.—J. D., wins. See answer to Referee.

SPARTACUS.—We don't like the subject.

R. A. A., Boston.—Old Joe Sweeny, banjoist, is dead.

J. P. G., New Haven, Ct.—Our charge would be $1.75.

RELEASE OF JOE COBURN.—On Tuesday, May 6th, Joe Coburn returned to New York, having served out the sentence of three years in Sing Sing, for an assault upon a police officer in this city. Joe has conducted himself so as to merit the commendation of the officers during his confinement; and now that he is once more a free man, he seems desirous of leading a different life. He was in to see us on the 7th. He looks extremely well, and weighs about 180 lbs. He does not drink spirituous liquors, and evidently wishes to do well. The offence for which he was convicted was committed in a moment of excitement, and as he has atoned for the rash act, there the matter should end. The boxers of the city of New York are getting up an exhibition for the benefit of Coburn? He was always willing to assist others, and now that he is in need of a little assistance himself, it is to be hoped that the "boys" will do all they can for him, and contribute towards making the exhibition a success.

A CUSTOMER FOR JEM MACE.—Joe Coburn expresses his willingness to fight Jem Mace, for the Championship, and has written to John C. Heenan on the subject, to see if he will match him. Joe would no doubt make a formidable competitor, and as he is a clever boxer, the display between two such men would be very scientific. Coburn paid us another visit on the 10th inst., and informed us that after his benefit about to take place, of which some particulars appear elsewhere, he will make immediate preparation for his departure for England, with the intention, if practicable, of having an encounter with the English Champion. There does not appear to be a customer in England, at present, for Mace, and as Coburn is anxious for a meeting, a match between Coburn and the Champion may take place before Heenan is ready to try conclusions. What says John C. to matching Coburn with Mace?

"THE OLD JUDGE," OR "LIFE IN A COLONY."—This work is also published by Dick & Fitzgerald. It is sufficient to say that it is by Judge Haliburton, the renowned author of "Sam Slick."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—This cozy retreat, as we stated last week, is now under the proprietorship of Messrs. W. H. Norton, of Wallack's Theatre, and H. E. Sharp, the active leader in cricket and other field sports. On the evening of Wednesday, 7th instant, a numerous party of their friends assembled there in response to an invitation, and a regular old-fashioned "house warming" took place. At about 7 P. M., the party sat down to a table laden with viands of the choicest kind, and solids and fluids were disposed of in a manner most satisfactory to both guests and hosts, showing that the hearty welcome tendered was as heartily appreciated. Among those present were Messrs. G. Higham, in the chair, G. Maddock, in the vice chair, J. Howell, J. Higham, J. Harvey, Prof. Anderson, Davidge, Geary, Stuart, McCoy, Bailliere, and a number of others to us personally unknown. On the removal of the cloth, song and sentiment ruled the hour, under the able guidance of the gentlemen in the chair and vice-chair. The principal toast of the evening, "the health of the worthy hosts, Messrs. Sharp and Norton, and success to their enterprise," was drank with musical honors, to which they both modestly but feelingly replied. Some excellent songs were sung during the evening by Messrs. Geary, Stuart, G. Higham, J. Higham, and Davidge's facetious rendering of "Villikens and his Dinah" brought down the house." At an early hour, (in the morning) the happy party were "homeward bound," evidently more than satisfied with what they had seen, heard, and disposed of. We cordially acknowledge the attentions of the gentlemanly proprietors; also of the chairman and his friends during the evening. May their shadows never grow less.

WHO ARE THEY?—It has been given out in certain quarters that horses from the Southern country are to take part in some proposed races at the North. It may be so, or it may not. If so, where do they come from, who do they belong to, and who comes along with them? Have they succeeded in passing the Union lines, with their rebellious owners, or are they Southern horses gotten up to order in the North? Give us the facts. If the Northern turf is to be tainted with "secesh" horseflesh and "secesh" turfmen, we want to know it. We have spies enough among us already, without offering premiums to induce others to come. We know that some of the Southern turfmen have been among the loudest in denunciation of the United States government, and we also know that one or two formerly connected with turf affairs in New Orleans and other Southern cities are with us at this moment, professing loyalty to the government, but secretly conniving at the overthrow of the Union. It is much better to do without races if we cannot manage them ourselves. However, as we said in our last, the proposition for race meetings has met with little or no encouragement. Some of our best supporters of racing are doing better service just now in battling for the Union. Our fast horses can be much better employed in chasing the rebels than in being paraded on a race track for "gate money." If the gentlemen interested in the "gate money" movement are so hard up, why not, if they are loyal, shoulder a musket, and honestly earn their thirteen dollars a month, and rations. There are many better men in the ranks than they, and we can spare a score or two of our "gate money" turfites without missing them.

THE TURFITES.—Some of the parties who have heretofore pulled the wires, and controlled our turf affairs, do not relish our remarks concerning the slim prospects for a successful racing season. Of course not. We didn't suppose they would. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." In days gone by, there were men at the head of the turf who took an interest in horse racing because they admired it. They spent their money freely to get up a good meeting, and to give the public some good races. If we had a few such men at the present day, horse racing would be more in favor than it is. "Gate money" is the word now-a-days. If a crowd can be enticed inside a race track, at so much per head, it matters little whether promises are fulfilled or not. A few individuals connive how best to make the turf pay, not to give an equivalent for the money received. There's nothing like the "gate money" for such "lovers of the turf." There's where all *their* honor lies. The public understand the thing pretty well by this time, and it will take something more than a programme on paper to induce them to assist in swelling the amount of "gate money" that the "ringers-in" are after.

DOG SHOW.—An exhibition of all sorts and sizes of canines is going on at Barnum's Museum this week. There's the blood hound, the beef hound, the tan terrier, the black dog, the "yellow dorg," and the little dog that "laughed to see the fine sport." There you have them in all their varieties, from the "kiyoodle" to the bully champion of the Western World. They are all healthy specimens, they take their rations with a very lively appetite, and sing the news for more. It may be well to state that in this happy family group, no one dog is permitted to impose upon his fellow. All are on a common platform here, and dogology may be studied in safety, for the small sum of 25 cents, children half price. The dignified bow-wow-wow of the big dog is of no more account in the collection than the churlish snap of the rebellious cur, while the grim visage of the quarrelsome bull dog contrasts very strangely with the mild and open countenance of "my lady's poodle." Go and see the "dorgs."

CHEAP AMUSEMENTS.—An attempt is now being made to deprive the poor man of those amusements which he has heretofore had the privilege of enjoying for a very trifling outlay; but it is to be hoped that our Courts will convince the designing knaves who would curtail the poor man's recreations, that there is a higher power than a legislative political machine: a power that can and will protect the interests and welfare of all classes. Let the poor devils who passed the new law tremble in their boots, for it is not likely that they will ever reach a higher position than that they recently occupied at Albany. They are marked men, and will be "expunged" when the proper time arrives. There will be a great political revolution in the Empire State next fall, depend upon it; and the unscrupulous schemers who seek to deprive the people of what little enjoyment they may have had, will find themselves supplanted by men from the ranks.

A PEDESTRIAN SOLDIER.—T. Kelly Davis, *alias* the Californian, writes us from Sparta, Wis., that he has enlisted with Lieut. J. C. Rogers, Company C, 6th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, and that he would leave Sparta for his regiment, which is now located on or near the Potomac, on May 6th. He wishes this fact made public, because he had received intelligence by letter from London, C. W., that a young man in that place assuming Davis, name, was running races under that cognomen. The Londoners will therefore beware and look out for the impostor, whoever he may be. Fleet pedestrians appear to be necessary in our army about now, to overhaul the rebels, who are great in getting up speed on the back action principle. If T. Kelly Davis can succeed in capturing Arch Rebel Davis, it will be just about the best foot race he ever took part in. Set a Davis to catch a Davis, that's the talk.

PUGILISTIC NOTORIETY.—Who would have believed, a few years ago, that celebrated pugilists would be made the chief source of attraction in circus exhibitions? Yet such is the fact. At this day, the three most prominent men in the pugilistic world are travelling with circuses in Great Britain, and receiving for their services salaries that some of our greatest stars in the theatrical firmament would be glad to engage for. Sayers, Heenan, and Mace are all paid handsomely, the salary of one of them reaching as high as *five hundred dollars per week!* and this merely for an appearance in the ring, and a set-to at each performance. Sayers is said to be under engagement to visit Australia, for which, we hear, he is to receive a still larger salary than that named above. All hail our valiant musclemen.

REBEL ORGAN.—It is stated that a journal is about being started in London to advocate the cause of the rebels. What nonsense. Why not give the money it would cost, to the London *Times*, which is as much an advocate of secession as the most rebellious leaders could wish for. By all means, add the money to that which the *Times* has already received, in part payment for its false prophecies.

MACE TURNED TRUMPETER.—WHAT HEENAN COULD DO WITH HIM.—Master Jem, the Fiddler, taking advantage of Heenan's declarations not to fight again in England, comes out now in his advertisements with this sort of trash:—

"Mr. Jem. Mace, Champion of the World, England's great gladiator, who now unhesitatingly throws his gauntlet to the world, barring neither country nor color, for any amount up to £1,000 and the Champion of England's Belt, being intensely disappointed at not having a match on hand "for his trophy," has accepted a lucrative engagement to travel with Ginnett's Royal Circus, on a sparring tour. He being acknowledged by all judges the most scientific boxer living, the public may rely on seeing a display of science and skill in the manly art of self defence, such, of course, as cannot be seen elsewhere, the greatest satisfaction being given by the Champion in all towns he has visited. The valuable presents given to the Champion in the towns of Bristol, Bath, and Cheltenham lately, have been greatly admired. The gallant and athletic Champion appears twice daily to the admiration of all who feel a pleasure in seeing science of the first water. Mr. Harry Montague introduces the Champion, and also exhibits his original Champion of England's belt (not a copy, as shown elsewhere), the Middle weights' belts, the the most valuable and magnificent cups, tankards, goblets, rings, medals, and other presents received by the Champion from some of his ardent admirers, these being the most magnificent and valuable collection of trophies ever won by or presented to a pugilist. The Champion of England will positively set-to with his African, Arr Hassan, twice daily. In conjunction with the Champion, the circus of Mr. Ginnett is noted for its riders, rope-performers, &c."

Big talk that for an Englishman: heretofore we got all credit for being "some on the blow-pipe," but after such virgin modesty as the above, "Yankee bluster" will have to take a back seat altogether. Britishers never brag—oh! no! not at all—quite the contrary—*We* are the only ones that talk loud. What would the trans-Atlantic press say supposing Heenan went out with a gassometer like Mace's? All we can find printed about Heenan is the following:—

"The renowned John C. Heenan is engaged and will show the art of self-defence with Jim Linsley, the Lancashire Sampson."

Just put this and that together, and then put Heenan and Mace, where the latter couldn't perform the Madden Quick Step—why, John C. would break his back in half an hour, if we may judge by the way he performed on Jim Linsley and Bob Brettle, who fought both Mace and Sayers, and cannot be considered a great deal inferior to either one. Mace had better "dry up," or John may warm him yet, when the proper time arrives.

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."—Mr. Howes, of the American Circus, now on a tour over Great Britain, recently purchased the late Duchess of Kent's state carriage, valued at five hundred guineas, for the especial use of John C. Heenan, to convey him to and from his hotel to the circus, and it is at his beck and call whenever he is inclined to use it. The carriage is completely coated with silver ornaments, including two massive coat-of-arms each side of the driver's seat, the interior of purple padded velvet, and everything belonging to it of magnificent splendor: four variegated chargers, and two liveried footmen complete the dashing turn-out, secured expressly for the gallant Benician's every day use. Our correspondent (Ed. J.) has not only seen the relict of royalty, but was invited for a drive out in the same on Sunday, April, 27th, at Birmingham. Of a truth, the boy's honors are falling thick-and fast upon his worthy headpiece, but he seems the same jolly-good-fellow nevertheless, notwithstanding.

TEN BROECK AT NEWMARKET.—By late advices from England, we perceive that Ten Broeck's stable was represented at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and that in a sort of private match between his Army and Saville's Ducat, Ten Broeck's animal was the winner. In a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns, etc., his Queen Elizabeth secured Second place. We here append summaries of both events:—

WEDNESDAY, April 23, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft; three-year olds, 7st 12lb; four, 8st 12lb; five and upwards, 9st; m and g allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for £200; if for £100, allowed 7lb; last half of Ab.M. 7 subs.

Mr Nelson's King of the Forest, by Orlando—Forest Flower, aged, 9st ..... Walters 1
Mr Ten Broeck's Queen Elizabeth, by Autocrat—Bay Rosalind, 3 yrs 7st 12lb (£100) ..... Barch 2
Lord Stamford's Ballerino, by Fandango—Ralpho's dam, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (£100) ..... Edwards 3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst King of the Forest, and 7 to 4 agst Queen Elizabeth. King of the Forest made nearly all the running, and won, after a fine race, by a head; three lengths separated the second from the third.

THURSDAY, April 24, Match, 200, h ft; R.M.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Amy, by Kingston—Desdemona, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb ..... Fordham 1
Mr Saville's Ducat, by King Tom—Para, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb ..... J Goater 2

Betting: 11 to 10 on Amy. Won by three-quarters of a length.

No Go.—The second trot of the series announced to take place on the Fashion Course, Long Island, was set down for the 6th inst., but the failure of the initial performance of the week previous had not been without its depressing effects, and the attendance was bad, the track deserted, and everything cheerless. Four animals were advertised to take part, but only one showed, so there was no race. To amuse the few persons assembled, a couple of trots came off, and thus ended the second day of the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association's programme. And yet, in the face of these trotting failures, we find parties endeavoring to make us believe that they are going to give us a race meeting.

HOME AGAIN.—We are pleased to learn that Captain James Farrish, of Co. B, 79th Regiment, of New York, who was taken prisoner at Bull Run, has been released by the seceshers, and is now on his way home. His friends will give him a hearty welcome, such an one, we hope, that will make some amends for the sufferings he has endured for his country after so long a captivity. Mr. Farrish, it will be remembered, was the agent in this country for Chambers, in the expected sculling match for the Championship of the World between him and Josh Ward. Mr. Farrish was, however, in no wise to blame for Chambers failing to toe the mark.

NEW ORLEANS.—With joyful hearts we welcome the return of this truant. The Crescent City is too important a commercial mart to be led into destruction by a few designing men, and we are truly glad that the good old city has come into line again, of her own free will. Her citizens have nothing to fear now, since they are under the protection of the flag of the United States. We may soon expect to have letters from New Orleans, postal facilities being now in course of preparation. Slowly, but surely, the old order of things is being restored.

"OH! MY PROPHETIC SOUL."—Russell, the hero of the race from Bull Run, has reached England in safety, after a fruitless sojourn in the most "blarsted kedntry" in the world. As a foreteller of important events, Russell's "equal is not here." His *forte* lies in the prophetic. Let him join the great army of London turf prophets, and his fortune is made. Poor Russell; "we ne'er may look upon his like again." *He* could a tale unfold that would harrow up your soul, and so forth. Farewell, Bully Runner.

MORE TROTTING.—Since our last there has been some more trotting on the Long Island tracks, but, like the trots of the week previous, they created no interest. We presume that some of the "flyers" will have to be brought out before anything can be looked for in the way of fast and exciting contests. And even then it must be made clear that the matches are not bogus, before the people will turn-out.

TOM KING.—Where is that "young man from the country" that we used to hear so much about in pugilistic circles in London? Since Heenan's arrival in England, his royal highness seems to have wilted away. What's the matter? Has a *sight* of the Boy had such a depressing effect upon the young giant?

WORLD'S HORSE FAIR.—A world's fair for horses, is, we are informed, to take place in Chicago, during the second week in September, which promises to be instrumental in bringing together equines of all sorts and sizes, as well as to result in considerable sport. Charles D. Bragdon is Secretary.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., OF PHILADELPHIA, publish "The Indian Scout;" or "Life on the Prairie," by the French author Gustave Amaid, whose "Flower of the Prairie," and "Trapper's Daughter," have won for him considerable fame. It is for sale in New York by F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street.

THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.—The sum realized for the w and orphans of the late Joseph White, the veteran billiard p through the means of the recent billiard matches and to ment, far exceeded all expectations, and amounted to $ This speaks well for the liberality of billiard players and sp men generally, the croakings of "white cravateers" and othe the contrary notwithstanding.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."—Before going to the opera or or taking exercise in the gymnasium, see that you are well s If you are not, go at once to J. Somers' establishment, as di ed by his advertisement in our theatrical columns.

FLANNEL SHIRTS.—These very necessary adjuncts to full enjoyment of a day at cricket, base ball, or boating, ca procured of the best quality at Rankin & Co's, No. 96 Bowery all styles, and to suit all tastes.

THE HEIR TO ASHLEY.—We have received from the publish Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, this work by Mrs. Wood. "The to Ashley" is a pleasant story—possessing all of Mrs. Wo earnest and happy style of composition.

QUOITING.—Capt. Waterman's quoiting ground, corner of ick and Canal Streets, opens for the season on the 14th inst

MORE QUOITING.—A match between John Hayward and Ja Warren, for $50 a side, is to come off at Geo. Phillips's, 125 T Avenue, New York, on the 14th inst. Mr. Briggs is the refe

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION IN A NE CHARACTER.

HIS APPEARANCE AT THE CIRCUS IN ENGLA

HEENAN AND THAT GIANT.

The Benicia Boy vs. Bob Brett

His Entry into Birmingham in the Duchess of Ke Carriage—Enthusiastic Reception—and other Sporting News,

BY THE CIPPER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Thursday, April 24, 18

DEAR FRANK:—By the early train this morning I intend s off for Birmingham expressly to see John C. Heenan, and gigantic opponent now travelling with Howes' Circus Compa of course when seen, I shall "make a note on it" in my letter to you.

Last evening I had the pleasure of listening to Miss Ele Ward, the dashing English pianist, at a concert in St. Ja Hall. The lady was rapturously encored and had to re "every time." Receiving a ticket to the dress circle through kindness of Mrs. James Ward, I purposely delayed my visit for the treat in store, having missed the first opportunity October, through not being able to stay in London, as h referred to in a former "doc." Will say more about this future time.

Owen Swift has been seriously ill the past week with a vi attack of inflammatory sore throat, rendering him almost sp less. Latest accounts, however, are more encouraging, and hoped he will soon be on his pins at his usual post at the t throughout Great Britain.

Jem Ward and Jem Burn have also had a tussle with Mr. ness—the artist's complaint resulting from too close attenti painting, an attack on the chest—while "My Uncle's Ner sadly troubled by Old Rheumatiz—both are now getting o lescent, I am happy to say, and may their shadows never be

On Thursday, the 17th, a social reunion took place at Crawley's, and I was honored with a special invite. The *filled* the chair, mirth and jollity reigning supreme 'till crowing time. Peter treated his guests to some fine specim of basso profundo, and unless Herr Formsey has a care, the ol gay, whole-souled Peter, will cut him out. "Come back Peter

On Monday week a grand supper came off at the Dr. Joh tavern, Fetter Lane, Fleet street, in commemoration of the ordinary success of the *Illustrated Sporting News*, given b worthy proprietors, Messrs. Tallis and Maddick: many le artists, editors, authors, lawyers, and statesmen were pre and all got toasted in turn to elicit a speech or song. I was of the unfortunates at stump oratory, and made a first ap ance on any stage: it so happened the reporters enjoyed creature comforts too well to think of figuring out the " tions," and we all felt relieved when no names were menti in next day's papers: that's the way to do it, and pop goes t champagne and "green seal." You would have liked to been one of us, Mr. Queen, to hear the NEW YORK CLI toasted by a certain long-faced, methodst-like personage: fun.

Dan Thomas was arrested on Monday, as principal in the r fight between himself and Jee Nolan, and "taken off to co jail" with his faltheralaltelijewoe, as the song goes. The are mighty sorry for Dan, but he acted very unwisely in pro ing the battle when he only had a sick boy to thrash—Dan to have won in a canter, and could if he wished to.

There is a perfect stagnation of sporting items—fighting below par, pedestrianism in the hands of speculators, and killing "going to the dogs"—which last is as it should be. feature of London just now is Jemmy Shaw's Tiger Cat, empl to decapitate rats for the amusement of nobby sports, or f with plenty of coin.

The city is flooded with strangers, and I never saw so frog-eaters in all my life as in a few hours spent yesterday a the Exhibition building at South Kensington—it's almost being in Paris. There are also a lot of Turkey Rhubarbs, their flowing robes, turbans, and long pipes: some of these look no more like a Turk than I do, and I believe one hal English Turks costumed to order from the second-hand shops of Wych street and Holywell Lane. S'cats ye blackgu

Yours, on the *qui vive*, JIMMY NED

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., April 29, 18

DEAR FRANK:—In my last letter you were informed of m tention to make a special trip to Birmingham for items Gentleman John, of Benicia. I have done so, and proce give my experience. In the first place I sat up all Wedne night, to be off early next morning, and thereby just got to ton Station in time for the first train. I was thus anxio reach the town early because the American Circus was a tised to show only four days, and this the last one: it turne otherwise, however, Mr. Howes concluding to tarry the wee through an extraordinary number of visitors the first four Easter Week is always a great holiday in this part of the w just the time for managers to pick up tanners, shillings, half-dollars, (the terms, dollar and half-dollar are now a mon here as in the States—half being 2s. 6d., a dollar, 5s. circus people did "purty fair considhering," all over Engla The greatest of all circuses just now, is that to which the tleman boxer," John C. Heenan, is attached, "Howes' Ame Circus." To see this show I travelled one hundred and miles by rail, "so early in the morn." Friday was the selected, at the afternoon performance. Their monster te pitched in Hill street, running from the Town Hall in Par street to Smallbrook street—I don't mean the tent runs all distance, but am merely describing the locality in case readers may be curious for all the particulars. I cannot p Hill street without perjuring myself, and, but for this being only available site, my motto would be, 'to cry aloud and not:" as it is, so let it be. From one side of the tent a r stretched to the chimney of a lofty building opposite, for rope manœuvres—our magnificent banner, the Stars and St —a "no mistaker" with all the stars and stripes in their or beauty, and not a lousy secession rag like the one Dion Bo cault had for two months over his theatre in London—fl saucily and gloriously on the centre-post, all alone, without the usual English Jack to bear it company.

All surrounding streets were packed with an eager, m crowd, waiting to see the outside performance, commencin two o'clock by the female Blondin ascending and descending before-mentioned tight-rope; they went not away disappoi Blondin's feminine rival doing her portion like one accusto to live on a rope, so elegant, free, and graceful her moveme and delighted the ten thousand up-turned eyes beyond mea But what is that sound of trumpets in the distance? I proaches nearer and nearer until in full view; and now p the greatest sensation of the age—a richly-gilded carriage four immediately follows the band, with the greatest l clown, Wallet, the famous Queen's Jester: this, grand as it appear, pales and dwindles into nonentity as the world-renow John C. Heenan and his brother come dashing along, seated by side in the late Dutchess of Kent's state carriage, draw four high-bred blood horses, and two footmen perched up hind in livery: to describe the enthusiastic frenzy of all cl as they run like mad, hurrahing and cheering the Bold Troj along the route, is a task I am totally unfit for and unwilling tempt. Mr. Heenan is almost idolized wherever he goes, with the single exception of that pattern, noble little lady Queen herself, there is nobody in great Britain so univer popular as "our John"—my lords Palmerston, Russel, Brou Derby, D'Israeli, and a dozen "jukes" thrown in, wouldn't a fourth the number that turn out whenever Ireland's Pride America's Joy is expected to go out for a drive. By dint o driving the crowd were kept at bay, and with a strong p force drawn up in line, the Brothers of Troy succeeded in ting within, being greeted on all sides with tremendous h from masculinity and waving of snowy cambrics from the p divinities that filled every window around. The outside mony over, I secured a ticket from a fine-looking lady seated travelling carriage, used as a ticket office, and passed in Unlike most circuses, the cheap seats are close to the ring; prices exist, sixpence, a shilling, and two shillings, and th

y afternoon, when coin is supposed to be scarce, every and corner was packed like a sardine box. An excellent discoursed sweet sounds of harmony until the set time for encing business, half-past two.

opening cards were Master and Miss Wells in a Double Act, followed by a Scotch Reel in which "Zoyara" Wells rmed very cleverly. Second, Magic Ladders, by the Rocky ntain Wonders, four in number, all well up in their exalted ness, and evincing extraordinary strength, nerve and daring rily they are wonders! Third, Grand Pony Act, by Master phus, a sweet little cherub about five years old; leaping , dancing, and feats of pony boyship (horsemanship wouldn't this case) formed the task allotted to Adolphus and steed; as highly amusing to note the violent efforts made to throw youngster, and astonishing, for one so young, that he kept seat. Fourth, Perch Globe, by the brothers James, (Fred Ned?) two fine-looking fellows quite equal to their hazardous ; one supports a gigantic pole, on top of which is a small rd—on this frail scaffold the other goes through the globe ee, lying on his back, and using his feet similar to my obese nd, Mons. La Thorne, only he does on an ordinary table what ns does thirty or forty feet up aloft—it seems a reckless un- taking, and if he happened to make the slightest mistake, I s somebody would be hurt; the James Brothers almost equal Rocky Mountain Wonders, don't they Mr. H.? Fifth, Scotch h Wife, by Mdlle. Zephora, assisted by Clown Johnson—very mical-like, only Zephora looked too young and pretty for a fish e, but then she "really could't help it." Sixth, Drawing om Entertainment, by Nicholo and Son, introducing tumbling, ts of strength, tableaux, etc. Seventh, Nautical Act, by Mr. son and W. F. Wallet, the renowned Queen's Jester, who kets $150 per week salary for about two hours work daily; he's nething like a wallet, and ought never to be otherwise than in plethoric state, both physically and financially; so far as I ow, there are many better jesters than this one, lacking perhaps e prestige, but fully compensating for that in wit and ability. allet, of course, is getting old and slow—he does comparatively thing, only trying at times to win applause by some slur at nerican soldiers—it don't take among that company I can ure you, and ere this reaches you, the Jester will have long ased to draw from that source for his empty jokes; in the matter costume he is immense, and wears the costliest clown's dress er known—this, the name, and a good figure, possibly make up his lack of originality and tame conduct in the ring. Eighth, otley Brothers, by—well I hardly know who, unless it was two the Wonders or James' brothers, or one of each—most likely th. Ninth, Trick Act, by Mdlle. Celeste, only seventeen years , and such a beauty. I became too much interested in her tures to remember what she had to do—a clown came in the e time, but hang me if I can say whether Johnson, Wallet, or red-faced ring master; it "dunno" matter much, though— este's my man! Tenth, "Laschelle," by the Messrs. Nelson, mes brothers, and Rocky Mountain Wonders, a first-rate piece, long to describe in this letter. Eleventh, the grandest part all, brought John C. Heenan, Esq., in for his part amid the eatest excitement and enthusiasm; up to the eleventh hour rdly a murmer of applause arose, but when Gentleman John, th his merry, twinkling eye, stepped out, introduced by Mr. hnson, then came the climactic outburst and all restraint came withheld, hats flew in all directions, handkerchiefs were ived and waived until the excited Brums got exhausted, dies clapped their delicate, pretty little hands, some even ssing their lavender colored kids at John's feet in chival- us admiration of his deeds of valor and intellectual, enteel behavior on all occasions—every eye was fixed, very neck distended to get a proper look at the Conquering Hero. Surely he didn't come on alone, did he?" you will begin to uery, by the way I've been going on without one word about his ntagonist—well, no, John did have company, though not the an I expected to see. As I mentioned two weeks ago, a giant ntered into a six months engagement with Howes, believing he uld stay his time out without the least harm; he was known as he Lancashire Sampson, Jim Linsley by name, and had the re- utation of handling Sam Hurst like a plaything—a terror through- ut Great Britain. This man many thought would take the shine ut of our "Boy," and from the thousand floating rumors, John imself had an idea Mr. Lancashire Sampson could "sweep a rossing"—he told me as much at the parting supper, April 15th, n London, at his hotel: "James," said he, "if this fellow isn't e of the right sort, and a clever, good-natured person, I'm going operate on him, for none of the roughs can travel with our rowd unless they behave decent." A prophet! by all that's mokable! he had been as good as his word, Jim Linsley retiring n disgust, after his second night, with two discolored optics and a roken nose. In this dilemma James Heenan shared the honors or two nights, when Bob Brettle was selected to do battle as the ost popular boxer to suit Brummagum folks: Bob sparred on the resent occasion, or rather came out to do so, for it couldn't be alled sparring, Brettle having a mortal dread of Beneky's long rms and straight punching powers, while John made a complete how of him, Bob never getting near but to be knocked back a ozen yards like a shuttle-cock—he was a mere child in John's ands, taking more punishment every night than in both his ights with Rooke: Brettle's mug became the color of carrots, or rank's capillary ornament, his eyes sparkled with anger, and he lmost went looney in his vain, though persevering attempts to and; not so with he of Troy—his eyes fairly danced with merri- ment, a laugh never left his manly countenance, and it was as much fun to him as terror to Bob. They sparred for ten min- utes, with Mr. Johnson cracking jokes at intervals on poor Brettle about sending for the doctor and begging of him for Heaven's ake not to hit Heenan so often. Bob got in several licks at John- on to make up, once bleeding his smelling organ to the great de- ight of the spectators—no accident, this, Brettle meant it, not iking the way John pinked him. Thus ended the afternoon's erformance of Howe's American Circus on Friday, April 25th, 862, at Birmingham. John C. Heenan and brother immediately umped into the Duchess's State Carriage, and were driven rapidly o the Wool Pack Inn, Moore Street, with a dense crowd cheering hem all the way.

During the show, that right clever youth, John C. H's brother im, spotted the writer out, and kindly took him behind the cenes for introduction to all the circus folks, including Egbert Howes, the proprietor's brother. John seemed quite astonished o see your egotistical reporter in Birmingham—gave him a regu- lar Son of Malta grip—invited him to inspect the State Carriage, then insisted on giving him call at the Wool Pack, where he pre- sented "Yours truly" with two *cartes de visite*, autograph signa- tures and very flattering dedications. Was introduced to Mr. Howes, took a stroll with Jim Heenan, and ought to have spent last Sunday in their company—am mighty sorry I didn't now, be- cause to-day they perform at Bridgenorth, forty miles from here, to-morrow at Wellington, Wednesday at Shrewsbury, and so on to Liverpool, across the channel into Ireland, and go all over that de- voted little isle. Yours very cordially, ED. JAMES.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

JAMES COBURN, where are you? Your brother Joseph, now in New York, wishes to hear from you. A letter addressed in care of NEW YORK CLIPPER will reach him.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO JOE COBURN.—The boxers generally of this city, with their usual liberality and sympathy for a fellow shipmate, have arranged to give the above named and well-known pugilist, a benefit, to take place at the City Assembly Rooms, on Monday, May 26, which the public and supporters of the "manly art" will, we have no doubt, patronize largely. Among the names of those who are expected to appear and set-to, are Messrs. Ottignon, Woods, Price, Clark, Bath, Monahan, Roach, Winkle, Foley, Trainor, Elliott, and Donelly. The wind-up, we believe, is to be between Joe Coburn and Bill Clark, and it is more than probable that Coburn and Price will have a little "attack and defence." As arrangements will have been more nearly perfected, we shall be able to speak more by the card in our next.

SPARRING IN BOSTON.—Quite a large number of muscle men and admirers of the "manly art" assembled at Chapman Hall on the evening of the 8th inst., to witness a sparring exhibition given for the benefit of Wm. Evans. Prof. W. G. Taylor superintended in his usual happy style, and the exhibition was a very good one, though some of the volunteers were not to be found. The first match was between Shea and King, and they had quite a desperate encounter, giving and taking with zeal and patience, and frequently getting "both heads in chancery." King came in again with the "New Hampshire Pet," a young man with a great deal of native talent, but without much education with the gloves. He told the audience he was no sparring man, but his activity and hard hitting won for him hearty applause. Prof. Taylor then put on the gloves with young Biffin, who was never more active than on this occasion. Biffin seemed to have the best of the hitting Evans, the beneficiary, then came out with Shea, who had been on with King, and closed the entertainment. Evans has been sick, and did not appear to as good advantage as formerly. The sparring was all interesting, however, and was liberally applauded.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT-RACE, FOR FIREMEN ONLY!

AT

THE MELODEON, 539 BROADWAY,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 14,

FOR A SILVER TRUMPET, WORTH $100.

Admission, Twenty-five Cents.

ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN VOLUNTEER.—A correspondent informs us that H. F. Dalton, once an opponent of John Grindell in a ten mile race, is now hunting secesh ers on the "sacred soil." He was second lieutenant in the 2d Regiment D. C. Volunteers, but has since been promoted to a first lieutenantcy. He is as strong and active as ever.

A HALF MILE RACE.—A foot race of this distance is to take place, we are informed, at the Red House, Harlem, on Monday, May 26, between Mat Cassidy, of New York, and Po'keepsie Jim, for $100 a side, $25 of which have already been deposited in the hands of Mr. Wm. Larkin, corner of 23d street and Third Avenue.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 39.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Alhambra, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, afterwards Burtis' Varieties, is now called Chestnut Street Lyceum, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Edwards & Rose, with Frank Whittaker as stage manager. Annie Sinclair is there, also John Warner, low comedian.

W. D. Wray, of the Canterbury, Philadelphia, is to have a complimentary at Musical Fund Hall, on the 15th inst.

From St. Louis we are advised of the death of Maurice Parker, professionally known by the name of Rookwood. He died at the Bruner House in that city, on the 5th May. Deceased was a good actor, and has performed at both the Canterbury and the Melodeon there. He fell a victim to consumption, after having been confined to his room for nearly three months.

The Continental Old Folks were at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 5th, and filled Brainard's hall the week out, not expecting to stay over three days.

Manager Beehtner soon opens his Summer Garden in St. Louis. The stage is compact and comfortable, there are three private boxes on each side, and the general auditorium will seat about fifteen hundred persons. Jerry Merrifield is stage manager, and this statement is summary enough to show that some summery fun will be going on at that Summer Garden this summer.

Carter's Zouave Sisters are at Cleveland, Ohio, where the old Varieties has been reopened as the Canterbury, and the biz. promises well enough to attract the envy of the theatre exclusives. T. W. Nichols, husband of Mdlle. Brignoli, is the business manager.

The Varieties, St. Louis, is coming out with a new piece called "The Refugee," with pretty women, Zouave drills, etc. Sig. Constantine is to do the funny, and La Belle Velarde and Julia Hamilton will lead the dancing. Deagle also promises to bring out Julia and Lola Hudson.

CIRCUSES.

Joe Pentland's Great New York Show, under John Wilson's management, was to open in San Francisco, Cal., about the middle of April.

Goodwin & Wilder's North American Circus Company, in conjunction with Mrs. Dan Rice's Circus Company, have now got fairly under way. They have Mrs. Dan Rice as principal lady rider; Jeanette Ellsler, tight-rope performer; Nat Austin; Old Bobby Williams and Johnny Rivers, clowns; Charley Shay, ring master; Jack Showles, India-rubber man; John Barry, bare-back rider, etc. The two comic mules, Heenan and Sayers, are also "some" on both intelligence and muscle.

Mabie's Circus Company are now in Chicago, and the biz. is described as lively.

"Dan Rice's Great Show" was to exhibit at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 12th and 13th.

John Huntington, formerly canvas man for Welch & Mann's Circus, is now comfortably situated in a private capacity at Taunton, Mass.

G. T. Bailey & Co's Great French and American Circus Company were at Springfield, Mass., on the 9th and 10th. They have W. H. Austin, manager; Dr. S. Woolston, ring master; R. Ellingham, equestrian director; Mdme. Louise Tournaire, principal lady rider; Mdlle. Josephine, juvenile Ariel on horseback; C. Rivers, principal equestrian; V. Denzer, equilibrist rider; J. Dernott Monteverdo, contortionist; J. Denzer, Achilles on horseback; and a general party of equestrians, such as S. J. Perry, Jennie Perry, W. W. Cavanagh, La Jeune Burt, J. Tortu, S. G. Woolston, J. Wambolt, A. McDonalds, B. Walboutes, J. W. Ward, etc., not to name the gymnasts, acrobats, tumblers, etc. The menagerie department seems well chosen, and filled with curiosities in natural history. The two bands are under the leadership of A. D. Atwood and C. W. Brown. The general agent is C. H. Farnsworth.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Last week we visited the new hall, in Philadelphia, occupied by Sanford's Minstrels. It is in Concert Hall Building, in Chestnut above Twelfth street, and was formerly, we believe, used as a carriage repository. Recently it has been converted into a neat little hall, and was first occupied, a few weeks since, by the Hutchinson Family. Since then Sanford's Minstrels have had possession. The place is quite small, and will not accommodate more than five hundred persons, we should judge. We do not believe the hall will answer for spring or summer entertainments, being very close, and without necessary ventilation. It may answer during the winter, for readings, or anything that does not require much stage room, for the stage is very meagre, and not at all suitable for the many special acts connected with a minstrel entertainment. The company performing with Mr. Sanford on the evening we attended, consisted of Hughes and Dougherty, as end people; Palmer, as interlocutor; Voelden, Stevens, Rayner, A'Beckett, and Master Sanford. Mr. Sanford did not appear in the first part. The company, as then arranged, was not what we expected to find associated with such an experienced minstrel as Sam. Sanford. The solo singing was only mediocre, but the choruses were much better. Dougherty, on the end, is quite a boy, and, for such a youthful performer, gives evidence of becoming a clever delineator of Ethiopian eccentricities. "The Irish Brothers," by Sanford, Hughes, Dougherty, and Glenn, was quite funny; and a burlesque scene from "Cinderella" was very well done by Palmer and Rainer. As a whole, however, the company is not good, and their entertainments are not calculated to make an impression. Business is very dull, the attendance being extremely small on the occasion of our visit. The location of the place is splendid, but the hall itself is not what we expected to find it. We have since understood that Mr. Sanford will pull up stakes this week, and vacate the place on the 17th. On the 19th he will start out with his company, re-organised, we believe, for an Eastern tour, stopping at Newark, N. J., three nights, thence to Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and so on to Portland. Let Mr. S. gather around him a good band, and he may do well. We shall be very happy to hear of his success on his traveling tour.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, at Sanford's Opera House, Eleventh street, Philadelphia, are giving very good entertainments. We dropped in there on the 8th inst. The house was not more than half-full, and of those present about one-half were ladies, who seemed to enjoy the comicalities of Moran and Dixie amazingly. This company is far superior to Sanford's, as now performing at the lower saloon of Concert Hall. The end men, Frank Mason and E. F. Dixey, work together very well, and create a good deal of merriment. J. L. Carncross is interlocutor, and balladist; and, as the latter, is one of the sweetest singers in the business; his voice is of the tenor-range, clear and true, and he sings with considerable taste and feeling. Master Villiers is with the troupe, as wench dancer. J. La Mont is also in the company; he has a deep bass voice, which, in the choruses, is very effective; but in solos we do not like him so well; he seems, occasionally, to flat off from the regular pitch, and when this occurs, it is anything but pleasing. A flute solo was given by Thos. P. Deverill: it was not good. Mr. Deverill does not produce a smooth or clear tone, and his execution is not of the best. We never heard him before, and it may be that on this occasion something may have occurred to throw him out in his performance. Mr. D. Edwards gave us a solo on the Jewish dulcimer, and was deservedly applauded. E. F. Dixey's bone solo was one of the features of the bill; while the "Gobble Family," an encore song by Dixie and Moran, brought down the house. It is one of the best things of the kind we ever listened to, and was well sung by the two funny men. Chas. Gibbons danced in clogs. "The Bedouin Arabs," a burlesque, is a laughable affair; as is also a new sketch called "Running the Blockade," written by A. J. Leavitt. Altogether, the company give a very creditable show, and deserve better patronage. It is strange that a large city like Philadelphia cannot support at least one minstrel company. Frank Brower is engaged this week.

Davidson's Star Troupe of Minstrels are shooting about in Canada, and began May at Colborné, moving on to Grafton the 2d. The party seem as popular as on their previous visit, and are now composed of W. H. Rundle, Frank Sovoyne, J. F. Ellsworth, Harry H. Stevens, R. Stratton, W. Ough, Matt Hobart, H. M. Foster, R. Gillard, C. P. Lawrence, Roe Stephens, etc.

The rumor that the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge Minstrels intend going to Canada this summer is entirely unfounded. Unless they can find some hall "as big as all out doors," they could not well have better biz. than they now do. They are not likely to leave their church and school privileges in the proximity of the Old South and the birthplace of Franklin. By the way, Lon Morris wants a good B-flat cornet player. The performer need not be a flat himself.

George Christy's Minstrel Troupe opened at Library Hall, St. Louis, on the 6th, and closed on the 10th.

The address of Wm. P. Spaulding, the harpist, having been inquired for, we can state that letters for him should be addressed to Fitchburg, Mass., where they will be taken in charge by his friends. At present W. P. S. is travelling with the Charley Morris Minstrels, in Canada.

Joe Mairs made his appearance as a wench dancer at the Varieties, St. Louis, on the 5th, and was successful.

Hooley's Minstrels are now in their second week at Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. K. G. Nellis, the no-armed man, arrived on the last steamer, at San Francisco, and commenced his levees at Platt's Hall, on the 9th April. He is said to be under engagement to John Wilson.

Dr. Colton is giving laughing gas exhibitions in Concert Hall, Philadelphia.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie will open in Philadelphia on the 19th inst.

W. B. Donaldson is making rope "ascensions" across the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia. He has already made four, and will give several more exhibitions this week. He has attracted large numbers of spectators.

Gen. Tom Thumb seems likely to close up his campaign soon. He leaves Cleveland, Ohio, on the 14th; "takes" Painesville, 15th; Ashtabula, 16th; Erie, Pa., 17th to 19th; Wheatfield, N. Y., 20th; Dunkirk, 21st; Fredonia, 22d; and at the New Opera House, Buffalo, on the 23d.

The diorama of the Burning of Moscow showed at Saratoga on Tuesday night, the 29th of April, and opened in Schenectady on May 1st, following the Panopticon, which left on April 30. Gallagher, the ventriloquist, is with this show. Houses poor, probably on account of rain. Opened in Utica on the 5th.

Dr. Valentine gave two of his "parlor entertainments" in Albany on the 7th and 8th, to a good house the first night.

Russel's *(not Billy the Bull-runner)* Panorama of the War, opened in Schenectady on the 7th to a large and attentive audience; it remains a week.

AMATEUR.

THE SONS OF MALTA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION held forth at Dramatic Hall on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. The pieces selected were, "Born to Good Luck," "Lucretia Borgia," and "Matteo Falcone."

THE NONPAREIL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION have tendered to the talented Miss Ada Clifford, a complimentary benefit, to take place at Dramatic Hall, 48 East Houston street, on the 28th inst.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. S. B. Everett, a gentleman well known among our amateur circles, has been tendered a complimentary benefit by his numerous friends. The treat will come off at Dramatic Hall. We understand that the programme is to comprise scenes from "Ion," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," concluding with "The Wandering Boys," and the entire arrangement interspersed with singing and dancing.

DEAD.—Michael Langon, of the old G. L. Fox Dramatic Club, and serving as a Corporal in the 2d N. Y. Fire Zouaves, was killed in the recent action at Williamsburgh, Va. We learn that he died as heroes only can die—fighting courageously at his post. Langon was a sterling youth, and from his noble qualities, endeared himself to many who deeply regret his demise.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

☞ A surplus of matter compels us to omit our entire Foreign Summary this week.

BALL PLAY.

FANCY FLANNEL OUTSIDE SHIRTS.

FOR

BASE BALL AND CRICKET PLAYERS,

Always on hand and made to order,

5-1t* AT UNION ADAMS, NO. 637 BROADWAY.

GRAND INAUGURATION

OF THE

UNION BASE BALL AND CRICKET GROUNDS.

ON THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1862.

These grounds are located on the site of the Union Skating Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., and adjoin Marcy Avenue and Rutledge street, and are within a short distance of the several car routes from Fulton and Williamsburgh Ferries.

On this occasion, an opening game will be played between two nines selected from the first nines of the ECKFORD, PUTNAM, and CONSTELLATION Clubs, which clubs will be regular occupants of the grounds during the season.

A feature of these grounds is, the ample accommodation afforded to lady visitors, buildings having been erected especially for their use, capable of seating several hundred persons.

A band of music will be in attendance during the afternoon. There will be no charge for admission.

Should it rain, the inauguration will take place the next fine day.

THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.—The Excelsiors this season, we are glad to learn, are determined to have "a bully time of it" again, and in order to enjoy such to perfection, they intend going on another tour, their destination this time being "down East" instead of "down South." Boston will probably be the scene of their exploits ere the heat of a July's sun as had its full effect on the beautiful Common of the Modern Athens. The Bostonians like their "classical predecessors" are as much addicted to athletic games as they are to the fine arts, and the visit of such a renowned troupe of ball players will rouse up quite a stir among the ball playing community at the Bay State Capitol. The Excelsiors will probably give the Providence boys a call and drop in at Lowell and such towns, and perhaps go as far as Portland to see how the Maine Law is carried out, their return route being via Albany, Poughkeepsie, and Newburg, at all three of which places ball players of a goodly kind are to be found. In view of this proposed tour the Excelsiors have made arrangements to do a little practice every week by way of getting their hands in, and accordingly every fine Tuesday and Saturday will now see quite a crowd of their members on their grounds foot of Court street, which have been newly laid and thoroughly prepared for the season's use. The only member of their regular nine that is absent, is John Whiting, who is playing ball at Yorktown. It is hoped, however, that he will soon be enabled to make a home run and then the Excelsiors will again be able to present a full team. Our friend Leggett has lost none of his pluck, but he is not as well up in the throwing business as he used to be, but we trust he will "stay where you am" in spite of the drawback.

THE BROOKLYN CLUB.—The event of the week in Brooklyn will be the grand opening of the "Union Base Ball and Cricket Grounds," for particulars of which see advertisement. These grounds are located on the site of the Union Skating Pond, and will be occupied this season by the Eckford, Putnam and Constellation Clubs. The opening game is to be played under the following regulations:—A committee of three from each of the three clubs occupying the grounds, viz., the Eckford, Putnam and Constellation, will select two Captains, and these Captains will proceed to choose, on the day of the match, six members from each club from among whom the contesting nines will be chosen. By this means each club will be fairly represented on the opening day, as it is right they should be. A handsome bat and ball are to be the trophies awarded to the players who make the highest scores on each side, the ball to the winning side and the bat to the losing; the victor on the winning side, however, is to have his choice. The Exercise Club had quite an interesting practice game on their grounds at South Brooklyn on Friday, 9th inst., members of the Atlantic and Excelsior Clubs joining in with them in the play. On Saturday, the Enterprise Club had a little practice on their newly laid grounds, which they found to answer first-rate, and on Monday the Atlantics had quite a crowd in attendance to witness their opening game which was played at the same place, viz., on the corner of Gates and Marcy Avenues opposite Wild's Hotel.

BASE BALL AT HOBOKEN.—Last week the clubs that play at Hoboken turned out pretty strong on their practice days, especially on Friday, the fine weather of the afternoon of that day tempting quite a crowd of ball players to congregate on the Elysian Fields. All six of the principal clubs whose grounds are located at Hoboken, have now opened play for the season, and we hope soon to learn that arrangements have been made for the first match of the season.

THE FIRST JUNIOR MATCH OF THE SEASON.—A match was played at Elm Park between the Monitor and Pontiac clubs, on Saturday, the 10th inst., the former being the victors by a score of 48 to 33. Leggett, of the victors' side, made the best score of the match. This is the first regular match of the season among the juniors, we believe. By the way, the Active junior club of Brooklyn say that they are now ready to receive challenges from either of the junior clubs of Brooklyn, New York, or Hoboken. Their secretary's address is G. Cook, 379 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn.

FRANKLIN BASE BALL CLUB.—A new base ball club has recently been organized in Philadelphia with the above title. Its members are mostly printers, a class of men who stand greatly in need of open-air exercise. The officers of the club, elected on Thursday, May 1st, are:—President, Wm. Meeser; Vice President, Frank McIlwain; Secretary and Treasurer, S. A. Davis; Field Committee, I. A. Kurtz, John D. Grosh, Adam Weller.

CROWDED OUT.—A surplus of matter compels us to omit a match of the Star club, and an article in reference to the Philadelphia clubs. They will appear next week.

CRICKET.

CRICKETING, BASE BALL,

MILITARY, TRAVELLING, AND BOATING,

FLANNEL SHIRTS!

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

A. RANKIN & Co., NO. 96 BOWERY,

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CRICKET, CRICKET, CRICKET.

The largest, best and cheapest stock of Cricket Implements in the United States, can be found at J. PARKER'S,

Germantown, Philad'a., Pa.

List of prices sent gratis. Laws of Cricket, 6 cents; or 50 cents per doz. Post paid. 5

THE AMERICAN CRICKET CLUB.—We are pleased to learn that this club has decided to maintain their organization, instead of amalgamating with another club, as some proposed to do. In view of the fact that the Long Island grounds, where they intended to practice this season, have not been placed in condition for use; also, that the Excelsior grounds, where they played last season, will be occupied by the base ball players this year, they have concluded to wait until next year before they engage special grounds of their own. Several of their members have recently joined other clubs, for the purpose of getting instruction, some going with the St. George, and others with the Willow and East New-York, all of which clubs possess capable instructors in the game, the two former having professionals. This arrangement, however, will not operate against the continued existence of the club, for, in order to accommodate themselves to the circumstances of the case, they intend suspending, for this season, the action of such of their by-laws as prevent members of their club from belonging to other associations, and it is also proposed to repeal the rule that prohibits all but those of American birth from being members of their club, limiting the rule to the exclusion only of such as are not citizens of the United States. By this means they will be able to play matches with any club in New York or Long Island. In fact, they will this season be a match-playing club only, deriving most of their practice from this source, with the exception of the practice their members, who have joined other clubs, will have on the grounds of the clubs they belong to. A meeting is shortly to be held in Brooklyn to reorganize the club as above stated, for this season. All who have been or are now members of the club are requested to attend. The meeting will be held at the club room of the Exercise club, on the Star grounds, the same having been courteously placed at their service by the officers of that club. The first match talked of is with the second eleven of St. George club on the Hoboken ground, and matches are on the tapis with New York, Willow, East New York, &c., so that the "American Boys" are likely to have quite a lively term this season. The eleven of this club will be selected from among the following players: A. Brainard, H. Brainard, Creighton, Dakin, Kelly, Morris, Mitchell, Parker, Pearsall, Smith, Waddell, Walden, &c.

THE CRICKETERS' CONVENTION.—This event for 1862 took place at the Astor House on the evening of Monday, May 5. The present condition of the country having made it prudent that no matches of an extensive character should be played this season; that is, those that require the co-operation of several clubs, or that are to be played at a distance from home, but little business was to be transacted, and the attendance was consequently slim. It would have been better had it been deferred to next year, or until business affairs, etc., had worn a more prosperous aspect. Mr. Sammond of the Satellite Club, was elected President, and Mr. Dispicker of the Free Academy, Secretary. Taking advantage of the state of affairs, that Gorilla, or What Is It? *alias*, Professor of What? like any other annoying wasp or mosquito, had brought and controlled the votes of a number of lads with him as delegates from various nameless clubs, never before heard of, having no playing grounds; in fact, spurious affairs altogether, and by that means prevented what little business that was on hand, from being disposed of. The committees, therefore, will remain the same, until the next convention. Mr. Sammond, on behalf of the Satellite Club, stated that for the time being, they had concluded to waive their resolution not to play matches with clubs connected with which are individuals belonging to more than one club. We were pleased with this statement, and hope that it will not be for the time being, but for all time. That nondescript specimen of humanity above alluded to, had the satisfaction of knowing that he marred the proceedings of the evening, by making himself, as usual, generally disagreeable. We have warned him of the consequences, more than once, that will accrue to him on account of his conduct, to which he has paid no heed. We would again advise him to beware of the wrath to come, ere it is too late.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.—We are glad to learn that the members of this club intend no longer tolerating that pest of the fraternity the "What is it?" but are determined that he shall cease further to promote discord and ill-feeling between members of cricket clubs, as he has hitherto done, if they can possibly prevent it. The fact is, one half of the rancorous feeling that has marred the intercourse, one with the other, of the New York and St. George Clubs, can be readily traced to the immediate efforts of the "What is it?" whose vindictive hatred of this club that once expelled him, has been such as to make him leave no stone unturned to injure its members, when in any manner he possibly could, no matter at what cost to the interest and welfare of the game his course of action might lead to. We are surprised that a club that enjoys the high position the St. George does, has so long countenanced this fellow. They cannot be aware of the prejudice he has created against them, by his mischievous insinuations and remarks or of the little credit the advocacy of such a person does them, or they would long ago have given him what he so richly merits at the hands of every cricketer—a thorough, hearty and contemptuous cold shoulder.

THE WILLOW CLUB.—The members of this first-class cricket organization of Long Island are very prompt now in their attendance on practice days, in view of certain approaching contests with the St. George Club which are to take place next month. They came very near winning a trophy from the "old 'uns" last year, and this season say that they are determined to give them one thrashing at least. Hammond has them in training, and as the material he has to work upon is promising, we have no doubt he will make them tell a tale when the battle comes off. Their grounds are in fine order and are now kept so, and the club musters "a goodlie company" of social and gentlemanly cricketers.

MANHATTAN CLUB.—This club of social good fellows, commenced play for the season on Tuesday 6th inst., on their grounds at Hoboken. The attendance was good, and the prospects for a pleasant season are in the ascendant with them. Their career last year was somewhat interfered with by some of their members volunteering to fire balls at the rebels instead of at their fellow cricketers' stumps. General McClellan having made a six hit, and the rebels having by their loose fielding, made sundry bad overthrows, it is likely the latter will soon lose the match, when cricket at Hoboken by the Manhattanites will be resumed by them with their usual vigor.

SATELLITE CRICKET CLUB OPENING.—This club commenced the season on Wednesday, 7th inst., on their grounds at Greenpoint. Quite a number of the members were on hand, and some first rate play for a first day, was exhibited, and the proceedings of the day were much enjoyed. This club, by the way, is fast growing both in skill and numbers, and a little more of the same sort of perseverance that has been manifested by them, will soon place it in the front rank.

THE EAST NEW YORK CLUB.—This club opened play for the season on Saturday, May 3d, on which occasion they had a pretty fair practice game among themselves. Among those present were Messrs. Andrews, North, Hudson, Stokes, Lester, Hoagland, Bedford, Ball, Byron, Hall, Hamer, Suydam, Moore, etc. The club practices every Wednesday and Saturday; on the latter days they generally get up very good practice games.

THE EAST WILLIAMSBURGH CLUB.—The members of this club assembled in full force on Monday, on their grounds, near Hadfield's Factory, East Williamsburgh, and enjoyed quite a good game. Members of the Satellite, East New York, Queens County, and other clubs, were present, and took part in the day's proceedings.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB.—The Bachelors and Benedicts of the St. George will meet in deadly conflict on Wednesday, May 14th, for the purpose of contesting the merits of the question as to which party are most skillful in a practical knowledge of "ye noble game." Wickets are to be pitched at 11 o'clock.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—May 2, match $500; mile heats; best 3 in 5, to wagons.

J. Marshall, br g Provost.....1 1 1
Mr. Davis, g m Lady Bancker.....2 2 2
Time:—2:50; 2:58; 2:56.

A TROT ON UNION COURSE.—A not very numerous congregation assembled on this Long Island track, on the 5th inst., to witness a go between McMann's s g Webster, and McDonald's s m Lady Olvany for $200. The track was heavy owing to the previous rains. However, the race was fairly contested, and resulted eventually in Webster winning in three straight heats, as per summary appended:—

MONDAY, May 5, match $200, mile heats, best three in five in harness.

Jas McMann named s g Webster.....1 1 1
Mr McDonald named s m Lady Olvany.....2 2 2
Time—2:57¼; 2:53; 2:58

THIRTY MILE RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—The long expected thirty mile race betweeen Alviso's ro g Alamino and Castillo's gr g The Sellala Gray, took place on Wednesday, March 19, over the Willow Trotting Park, San Francisco, in the presence of an immense number of spectators; the day being fine and the roads in good condition. The race was for $3,000 a side, and in addition to the stakes, a large amount of money was bet on the result. The roan was the favorite. The race was won by Alamino in 1 hour 37 minutes 21 seconds; the little gray quitting on the twenty-eighth mile. Summary:

WILLOW TROTTING PARK, Wednesday, March 19th, 1862. Match race for $6,000, to run thirty miles.

Meliton Aluiso's ro g Alamino.....1
Castillo's gr g The Sellala Gray.....2

TIME:

Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
1..2:17	11..3:29	21..3:28
2..2:36	12..3:25	22..3:36
3..2:58	13..3:06	23..2:56
4..3:43	14..3:09	24..3:35
5..4:10	15..3:13	25..3:12
6..2:41	16..3:20	26..3:13
7..2:41	17..2:53	27..3:23
8..3:05	18..3:09	28..3:26
9..3:08	19..2:51	29..4:21
10..3:06	20..3:10	30..4:02

First 10 miles, 30:21; 20 miles, 1:02:10; 30 miles, 1:37:16.

BILLIARDS.

FINGERING BILLIARD BALLS.—A novel method of playing billiards was illustrated on the evening of Saturday, 10th inst., at the saloon of Messrs. Freeman & Kavanagh, (late Phelan's) corner of Tenth street and Broadway, by Mons. Mortie, from La Belle Erance. The Professor discards both cue and mace, and, in playing, takes his own ball in his right hand, and placing it nearly in contact with either of the other balls; caroms by spinning it off one ball on the other, imparting in the action such a peculiar twist to his own ball, that, on striking a cushion, it will take any direction he desires to give it. He showed surprising skill in caroming by this means, although, in his essay with the well-known billiard artist, Dudley Kavanagh, who used the cue, he was easily beaten. His mode of playing is certainly interesting, as evincing the curious influence that the "twist" has upon the movements and direction of the ball after striking the cushion.

BILLIARDS.—On Friday evening, April 25th, two interesting games of billiards were played in Brooklyn between Mr. Dean and M. H. de M—— of New York. The first game of 100 points was played by Dean in 14 minutes, he leading his opponent 28 points. Then a game of 500 points was played between Mr. Kavanagh and Mr. Humphrey, the latter of Buffalo. This latter contest occupied 55 minutes in playing. Mr. Humphrey lost the game by 33 points, but scored the highest run, getting 61 to Kavanagh's 52.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FIVE.

THE HOTEL DE MITRE—OULD NAT'S RENDEZVOUS.

Taking into consideration the bold front Nat Langham made in upholding the prowess of John C. Heenan, and the wholesouled friendship evinced towards any body coming from America, it seems like slighting the man to only find time now—after six months residence here—for a word or two about the only Englishman that ever licked Tom Sayers. Nothing has been further from my thoughts, but when first in London, Nat had sold out, and was sporting around on the proceeds of "The Cambrian" public house, Castle street—consequently the opportunity didn't occur at that time: now, however, that he is in business again, there is something to write about. Langham's hotel is in St. Martin's Lane, not more than a hundred yards from his former "public," and about the same distance between it and young Ben Caunt's house: St. Martin's Lane is one of five streets meeting at a point—Long Acre, Newport, St. Andrews and Cranbourne streets being the others; it is a good street for business, terminates in Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery, St. George's Barracks, Nelson Monument, and statues of George III, George IV, Dr. Jenner, Havelock, and Sir Charles Napier may be seen. The house itself, or "drum," as they call it, is perhaps the prettiest in the neighborhood for tasty decorations outside, coated with a pale green, and the window-frames painted red and green alternately; between the second and third stories we find the host's name; also, in the bar window, handsomely designed on glass in his favorite colors as above; there are two entrances, one for bottles and jugs, the other a public bar, and between these doors is fixed a magnificent lamp designed like a bishop's ceremonial head-cover, having the word "Mitre" on both sides, the name of Nat's hotel, for it is a hotel in fact, all newly furnished in anticipation of the rush this year to the Great Exhibition opening May 1st. Inside, the fixtures are equally first class, and the whole concern from cellar to attic is just such a place as you or I, or any other man, would like to own about Exhibition time. The particular occasion when I first called was in company with "River-Side Rambler," a young Irish journalist connected with the *Sporting Life* and *Irish Sporting Times*, edited by Fred Taylor, Esq., a clever writer, brave soldier, and gentlemanly sportsman. We got invited to the bar parlor and introduced to Fred Lilywhite, cricket editor of *Bell's Life*, who makes the "Mitre" his regular resort: Bob Travers also happened in "slightually indisposed," and the talk started about reminiscences at Farnborough: Bob allowed Heenan won it a dozen times—he didn't consider Sayers such a very wonderful man—wouldn't mind a turn up with Tom himself—said Morrissey was the best man among the American visitors, and a good many other things he perhaps wouldn't have said in more sober moments. Whenever Lilywhite got a chance to put a word in edgeways, he demurred against John Morrissey, because the hirsute Trojan had claimed a bet that he hadn't ought to, and Fred had to pay or "do the other thing;" this was his statement, but as there are always two sides to a question, perhaps Heenan's first opponent may have quite a different story to tell—"leastwise," I hope so. Ould Nat related the history of most of his proteges, Dan Thomas, Tom King, De Travers, etc., and remembered Mace when he used to follow Paganini for a living by taking up the fiddle and the bow and doing the mosaic to crowds of terpsichores; at that Jem was and still is very clever, frequently playing brilliant operatic selections at his gin-mill in Holywell Lane—so if fighting nor circus-following dosan't pay, he has only to engage himself to perform solos at some concert room or theatre to create a sensation anywhere. In answer to a query, our worthy host of the Mitre told how earnestly and tearfully Tom Sayers had begged for another fight with him, but it was good for nix: "You know I've beat you once, Tom, and it's too much trouble to do it again, so I don't care about it," was Nat's happy rejoinder whenever Sir Thomas broached the subject—a reply that, for logic, is worthy of a Seward, Brougham, or Palmerston. Knowing I was slightly acquainted with Dan Bryant, Mr. L. requested his brother—a regular twin in facial resemblance—to bring Dan's portrait out of the bar parlor, also Dan Bryant's Mouse. The likeness of Dan, a large quarto full length, is a magnificent speaking portrait, similar to that at Izzy Lazarus', and dedicated to Nat in the inimitable minstrel's own hand-write, bearing date December 8, 1860; of the Mouse—well, he's indescribable, but if you remember Japanese Tommy, who used to electrify the *bon ton* of 472 Broadway, night after night, without their being able to make him out, this is the identical Moke, and he's taken stripped, fighting fashion, with a look vicious enough to scare Beelzebub himself—underneath is the following superscription: "The Mouse; height, 39 in.; age, 39 years; beat Bobby the Gouger, May 3, 18r, 1h 15m." It's a rare thing to own, although here they don't see the point, not knowing what a good joke is intended; when I mentioned the profession of Darkey, Nat nearly went into fits laughing, and values it a thousand times more now than before. A funny incident happened the other night—myself and James Heenan went there on business, and I called his attention to Bryant's Mouse; there were three policemen in at the time, and giving me the wink, Jim said, 'I wonder who the deuce that is?" "Don't you know him?" slobbered out one of the three, "why, that's Joe Rowe's Mouse, who fought Jemmy Madden, Joe Hollis, and several more." This was too much for Jim, who burst out laughing, joined in chorus by the subscriber, to the great astonishment and disgust of the M. P.'s, "for they *knew* the man, and didn't see what we had to make fun of;" I only wish Dan Bryant had been alongside to join in the laughing chorus, or Bph Horn either.

Having enjoyed ourselves rationally—after bidding adieus to Black Bob, Lilywhite, River-Side Rambler, Jem Dillon, Job Cobley, Billy Ryall, and several others who came in while we were chatting—with an extra grip from Ould Nat—I sauntered through the public parlor after taking a hasty glance at those in his private retreat, of which these are all I remember: John C. Heenan, as at Frederick's Gallery, Broadway, three quarters of body shown; Tom Sayers, small photo, with cups and belts; Tom seated; Tom King, private dress and ring costume; Fred Lilywhite, private dress; two of Nat ditto, one plain, the other colored, both seated, and the same from which the engraving appeared in the CLIPPER some time back; Dan Thomas, ditto, full length; and a group of 73 pugs and sports in one little picture—all photographs from life. In the public parlor were: Nat in attitude, colored lithograph, got out many years ago, but a poor likeness; Deaf Burke, Young Morley, Jack Hannan, and Dick Cain, all in posish and col. liths; John Atchelor, horse slaughterer to Her Majesty, seated in a cart behind a spotted pony, and carrying home a dead horse on the shaft; fight between Alec Reed and Bishop Sharp, showing Alec getting Bish a thwacking upper-cut, and the crowd indulging in a free fight indiscriminately—this is a very scarce print, and quite comical; photograph of Jas. Edward and friend as second; Frank Widdowes lecturing a darkey; Bishop Sharp's battle with Street, in which Street is represented with his feet where his head ought to be, and *vice versa*, with the following letter-press: "And caused him to rise up in the air as in engraving;" every body is made to look astonished, as no doubt they were—it was from a throw, proving fatal to Street and causing Sharp to be imprisoned some months—Bish they nicknamed the Bold Smuggler; print of Sayers from the *Sporting Life*; Mace in attitude, photo; lithographs of Joe Hollis and Harry Orme, the latter in a monkey-jacket seated with boxing gloves on table; Harry Holt, old print; over the door is a glass case containing a stuffed white bull-dog; there are also col. liths. of Massey, Langham, and Travers, the last very poorly done; print called, "Still waters run deep," same as Harry Gribbin used to have, a drunken cove straddling a pump and so forth; colored litho-

graph, "Youth has no virtue," a country bumpkin making love to a milk-maid, and the maiden squirting the lacteal fluid from the cow into yokel's face, instead of milk can; Alec Reed, old print, with his fives ready for action; Jem Burn's four favorites, three bull dogs and boy, a fine steel engraving; Charles Brown, the Nottingham Cricketer; "Song of the Belt," with large lithographs of Heenan and Sayers' heads, similar to those in one of the CLIPPER pictorials; full length photograph of Dan Bryant, the popular minstrel; Tom Cribb, Jem Ward, Bob Brettle, and Ould Nat, all with hands up, eager for the fray; Broome and Hannan's great contest; photographs of Travers and Chinnium, bill-poster to the P.B.A., in citizen's dress; an amusing scene, "The Lover Come too Early," showing an old lady pushing the door to keep Mr. Cometoosoon out, while his sweetheart is scampering across the room for dear life, sans everything but sleeping attire; beautiful life-size oil-paintings of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Langham, in which the artist has done full justice to the lady's youth and beauty; three photographs of Sayers on one sheet, in private dress, fighting paraphernalia, and seated on second's knee—these comprise nearly all in Mr. Langham's unequalled Portrait Gallery, and my only regret is that those interested who read this can not enjoy the pleasure of a stroll through this peculiar collection of characters and incidents.

I had occasion once before to describe the Mitre's host, and at that time gave his performances, therefore nothing remains to be said on that score. At present he is too busy fixing up for the exhibition to give his usual attention to ring matters, but after that closes, you may depend Nat will be around hunting up some young untried giant to have a go with Mr. Mace, unless some other man should spring up between now and then; as at present nobody seems anxious to become Champion of England by wresting it from Master Jem among his own countrymen, what says Ned Price, Joe Coburn, Mick Norton, or Tim Heenan to coming over and show to the Britishers a little Yankee game and science? Tom King becoming affectionately attached to the Champion for some cause or other best known to himself, and John C. Heenan being engaged for six months at a salary bigger than all the sums put together for champion battles, the chances are possible that Mace may be allowed to walk over the course, unless some of the b'hoys come over and "see him one better:" any of the four mentioned might earn a brilliant name by signifying their intentions and giving Nat the office at once; who's to be the man? The rumor about a "young man from the country" going to settle the Gipsy was all bosh, invented to draw customers to certain public houses, as in fact are most advertisements of this kind, and understood as such here, although they read mighty big in the English sporting journals. Let us have something genuine, and if everybody in England is afraid to tackle Peganini the Second, why, just show the world a bit of Federal fisticuffs, after the style of your usual pluck and victory—that's the idea, boys! You will find Nat Langham, though rather blunt and out-spoken, a jolly good fellow, and one of the right sort; his "drum" is the best patronized fighting house in London, visited by all classes from the lords to mechanics, for whom Nat always has a joke or a poke, most generally the former, and where everybody is sure to be treated as gentlemen while they behave as such. A month or two ago Nat expected to lose his spirit license, but I am happy to state everything is now serene, the Rum Pum Pahs enjoy their chop or sherry, the Goose Club their jovial songs and recitations, and Nat looks ten years younger as he spins out Munchausen stories in his usual queer way of talking. Such is a very imperfect description, or intended description of the "Mitre," St. Martin's Lane, kept by Nat Langham, the friend of John C. Heenan, and the only man who ever did lick Tom Sayers, although Gentleman John could now perform the operation with ease about once a month—indeed could he!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YENDIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Position received. Thanks.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—One of those "blindfold" games soon.

W. S. K., New York.—And you too!

ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE—Gentlemen, what is your further pleasure?

GAME No. 5—VOL. X.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OF THE A. D. P.—New York, May 5, 1862.
DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: The Game below is from the A. D. P., H. Spayth, Compiler:

GLASGOW.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to	15	23 to	19	19..12 to	19	17 to	14
2.. 8	11	22	17	20..10	17	21	5
3..11	16	24	20	21.. 6	10	5	1
4..16	23	27	11	22.. 8	11	1	6
5.. 7	16	20	11	23..10	15	26	22
6.. 3	7	25	22	24..19	23	6(a)	10
7.. 7	16	22	18	25..15	19	10	15
8.. 9	14	18	9	26..11	16	22	17
9.. 6	22	26	17	27..16(1)	20	15	11
10.. 5	9	28	24	28..24	28	11	16
11.. 4	8	30	26	29..19	24	16	19
12..10	15	29	25	30..23	27	19	23
13.. 2	7	25	22	31..27	32	23(b)	26
14.. 1	6	32	28	32..32	27	18	15
15.. 7	10	24	20	33..28	32	15	10
16..16	19	20	16	34..32	28	10	6
17..19	24	28	19	35..27	32	6	1
18..15	24	22	18	36..24	27	Drawn.	
		(1)					
27..23	27	15	11	29..19	23	16	18
28..16(c)	20111	11	16		White wins.		

Corrections by A. H. Mercer.

(b)

31..		31(d)	26	34..31	27	13	9
32..24	27	26	22	35..27	24	22	17
33..27	31	17	13		White wins.		

(f) The "scope and tendency" of this fine move, the Compiler never thought of. [Express.]

(c)

28..27	32	11	27
29..32	21	Black wins.	

"Things appear to have taken a turn."

(a)

24..		18(e)	14
25..23(f)	26		

(e) This is the strongest move. [Ed. P. D.]
(f) This is Position No. 6, published this week.

Yours truly, EXPRESS.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 5—VOL. X.

BY A. B. S.

White.			Black.	
1..10	7		3	10
2..15	6		1	19
3..18	23		27	18
4..19	16		13	19
5..11	7		2	11
6.. 8	24		20	27
7..25	22, and wins.			

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 71st POSITION.

White.		Black.
1..21	17	14 .21
2..15	18, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 52—Vol. IX.

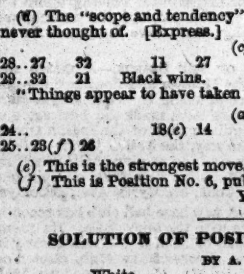
Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..31 to	27	24 to	20	9..14 to	18	6 to	10
2..27	24	19	15	10..31	27	2	7
3..24	19	15	10	11..27	23	7	11
4..19(a)	15	10	6	12..23	19	20	16
5..15	10	6	1	13..21	25	23	24
6..23	26	9	6	14..19	23	10	15
7..10	14	6	2	15..12	19	15	29
8..26	31	1	6		Drawn.		
		(a)					
4..22	26	9	14	8..31	27	10	7
5..19	15	10	6	9..11	8	7	3
6..26	31	6	2	10.. 8	4	2	7
7..15	11	14	10		Drawn.		

For this variation (a) I am indebted to A. H. Mercer, of Wellsville, N. Y.

The above is also the correct solution of End-Game No. 18, A. D. P., where Mr. Spayth claims that Black can win. As he *dare not* accept my challenge to play, he has, no doubt come to the conclusion that he can be taught the Game of Draughts, by a third or fourth rate player, like Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

POSITION No. 6—Vol. X.

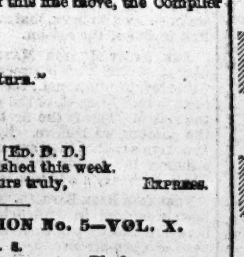
BY EXPRESS.
End-Game.*
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 72d POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

*See Mercer's corrections of the game in this week's issue at letter (f.)

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
16..15	19	26	22
17..19	23*	28	16
18..23	27		

* Not 19 to 22; which was a typographical error.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19.. 5	9	11	8
20.. 9	14	8	4
21..17	21	4	8

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18
6.. 7	16		

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. BRYANT.—Your quadruple "main-sail," and voluminous package of good things, demands a far more appreciative answer than we have space for here, and we shall write you at our leisure.

F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.—Accept our thanks for letter and enclosures; they shall be honored in turn. Bully for you and the Paulsen! Got any "Croton pipes" at your house yet?

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Thanks for so promptly according to our request; your opinion of the position is exactly our own. In two or three weeks. We appreciate the (chess) difficulties of your position, still hope to hear from you, now and then. See items used.

O. E. MICHAELIS.—Right gladly do we hail the return of your name to the arena of some real live Chess contests. Success to you and your club in its undertaking. Let us have some of your contests, with your own notes and analysis.

E. MC CUTCHEON.—Thank you for games forwarded by our mutual friend E. W. B. They shall appear in turn.

P. RICHARDSON.—There is always something *piquant* in your original concoctions, whether play or problem—always some amusement in 'em. For these last specimens in both kinds be assured we thank you.

C. A. GILBERG.—Your first 4 move (No. 2) is radically faulty—mate in *three*, in both Vars. The two last sent shall have due attention. Please number future contributions continuously from these.

JOHN MCLEAN.—Your last letter comes in the same category as E. W. B.'s. *Vide.*

C. C. B., Canajoharie.—Answered as requested; the contributions will be most acceptable.

C., Philad'a.—There is no such Vol., bound. The best and cheapest way is to send to the CLIPPER office for as many of "Miron's Blank Diagrams" as you require, and then get them bound in style to suit yourself.

S. G. DERRICKSON.—We heartily sympathize with you in your affliction, in losing so good and so promising a brother as Geo. H.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.—Next week.

PAINFUL BEREAVEMENT.—Died, in New York City, April 16th, 1862, Geo. H. Derrickson, in the 18th year of his age. His remains were taken to Philadelphia, and interred from the house of his friend Dr. N. C. Reid. An obituary notice has been sent us which we shall give next week, with some remarks of our own.

ANOTHER CHESS BEREAVEMENT.—Not far from the demise of the youthful Derrickson, Martin Mantin, Esq., Actuary of the New York Chess Club, departed this life at the ripe age of 73 years. Of this gentleman we intend also to write a few words next week.

ENIGMA No. 338.

Our valued correspondent E. W. Bryant, in sending us our present game and a large package of other interesting matter, all of which in due time, says:—"A sort of melancholy interest attaches itself to the following position. It is the end-game of the last *partie* ever played by Leonard. It was played with me at the "Morphy," on Saturday evening, Feb. 1st. He had given me Q Kt, the game was a "Muzio," and had become reduced to the following:—

E. W. BRYANT.

at home, Q B sq, K 2, Q 4, K B 5, K 4, K R 2d.

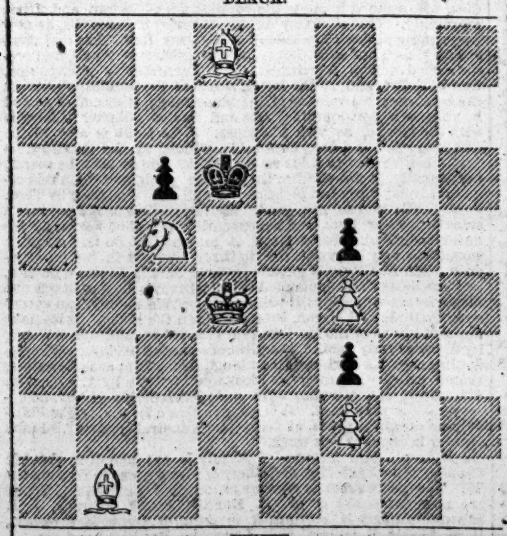
J. A. LEONARD.

at his R 8, K B 6, K Kt sq, K R 4th.

White, having to play, should force mate in *seven* moves. In actually playing it out, I blundered at the third move of the proper solution, and—*lost!*

PROBLEM No. 338.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 338.

ONE of the best contested *parties* of the late unfinished match at the "Brooklyn Chess Club," between F. Perrin, Esq., Pres't, and Jas. A. Leonard, with notes from Mr. L's own hand.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.	Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..R × Q P	Kt × Q R P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	26..K R–Q 7	R–Q Kt sq,
3..P–Q 4	K P × P	27..K Kt–K 5	P–Q B 4
4..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	28..Kt × B P (e)	R P × P
5..Castles (a)	P–Q 3	29..K Kt–Q 6	P–Q Kt 6
6..P–Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	30..Kt–Q B 4	P–Q Kt 7
7..Q Kt × P	K Kt–K 2	31..Kt × Kt 3d P (f)	Q Kt × Kt
8..Q Kt–Q 5 (b)	Castles	32..P–K B 4	P–Q Kt 4
9..Q B–Kt 5	Q B–K 3	33..K R–Q 4	K–his B 2
10..P–Q R 3	Q B × Kt	34..R–Q Kt 4	Kt–Q B 5
11..K B × B	Q–her 2	35..R × Kt 2d P	K–his 3
12..P–Q Kt 4	B–Q Kt 3	36..K–his B 2	K–Q 3
13..Q R–B sq	K Kt × B	37..K–his 2	K–Q B 3
14..Q × K Kt	Q–K 3	38..R–K Kt 5	P–Q Kt 4
15..Q B–K 3	Q R–B sq (c)	39..K–Q 3	P–K Kt 3
16..K R–Q sq	Q × Q	40..P–K R 4	K R–K sq
17..K P × Q	Q Kt–K 2	41..K–Q B 3	R–K 6 +
18..Q R–B 4	K R–K sq	42..K–Kt 4	Kt–Q 7 (g)
19..P–Q R 4	Kt–K B 4	43..R–Q B 5 +	K–Q 3
20..Q B × B	B P × B	44..R–K Kt 5	R–Kt 6 +
21..K R–Q B sq	Q R × B	45..K–Q R 5	Kt–Q B 5 +
22..K R × R	Q Kt–K 2	46..K–Q R 6	K–Q B 3
23..P–K Kt 3 (d)	Kt × Q P	47..K–Q R 7	R–R 6 +
24..K R–Q 4	Kt–Q B 6	48..K–Kt 8	Kt–Kt 3, and

Mr. Perrin resigned.

(a) We consider it now demonstrated that this move is inferior to 5..P to Q B 3d, which would, at least regain the gambit P. In the line of play adopted by Mr. Perrin, the Defence can castle, with a pawn advantage and a good position.

(b) A favorite move of Mr. P. The move adopted by the Defence is the only correct reply.

(c) It is undoubtedly the correct policy of the Defence to exchange as speedily as possible; but had he over-looked the object of the Attack's last move, and played hastily, he would have suffered for his temerity, thus:—

15..	Q × Q	17..Q B × B	B P × B
16..K P × Q	Kt moves	18..Q R–B 7,	and the Defence

will soon "come to grief."

(d) This loses two P's for one, but Mr. P., was anxi... abandon the open file for so trivial a consideration.

(e) A fatal miscalculation; the advanced trebled P, wi... checked flight, now leads the forces of the Defence to victo...

(f) If 31..R–Q sq, the exchange is lost.

(g) Threatening mate in three moves.

A *partie* "peculiarly interesting on account of its termina... between Mr. Taylor, Pres't Norwich (Eng.) C. C., and Pro... Kling.—*Era.*

IRREGULAR OPENING.

J. O. H. Taylor.	Herr Kling.	J. O. H. Taylor.	Herr Kl...
1..P to Q R 3	P to K Kt 3	14..K Kt to K 6	K B to S...
2..P–Q 4	P–Q Kt 3	15..P–K B 3 (h)	K P × P
3..P–Q B 4	K B–Kt 2	16..K R × P	P–Q B 3
4..Q Kt–B 3	Q B–Kt 2	17..K R–his 3	B P × P
5..P–K 3	P–K 3	18..K Kt–his 5	Q 2d P ×
6..K Kt–B 3	K Kt–K 2	19..K B + P	K B–his...
7..K B–Q 3	Castles	20..Q Kt–Q 5	K B × B
8..Castles	P–Q 3	21..Q–K B 3	Q B × K...
9..P–Q Kt 3	P–K B 4	22..Q–K R 3	P–K B 3 (...
10..Q B–Kt 2	P–K 4	23..R–R 8 +	K B × K...
11..K Kt–his 5	Q–her 2	24..Q–R 7 +	K–his B...
12..P–Q 5	P–K 5	25..Q × K B +	K Kt–ho...
13..K B–B 2	K R–K sq	and Mr. Taylor resigns.	

(h) In an opening of this kind no rules are laid down b... Handbooks to guide the student how to carry on Attack and... fence. The Attack is here conducted with considerable ab... Mr. T. having still a slight superiority in position.

(i) Had Prof. Kling played 20..Q B takes Kt, the followin... rious train of play would have given his antagonist the vict...

21..K B × B	K to his B sq	23..Q × K Kt +	K × Q
22..Q × K B	K Kt–home	24..K R–h's 8, mate.	

(k) Mr. Taylor, probably, calculated upon the following:

21..	K B × K	23..R to K B 7	B × R
22..Q to K R 3	Q B × Kt	the Attack mates in 2	

(l) A curious resource to save the game. The Attack seem... have entirely overlooked the force of this move; it compl... frustrates his designs, and turns the tables in favor of the... fence.

PAULSEN VS NEW YORK CLUB.—A very interesting Tourna... is on the tapis between the above young organization and... veterans. It arose from a *defi* issued by the youngsters... champions on each side appear in the lists to do battle a... *trance* for the honor of his own club, each to play one game... or won) with every antagonist, making a total of 25 games, d... going for nothing, and the club whose champions sum... majority, takes the palm. The champions are:—

PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB.	N. Y., CHESS CLUB.
E. Chamier.	James Thompson.
— Borch.	J. P. Barnett.
John Schlesinger.	Thomas Loyd.
Otho E. Michaelis.	Carl Schultz.
F. Eugene Brenzinger.	— Zerega.

The score, at our last advices, stood, Drawn, 2; N. Y., Club... Paulsen Club, 8. Good for the young club! One of our co... pondents (J. S.) sends us some interesting points; he says:... remarkable fact is that in the first *nine* games the N. Y., ... gained *the move.*" Again:—"The Paulsen players have thus... replied P to K 4th, to all comers; while Thompson, at least... variably gives us 1..P to Q B 4th." And again:—"Most of... 'Paulsens' are over 23 years of age; Messrs. Thompson ... Zerega are old men, Messrs. Barnett, Schultz, and Loyd you... say 27 to 30." The match is contested at the N. Y., Club, ... creates a great deal of interest. Another correspondent pred... that the Paulsens will win at the rate of 15 to 10. That's the ... to have chess flourish.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FIVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.

BORN in Calcutta, in 1812, of English parents, and was edu... ted in England. At the age of fourteen she went to France, ... at fifteen was married to M. Thillon, a French gentleman. ... *début* was made at Clermont, about the year 1844, in the Opera... "Le Rossignol"—an English version of which she afterwa... produced in London. In "Jean de Paris" she sang also w... great effect, and for six months she performed night after ni... with such success, that the Parisian Managers soon became ... quainted with the history of the new star that had arisen on ... dramatic horizon. Modesty and reserve, however, indu... Mad. Tillon not to hazard an appearance before a Parisian au... ence, without a further trial of her abilities, and she accordin... engaged for a year and a half to perform at the principal Op... House, at Nantes. She was then engaged by the great sing... Antevor Jolp, for the Theatre de la Renaissance, in Paris.

Returning to London, she appeared at Drury Lane in the Op... of "The Enchantress," written expressly for her by M. de Sa... Georges, and composed by M. Balfe, after which she was ... the Haymarket, and Auber's "Domino Moir" was there adap... for her. She sang the music charmingly, and was the acme ... archness and piquancy in another Opera called "The Wonder... Water Cure," also adapted for her from the French. After sp... starring in the French provinces, she re-appeared at the Pr... cess' Theatre, London, in "The Daughter of the Regiment," ... her success was most triumphant, many preferring her to Je... Lind.

Made her *debut* on the American stage, September 18th, 185... Niblo's Theatre, New York, as La Catarina, in "Crown D... monds." First appeared in Philadelphia, October 22d, 1851, ... the Chestnut, as "La Catarina." First appeared in San Fr... cisco, California, January 16th, 1854, as "La Catarina." Sai... for England, August 9th, 1854.

In private life, Mad. T. is a most domestic wife and affectio... mother, preferring the simplicity of a rural life to the fash... and amusements of the town. She is most amiable in tem... and charitable in disposition. To a soprano of great comp... and sweetness, she unites the most exquisite finish and brill... flexibility, combining much of the taste of Jenny Lind with t... execution of that singer, added to a style and pathos peculi... her own, which we have never met with in any other artist. ... is artistic, graceful, and yet plays with an abandon of spirit a... ease of expression that charms because it is so very natural a... unaffected.

MRS. VERNON.

BORN in Brighton, Sussex, England. Maiden name Ja... Marchant Fisher; made her first appearance on the Lond... stage in 1817, at Drury Lane Theatre, as "Lilliput." Her *de...* in America was at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1837, as C... cily Homespun, in "The Heir at Law;" was a member of t... Park Theatre, New York, for a long time. Mrs. Vernon is a ve... lady-like and well-dressed woman, off and on the stage; she ... tall, and her figure is good—rather youthful for her age, the e... pression of her face is pleasant, the contour is thoroughly E... glish, and what in England would be called "old fashioned... from its identity with the faces so often found in ancient pict... galleries.

As the representative of what are technically called "Old W... men," Mrs. Vernon has few equals on the American stage. H... perception of character seems to be intuitive, and the illust... tion of a Mrs. Candor, to be as much within her scope, as tha... Miss Betty Trotwood. Old or young—the antiquated spinst... the pert chambermaid, or the lady of fashion, we have nothing ... our boards like Mrs Vernon. She is truly one of our actresses, a... when her powers fail, she will leave a vacancy upon our stage n... easily to be supplied; there is a buoyancy, an ease and richne... about her performances so like to nature, that art is indistin... guishable. It is the very perfection of art in the concealment ... all study, and the rigidity of its lines. She makes no sacrifice ... applause, and in all her personations seems wholly unconscio... of the effects she is producing. Mrs. Vernon, it is well know... is the sister of Mrs. Maeder, more celebrated as Clara Fisher... unlike that lady, Mrs. Vernon discovered no precocity of tale... in early youth; on the contrary, her talents were elicited by ti... and study, and have been matured by practice. They are of t... sterling a quality to loose their force, until that period wh... time with its decaying hand shall have stripped her of the l... Autumn leaf.

CHARLES MUZZY.

DIED at Auburn, N. Y., January 9th, 1852. Mr. Muzzy was ... free-hearted, noble-minded man, a good scholar, and fine writer... We remember having read many of his poems which were above... the average. For many years Mr. Muzzy was a popular actor... through for a time he was in Mercantile business in New York.

Three days before his death his companions laughed at him f... nursing what they deemed a foolish illusion. But his forebodings ... were all verified. His body was taken to Buffalo, and buried b... Mrs. Muzzy in a manner that honored her affection. The fir... intimation of the death stroke was conveyed to his wife in a ... singular manner. She was awakened from a quiet sleep by a ... fancied call. Opening her eyes, she imagined she saw her hus... band by her bed-side. Sleep came no more to her that night... Early in the morning, she said to her sister, "I must go to Charl... les—he is dying. The same day a telegram came telling her t... hasten to Auburn.

MRS. HELEN MUZZY.

OUR impression is, that this lady was born in Boston, though... we are ignorant of her early life, and even of her maiden name... However, we know that she came from an excellent family, one ... member of which was Judge Curtis, formerly one of the justices ... of the United States Supreme Court.

Judge Curtis was strenuously opposed to her being on the ... stage, and frequently wrote to her soliciting her renunciation o... the profession; but her lot was cast, and she remained steadfas... to the cause of the drama. When quite young she married Mr. ... Charles Muzzy of New York, the companion and school-mate o... Hon. John McKean. (late U. S., District Attorney), and of many ... other eminent men whose names now have passed from our ... memory. Mr. and Mrs. Muzzy were once favorite members o... the Old Tremont Theatre, Boston, where they played seven con... secutive seasons.

They also performed at the Boston Museum, where they were

much esteemed. At one time they performed in Philadelphia. After travelling a short time with G. A. Hough's company, Mr. Muzzy died in a hotel at Auburn, N. Y.

Some time after the death of her husband, Mrs. M., went to Albany, and played at the Greene Street Theatre, then under the management of Connor—also at the Albany Museum, with manager Wellington A. Meech.

From Albany, Mrs. Muzzy went to Charles Street Theatre, Baltimore, then conducted by Laura Keene. Afterwards became a member of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she remained for two seasons. She then re-visited Baltimore and Richmond.

During the Fall of 1860, we met her at Baltimore, attached to the Front Street Theatre.

Mrs. Muzzy is a woman of strong impulse, generous, gifted, and warm-hearted; of a poetic nature, and a romantic disposition, forgiving, self-sacrificing, and affectionate. Her life has been a series of troubles, trials, and temptations, a scene of battles, and in many respects a scene of triumphs.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

April 20.—Jesse Hatton and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch-weight, Home Circuit.

29.—Fred Fisher and T. Brannan—£10 a side, 9st 3lb, Birmingham.

30.—Cook and Kenny—£15 a side, 8st 9lb, Birmingham.

May 6.—Peter Morris and John Hartley—£25 a side, at 8st, London.

6.—Marley and Welsh—£25 a side. Welsh to be 9st 3lb, and Marley 10st.

8.—Evans and Jones—£20 a side, at catch-weight. Western Circuit.

21.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.

C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries, and H. (Nobby) Hall, of Birmingham, £50 a side, at 9st. 6lb.—The match between these men, which has caused immense excitement in the Birmingham district, was fixed to take place on Tuesday, April 22, but, in consequence of the interference of the police, who mustered in great force, added to a disinclination on the part of Wilkinson to choose a referee, the affair was not settled. The weighing took place on Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, at the Cat and Whittington, Birmingham, both men being about a pound and a half within their weight. A meeting was to be held on Tuesday night to appoint a referee, and to name the whereabouts for a meeting on the next day.

In reference to the above affair, we have, by later advices received the following further particulars:—According to articles they met at Woolsley Bridge, Staffordshire (the place appointed by Wilkinson, who won the toss for choice), at an early hour in the morning, but in consequence of the interference of the police, a remove was rendered imperative. After crossing the Trent, and visiting Little Heywood, the blues were again in great force. The backers and advisers of both men were in fault respecting the next move, and an attempt was made to pick a referee, which, after a vast amount of noisy discussion, was for a time lulled by Morris Roberts being chosen by the respective backers of the principals. Hall agreed at once, but as Wilkinson, for reasons of his own, negatived the choice of his backers, the affair was of course in *statu quo*. Nobby Hall's friends next chose several well-known and responsible parties, all of whom were decidedly and emphatically refused. As a last resource, Hall offered to allow Wilkinson's trainer to be the official, but even this met with a decided negative. After this a move was made with the idea that if the ring was formed a person could be found whom Wilkinson would agree to; but all was "labor lost," for the authorities were at every available spot in great numbers, and finally at the dusk of evening, a return was made homewards. The men and backers having had a consultation it was agreed that the stakeholder should name the next time of meeting, the men to weigh as previously—the day before fighting—and to name the referee. In accordance to the wish of the combatants, the stakeholder named Wednesday, May 7, as the day, but has refused to name the referee, leaving that to the men themselves. It is to be hoped that an interesting match like the one under consideration will not be another prop knocked away from the already falling fabric of the ring, but that both parties will put a shoulder to the wheel to endeavor to bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion.

Sharp Encounter near Birmingham, between Hammer Davis and Tom Brown, at catch-weight, for £5 a side.—On Monday morning, April 21, at a very early hour, these comparative novices met at California (not of gold-digging notoriety), about five miles out of Birmingham, to settle their claims. Hammer had for his attendants Posh Price and a friend, Tom Brown being escorted by Ben Garrington and an old pal. Preliminaries being adjusted, Mr. Harrison accepted the office of referee, and the men quickly got to business. On stripping, Hammer showed much too fleshy, while his opponent, although subject to the same failing, was in better condition, and being half a stone heavier, two inches taller, and longer in the reach, appeared an awkward customer for Hammer, and the sequel proved that he was so—as from the very commencement, he took a decided lead, and although Hammer showed much activity and science, he was unable to get on to his man with any effect—while Brown, who drew first blood in the first round by a spanking hit on the nose, and obtained the first knock-down in the fourth round, planted on his man too heavily to be pleasant, considerably altering the *os frontis* of poor Hammer, whose case, from this round, became hopeless; and, after fighting fifteen rounds in thirty-five minutes, his backer very humanely threw up the sponge, much against the will of Hammer, who was greatly mortified at his defeat, and showed thorough game throughout. Betting before the fight: 7 to 4 on Brown. After the fourth round, 2 to 1 went begging.

The late Fight between Thomas and Nolan.—The stakeholder having called a meeting, both the men and their backers met on Friday morning, April 18, to make a final arrangement respecting the late contest. The friends of Dan Thomas, the week previous, had stated they would bring proof that the Nolan party, when their man was being beaten, had fetched the police, and the opportunity was afforded them to prove the same at the late meeting. Nothing definite was proved, and the mere fact of even one "blue" being at the ring side perfectly justified the referee in stopping the fight; and, on the policeman ordering the men to desist, either was justified in leaving the ring! The stakeholder, therefore, has ordered the men to fight again on May 27, and to weigh the day before, at the usual hour. Whether this will meet the views of the men and their backers remains to be seen, but anything is better than a draw, however much it may be a hardship for the combatants to undergo another preparation for the original amount. The rural blues are said to have made an excursion to London on Saturday, and managed to secure Thomas while quietly housed, and carried him off to answer for his *laches* before a Berkshire bench of beaks. The referee was taken the next day, but both were let out on bail. Nolan, to "avoid" being taken under the paternal wing of the magistracy, has left the galeties of the metropolis for a time.

P. S.—In consequence of the apprehension of Dan Thomas and the referee for their participation in the late fight between Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan, for £200 a side, at 8st. 10lb, the affair at present remains in abeyance. Dan Thomas and his backers refuse to allow a draw, and as Nolan's party are of the same mind, nothing remains but to wait patiently until after the decision of the magisterial bench at the Berkshire Sessions in July.

Harry Broome's Farewell Benefit.—Harry Broome was to take a farewell benefit at Astley's Theatre, on Monday, April 28, previous to his going to Australia, when there would be the usual entertainment, and the Female Blondin, who walked across the Thames, had consented to perform on a single wire.

AQUATICS.

GREAT SKIFF RACE ON THE TYNE.

BETWEEN

RICHARD CLASPER AND TEASDALE WILSON, FOR £80.

This event, which has attracted the attention of the lovers of boating on the Tyne for the last few weeks, came off on Saturday evening, April 19, but not in so satisfactory a manner as could have been wished. The exceeding good luck which attended Wilson's boating career last year, and the no less great success of Clasper, made the race looked for as one of the greatest aquatic events of the year. Richard Clasper is the youngest brother of that celebrated name, but much lighter than any of his brothers, though for science and gameness is not surpassed by any of them. He is thirty-seven years of age, has scrambled up to the height of 5 feet 2 inches, and has a cumbrous bulk of 8st 6lb. He has been the most wonderful skiff rower ever known, and, as he possesses a large share of determination and self-esteem, men of any size are no detriment to Dickey, for many times he has turned out against men many stones heavier than himself, and licked them. His boating commenced in 1844, on the Thames, with the handling of the lines, steering his brothers and Uncle Ned on to victory for the £50 prize, open to all provincials, at that period being nineteen years old, but he could not turn the scale with 7st. The next year he was more fortunate, and, for the first time in history, with good generalship he landed the same crew the winners of the championship of the world, its banner ever since having floated on the Tyne. As Richard was considered too light to take an oar in the four, he devoted his principal boating time to skiff rowing. As before noticed, his bump of self-esteem is very prominent. He would row any man, height or weight being no object. But his greatest opponent was his brother-in-law, James Candlish, and we believe they rowed against each other nine times in regattas and matches, Richard having a majority of one in his favor. He then rowed several pair-oared races with his brother Harry, and was generally successful, and in 1851 was bow oarsman to his brothers at the Henley-on-Thames Regatta, when they rowed and defeated the celebrated London crew, which was composed of three of the champions of the Thames and a rower of first-clas ability, their names being Robert Coombes, James Messenger, Thomas Cole and William Pocock, being the best crew the Claspers ever contended against on the Thames. After this event Dicky confined himself to local contests, rowing and beating many good men. For about four years he was completely domesticated, and, probably, would not have appeared again at the oar had not a promising rower named William Lumley challenged him to a passage at arms. Dick was indignant at being challenged by a landsman, and, as he had plenty of backers, he met Lumley on the Wear, and defeated him by several lengths. He next rowed with that clever little oarsman, George Wakefield, whom he defeated easily. He afterwards met the celebrated Robert Cooper, receiving four lengths' start. Richard again showed his generalship, for being thoroughly acquainted with the laws of boat-racing, he took the advantage which his opponent gave him. As it was, the Little Wonder was once more declared the victor. He was trained by his nephew, J. H. Clasper, both in sculls and health. His boat was built expressly for the purpose by his brother Henry, and is one of his best specimens—although only 11in. wide, and weighing under 30lb, her rough water qualities were proved beyond a doubt. The career of Teasdale, for the short time he has been a rower, has scarcely a parallel, particularly in boats that require strength and endurance; and last year, whenever he rowed, fortune favored him; this year he signalised himself by beating Towns, of Shields, one of the best rowers in ballast keel boats. He has been trained by James Hall, and could not have been in better condition. He originally intended to row in the Champion of the Thames, by Clasper, more particularly as he had been so successful previously in her, and being considered one of the best rough-water boats ever built by that celebrated artist; but as age is making inroads in her constitution, his backers secured for him a boat built by Matthew Taylor, which is considered by judges to be a fine specimen of the art; and as he rowed her admirably, his backers were very confident. Previous to the race, 5 to 4 was laid on him, and had Dick's friends been inclined, they might have had hatsful of money. Half-past six was the time fixed to be in their boats, but during the day the wind almost blew a hurricane, and up to the last minute it was doubtful whether their tiny craft could skim the agitated waters. Six steamers attended the race, that commodious steamer Garibaldi being chartered by Harry Clasper, carrying the officials—namely, J. Adams for Teasdale, Harry Clasper for his brother, and Mr. T. Pickett referee; Mr. W. Blakely was stakeholder. As the time was well suited for working men to attend, the bridges and quays were thickly studded with human beings, and the new quay presented such an appearance in one moving mass as was scarcely ever witnessed at any previous contest. Wilson put off first from the Close, when the little 'un immediately followed, both appearing in excellent spirits, although the water was so rough that many thought neither would live the distance. Clasper won the toss, and chose the north side. Teasdale, instead of starting as near as practicable to his little plucky opponent, took the extreme south side of the water, and although his backers beckoned him to come to the north side, he, with an unaccountable freak, was determined to have the breadth of the river between them. During the day the wind had been S.W., but after a shower of rain it veered round a little and settled N.W., consequently he had to row the whole distance on a lee shore. Clasper took up his position at the abutment of the first arch, and none seemed more astonished at Teasdale's position than he, and he repeatedly asked what he was doing yonder. At last it was plainly seen that Teasdale was determined to risk his fame, but on the chance of a chapter of accidents, and off he went a length or two before Dick actually knew it was the starting for a catch. Clasper immediately crept close to the north side, while Teasdale kept steaming away as well as any man could under the circumstances. When they were opposite the Skinners' Burn, Clasper must have had upwards of a length the best of it. Indeed, from this point it was a guinea to a penny on the little 'un. On rowing up the railway quay, Wilson was repeatedly in difficulties, and it was evident, from the rough usage his boat was receiving from the angry waves, fortune had, in this race, forsaken him. Dick rowed quite composed, and although many times he buffeted the breakers, yet his boat always emerged, and like the stormy petrel, laughed at their violence. Off Clasper's boat-house Dick led by about 200 yards, and in going up the Annie he literally ran away from him. In the meantime Teasdale kept buffetting away, being very *sang froid* in crab-catching, and as he took close by Dunston House, many declared that his intention must be to explore the Southern Hemisphere. Indeed, he fell so far astern while Clasper was rowing up the meadows, that many of the spectators on the deck of the Garibaldi strained their optics to catch a glimpse of a white speck that must have been at least half a mile in the rear. As the boats approached the high end of the Meadows (in a sailing phrase) the seas were running mountains high, and some were confident that they measured from the trough to the top four feet, and as Dick's boat was only 2¼ high at the stern, great fears were entertained that after all the "little 'un" would be submerged, but, after due caution and extraordinary generalship, and amidst the general cheering of the spectators, he overcame all obstacles, and "Richard was himself again." On rounding the Meadows, the telescope was called into requisition, but no white speck that indicated the prow of Teasdale could be perceived. He had gone ashore, his beautiful craft a mere wreck, and himself completely discomfitted at his folly. Clasper rowed the remainder of the distance, doing the whole course in 37 min. 18 sec. He was taken on board the Garibaldi, and was almost dry, and, although his boat was several times overhead, yet there was not more water in her than the once celebrated Crumbie would have taken at a draught. The foolishness and stubbornness of Wilson will have a serious effect with his backers on his future chances, for a more foolish act could not have been done, not only in taking such a course, but the distance he had to row was at least 100 yards further. This is Richard Clasper's last race; but whether his friends will allow him to remain in that opinion, time will try.

Scullers' Race on the Tyne between John Sim and William Balmbra, for £30.—These aspirants for aquatic fame appeared at the High Level Bridge, early on Monday, April 21, in Clasper's new sculler boats, to contend to the high end of the Meadows, for £30; Sim giving Balmbra two boat lengths' start. The morning was beautiful in the extreme for a boat race, and by eight o'clock a large number of spectators took up their positions on the banks of the Tyne, especially where a commanding view could be obtained. About a quarter past eight o'clock the men took up their positions, Balmbra on the north side, and after a little suspense they started. Both men were quickly at work; but it was at once apparent that Sim's intention was to beat his man as soon as possible, as his strokes were much quicker than is usually seen in a boat race of this character. When they were opposite the Bottle Works, Sim had lessened the start by one-half, and on reaching the Grindstone Quay he succeeded in bringing his boat level. From this point to the Shot Tower, Balmbra rowed a splendid oar, and for a time Sim's previous exertions seemed to have told on him, but he was decidedly the stronger man, and when opposite the ferry he drew half a length in advance. Balmbra made some splendid spurts, but could not keep the pace; and at Clasper's Boat House, Sim led by two lengths. The race was scarcely in doubt after this, and Sim went in a winner by three lengths.

WRESTLING.

Wrestling At Hackney Wick.—In addition to other sports at this ground on April 18, some good wrestling took place, of which the following is an account. The play commenced by Wyatt (Devon) and Williams (Cornwall). After a very short bout, Wyatt threw his man by the in-lock, and kept the ring. Wyatt (D) and Banbury then came together, the latter being thrown by the in-lock, and Wyatt became a standard. In the next bout, between S. Mills and Stoyles (D), some cautious play ensued, and, after playing some time, both commenced kicking, at which the public immediately showed their disapprobation, and the men ceased playing with their feet. In their final grasp, Stoyles, in falling, hurt his arm, and Mills stood the ring against E. Minear (C). Some fine play ensued, Mills eventually throwing his man by the in-lock—Mills becoming a standard. J. Soper (D) and Hurswell, of Rotherhithe, then came together, when, after some good play, the last-named was grassed by the in-lock, a very fair fall, and Soper stood the ring. G. Davie (D) then entered the ring against Soper. On taking hold, they immediately struggled for the fall, which being an undecided one, they again took hold, and after a short bout, Soper threw his opponent, and became a standard. J. Glanville (D) and A. Luscombe (D) were the next to enter; the latter threw his man after a short time, and stood the ring against Tiernan. Some excellent foils were made, the men being well matched, the fall resulting in favor of Luscombe, who then was made a standard. Banbury (D) and Snell (D) next contested, Snell soon threw his man by the "back heel," and held the ring against Gardner (D). The last man was soon thrown by the "back heel," and Snell became a standard. F. Gould (D) and King (a Guardsman) next contended, King being thrown two undecided falls. On again taking hold, some good play ensued, King being thrown, Gould standing the ring. King again entered, but was again thrown a fine fall, Gould being declared a standard. King again challenged for the ring, and was fronted by Blackburn, of Lincoln, who played time, and Blackburn stood the ring against E. Snell. Some good play was made in this bout, the men playing time, and Snell stood the ring against Gamble (D) the latter being thrown by the fore-hip. Roberts then entered against Snell, and, after some really fine wrestling, played time, and closed the sports.

A Wrestling Encounter.—On Monday, April 21, the long-pending match between Joseph Acton, of Hurst, near Ashton, and Samuel Woolstenholme, of Clifton, to wrestle the best of three back-falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £25 a side, Acton being catch-weight, and Woolstenholme not to exceed 6 score 10lb weight, came off at Suffolk Borough Gardens. The articles also stipulated that the men were to wrestle in stocking feet; all foul acts barred out, and neither man to be rubbed with any grease, rosin, or other pernicious drugs. The betting commenced at evens, and soon rose to 2 to 1 on Woolstenholme. Soon after three o'clock the men entered the ring, and all being in readiness, the men shook hands, and at once commenced business, Woolstenholme soon displaying great strength; however, Acton, in four minutes, rolled him over on his back, and got the first throw. According to agreement, the men had ten minutes of an interval, during which time slight odds were offered on Acton, by many persons on the wrong side of the edge. At length, the referee calling time, both men again placed themselves in attitude; but after wrestling for twelve minutes, during which time there were some sharp points displayed by both men, Acton got behind his opponent, and again sent him to grass, thus winning both throws in sixteen minutes.

Championship Wrestling at Newcastle.—The annual sports at this place, including wrestling, running, and leaping, commenced on Monday, April 21. As the two latter were only of a mediocre sort, they are passed over, to give place to the wrestling, which was first-class. For the Lord Decies prize of £20 to Northumberland men, there were fifty-five entries, which resulted in W. Hepple and W. Little having to contend for the final fall. After a little play, Hepple slipped in a hank, and the man came down together, though it was difficult to say which touched the ground first. It was decided a dog fall. They took hold again, when Hepple very cleverly buttocked him. In the next hold, Hepple nearly got Little on his buttock, but the other, by cleverness, avoided the impending defeat. After some play, Little put in a buttock, and sent his antagonist to grass. They took hold again, when Hepple tried twice to lift the other, but Little elicked him, and Hepple was obliged to put him down again. Little, thinking that his turn had come, tried an outside chip, but not finding this to suit, he put in an inside hank; Hepple, however, gathered upon him, turned him, and threw him, but both men came to the ground so nearly together, that the umpires decided it was a dog fall. On taking hold again, the affair only occupied a few seconds, for Hepple seemed to make a snap, and Little was quickly grassed. Hepple consequently won the fall.

For the prize of £28, for eleven stone men, open to all the world, there were eighty-four competitors, the contest for which concluded as follows:—Harrington and Mat. Blair, both powerful men and finished wrestlers, each appeared to have numbers of friends. Among those immediately around the ring, cries of "Gan on, Joe," "Had away, Mat," rose on all sides, though it must be confessed that Harrington appeared to be the favorite. The contest displayed some finished and scientific wrestling; but, just as they had got each other into a very critical position, in which a very slight accident might decide the event either way, Harrington unexpectedly slipped his hold, and threw himself at full length upon the ground.

It was at once apparent that an accident had occurred, from the pain the poor fellow seemed to be suffering. Previous to the wrestling, he had hurt his leg, and just at the moment victory seemed to be in his grasp, a severe sprain of the same limb prevented him from continuing "play," and he declared that he felt himself unable to contest for the fall, which was consequently awarded to Mat. Blair. The two standers were therefore Mat. Blair and his brother Joseph, who laid down to Matthew, whereupon the latter became entitled to the prize.

The whole of the men who fell in the second and succeeding rounds received money proportionate to the number of rounds they took part in.

For the prize of £15, at nine stone seven pounds, Tiffin and Nicholson were the final contestants. Betting, 2 to 1 on Tiffin. Tiffin threw in the hank, and put him down, gaining the first fall. In the next bout, Nicholson swung Tiffin, but had to set him down again. Tiffin improved his hold, and the other, finding his situation becoming ticklish, slipped in a hank to save himself; Tiffin, however, gathered upon him, and threw him in fine style, with the hank in. Tiffin consequently won the prize, this being the second year in succession.

A prize of £32 for men of all weights was next on the list, and Wm. Jamieson and Richard Wright successfully pulled through to the finish, and were pitted together for the final fall. They were loudly applauded on making their appearance in the arena. Some time was lost in taking hold, and the audience became impatient. When Dick got hold, Jamieson put his arms down, and *vice versa*. Loud cries of "Put them out," from the impatient audience. To put a stop to this unsatisfactory state of things, the bell was rung to call together the competitors in the sack race. Just at this time the two men got hold. Jamieson tried to hipe Dick, but Dick stopped him, and tried a hank on his own account, but failed in effecting a change. Jamieson, at a critical moment, put in a hipe, and threw Dick, the whole affair only occupying a few moments. Between this and the the two final falls there was a sack race. On resuming business, Jamieson took Wright up on his breast, and swung him half round, and tried to hipe him, but Dick stopped him. Nothing deterred, Jamieson again picked him up, and swung him, and, by a skillful stroke outside, sent Dick to grass. The style in which Jamieson thus followed up his success at Hornsey Wood, on Good Friday, was received with loud cheering.

The Decies Champion Prize for picked men, open to all the world, came next on the docket, for which a sturdy set of thirty-two men entered, which, like the event immediately previous, resulted in Wright and Jamieson having to contend for the final falls. As this is considered a very important event in wrestling sports, we here give the names of the competitors:—

First Round.—Stood—W. Hepple, Greenhead; W. Thornwaite, Newcastle; J. Mattrass, Weardale; T. Davidson, Castleside; J. Emmerson, Weardale; H. Ivison, Carlisle; W. Jamieson, Penrith; T. Kirkup, Longtown; R. Pattinson, Cumwhitton; R. Wright, Longtown; M. Blair, Allendale; R. Blair, Allendale; G. Glaister, Greenah Hall; L. Wearmouth, Weardale; J. Wearmouth, Weardale; and T. Rowlandson, Wharton. Fell—C. Kennedy, Stapleton; W. Charlton, Redmire; R. Smith, Abbey; J. Craig, Allendale; J. Summerville, Kirklinton; J. Kear, Haltwhistle; J. Ewbank, Bampton; T. Phillips, Stapleton; W. Watson, Weardale; J. Fisher, Appleby; J. Story, Wigton; W. Armstrong, Carlisle; J. Pattinson, Weardale; J. Blair, Allendale; W. Little, Greenhead; and W. Robson, Midgeholme.

Second Round.—Stood—Wright, Pattinson, J. Wearmouth, M. Blair, Emerson, Rowlandson, Jamieson, and Mattrass.

Third Round.—Stood—Wright, Pattinson, Rowlandson, and Jamieson. In the fourth round Jamieson and Wright were successful, when they forthwith proceeded to contend for the final falls. On making their appearance they were greeted with loud applause. The play in the first wrestle was splendid, and was vociferously cheered, the struggle being a most exciting one. Several feints were made by both men, but Jamieson stuck closely to Dick, gathered upon him, and finally gained the fall by a half-buttock. Dick, probably thinking his turn had come, grappled Jamieson manfully. Jamieson, however, managed to turn Dick and get him into somewhat a favorable position for hiping, but the latter move failed. Dick, improving on the same tactics, tried a hipe successfully, and felled his antagonist. In the next bout, fortune favored Jamieson, who disposed of Dick by a stroke and hipe, and gained the fall. Jamieson consequently won the prize, amid the most vociferous cheering. After dressing himself, Jamieson put on the splendid Champion belt provided by the munificence of Lord Decies, and passed out of the ring, amidst loud and reiterated cheers from all around, attended by a large body of admirers and friends. With the wrestling for this prize the Newcastle Easter Sports came to a successful and satisfactory termination about eight o'clock in the evening, as the shades of declining day were drawing round.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Twenty Miles Handicap.—This event was decided at Brompton April 18, about 500 people being present—of which a very good sprinkling were in the reserved seats. The following eight noted men accepted and ran:—Jones, of Islington, at scratch; Stapleton, of Staleybridge, 220 yards; Andrews, of Holborn, 550; R. Manks, the Warwickshire Antelope, 660; Jackson, the American Deer, 770; Toddy Ray, half a mile; Goulding, of Stepney, three quarters of a mile; and Myers, of Newmarket, one mile. In the first mile the men did little more than settle down to their work. In the second, Stapleton and Jones passed Andrews; and Stapleton also got before Goulding and Myers. In the third, Old Jackson gave little Toody Ray the go-by, and Jones, who was running in fine form, passed Goulding and Myers; and in the course of the fourth mile, Jones ran past Manks, who immediately after broke down badly in the right leg, and retired. In the fifth mile, Goulding gave up, thus reducing the competitors to six; and in the sixth, Jones passed Stapleton, and then, while running the seventh mile, got all among the old 'uns, and passed them one after the other, and shortly after, Myers retired. At the eighth mile, Andrews cried a go; and at the end of the ninth, Jackson was leading by about sixty yards, Jones lying second, heading Stapleton by a good lap; Jackson, Jones, Stapleton, and Toddy Ray were the four left running, and the interest was well sustained. In the eleventh mile, Jones got in front for the first time, and so gradually did he increase his lead that the race appeared settled, and only resolved itself into a question of staying. Stapleton succumbed in the thirteenth mile, and retired, Jones still leading, and going well; Jackson second, and Toddy Ray third. Toddy was an immense favorite with the crowd on the hill, a perfect roar greeting him every time he passed that end of the ground, but when "Mr. Toddy" called out for "summut to eat," and was forthwith furnished with a couple of rounds of dry toast, which he managed to *wolf* while running, the cheers and laughter were uproarious, and the merriment reached its climax, when, in the following mile, Toddy threw his left shoe. Going round for the fifteenth mile, Jackson called out "he could not catch Jones, so should keep Toddy company," and this brace of old-'uns ran "arm-in-arm" round the back stretch, but, on receiving a whisper from friends that Jones was getting slow, the American Deer at once quitted Toddy's company, and started off with renewed vigor. The excitement kept increasing, as lap after lap Jackson gradually neared Jones, and passed him in the eighteenth mile, increasing his lead little by little. Jones, from the great efforts he had made in passing all his opponents, some with one mile start, others three-quarters, and so on, had literally run himself to a stand-still, and, although the gallant fellow ran on to the commencement of the twentieth mile, nature was dead beat; he fell from sheer exhaustion, and was carried off the ground, Jackson thus winning, with great ease, the first prize, of £20; and Toddy Ray the second prize, of £4. Jackson (the Old American Deer) brought back the memory of other years; he ran at the last as strong as a lion, and the fine, free style in which he went after Jones, and cut him down, will be long remembered by those who had the gratification of witnessing the light of other days flare up again.

Seven Mile Walking Match.—On Monday, April 21, a seven miles' walking-match came off at Ipswich, in the presence of a large number of spectators, between James Smith, of Ipswitch, and Thomas Andrews, of Sudbury, for a bet of £10. On the signal being given, both men started off at a brisk pace, Smith taking a slight lead, which he maintained for some little time; Andrews, however, kept close upon his opponent's heels. The men completed the first mile in 7 min. 30 sec., and Andrews then put on a spurt and took the lead, but he did not keep it for long, as Smith again put on the steam and went to the front. Both men, during the next four or five miles, lost and regained the lead, but neither of them was at any time more than a yard in the rear. On entering the last lap, breast to breast, it was very evident that both meant to win, and, being loudly cheered by the spectators, they strained every nerve. On reaching the last corner, Andrews put on a fine spurt, and won cleverly by about a yard. The seven miles were walked in 57 min. 30 sec. Andrews is an amateur, and this was the first match in which he has walked with a professional.

A Two Mile Go.—On Saturday, April 19, Siah Albison and James Anderson ran a race of two miles for £25 a side, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester. Judging from the first-rate condition of each man when stripped, it was evident that neither of them had left a stone unturned for this contest. Betting commenced at evens, and rose to 6 to 4 on Sanderson; but it soon veered round, and became the same odds on Albison, there being at the finish a deal more money for him than for Sanderson; still, a vast amount of the needful changed hands on the affair. The course, which is a circuitous route, measures 804 yards, 2 ft., consequently, it was necessary to make six laps, minus 108 yards, to complete the two miles. All the usual preliminaries having been duly arranged, and the men agreeing to finish at the top of the straight run, they at once disrobed, and toed the mark, when a very good start was effected, Sanderson at once taking the lead, and, on arriving opposite the stand the first time, he was about ten yards in advance. Very little alteration took place during the next circuit, Albison seeming content to make a waiting race of it until coming down the back stretch the next time, when he began to put on the steam, but Sanderson was on the alert and did the same, leaving Albison further in the rear. Almost from this point it was evident that Sanderson had the race in hand, as he kept gradually widening the gap between them until arriving at the bottom turn in the last lap, where Albison gave up, completely pumped out, and thus allowed Sanderson to walk in at his leisure.

Origin of the word Quiz.—Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings, as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word," it is still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bailey to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious; it is because it has no meaning, nor is derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was a patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; betting was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would hear spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "quiz," which they chalked on every door and every shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, everybody going to and coming from their different places of worship, saw the word, and everybody repeated it, so that "quiz" was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to pass current, it draws forth the expression—*you are quizzing me.*

Loss of a Fine-tooth Comb.—An English Methodist preacher, who spoke in a meeting out West, told the following story:—"It is but a little while since I was travelling along one of our great rivers surrounded by the deep forrest. I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side, and there I found a poor family in gre-a-a-t affliction-ah! They were all sick; their children were shivering and starving; their heads frowsy and dirty; and I was informed by their mother that they had *lost their fine-tooth comb-ah!* They was ignorant of the go-spel, and didn't seem to care about it 'ither; for when I reasoned with 'em the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine-tooth comb-ah! 'Have you a Bible in your cabin?' said I to her. 'Yes, theer on the catch-all,' pinting to a narrow shelf over the smoky fire place, 'but we don't read into it; ha'nt read anyon't but once't when little Bill died with the ager, for as much as tew months!' I got on a dye tub, my frens, that stood in the corner, and reached up and took down the blessed book, all covered with dust, and what do you think it was I opened to-ah? What do you think it was I found there to satisfy the longings of that poor woman-ah? It was the long-lost, the long-wanted fine-tooth comb! Oh, my hearers, *sarch skripters!* If she had only sarched skripters, how her mind would a been eased; for she would have found her fine-tooth comb, comb'd the frowzy heads of her children, and made her peace with her Maker-ah!

A Cool Chap.—An apparently unsophisticated youth went into one of our refectories, a few days ago, and asked for something to appease his hunger. The keeper gave him a very good dinner, after which the youth said to his friend:—

"If you ever come our way, call."

"That won't do. Your dinner is a quarter."

"O, I hain't got no money, but if you'll come up to Alleghany county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing."

"Why," said the keeper, "you are very cool."

"Why, yes, I'm a very cool chap—so much so that mother makes me stand in the pantry in hot weather, *to keep meat from spoiling!*"

Minute Carving.—Fenant, in his "History of Wales," gives the following account of the ingenuity of an artist:—"At Halston, in Shropshire, the seat of the Myttons, is preserved a carving, much resembling that mentioned by Walpole in his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' Vol. II., p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full-faced, cut out on a peach stone; above is his crown; his face and clothes, which are vandyck dress, are painted; on the reverse is an eagle, transfixed with an arrow; and round it is this motto:—'I feathered this arrow.' The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It is supposed to be the work of Nicholas Briot, a great carver of the mint, in the time of Charles I."

The Gal that Took Root.—A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, and the loveliest female present occupied a chair near the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady, with a palpitating heart he exclaimed:—

"Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?"

Her lustrous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy, while her pearly teeth glistened, her heavy, snowy bosom rose and fell with joyful rapture, as she replied:—

"Yes-sir-ree! for I've sot, and sot, till I've most tuk root!"

Keeping the Peace.—A wealthy Quaker in Indiana, whose four beautiful horses were the admiration of the place, was asked to aid pecuniarily in the formation of a regiment of cavalry. He replied: "Friend, thou knowest that I cannot give thee money or horses for war—war is wicked—but as for my four horses, it is true that two will serve my needs; and friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked; and if I see thee on one of my horses, and thy friend James on another, I will keep the peace towards you both." The stable door was found unlocked, and the Quaker did not go before the magistrate when two of his fine horses were missing.

Horse Leap Extraordinary.—The following is an account of a leap that has been measured, which was taken by a grey horse the last time the Pytchley hounds met, at North Kibworth, Eng., March 26, in the course of the run. The fence was an ox fence, staked and header bound, and when measured from where he took off to where he landed, was 12 yards 1 foot 5 inches, over a marl pit, which was not seen till the rider went at the fence. If he had not got over, the horse must have broken his back, as the pit was of some depth. The horse is the property of the Viscount Ingestre, and is called Lather.

Power of a Laugh.—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

Writing to the Lord.—An exchange states that at the breaking of ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee Railroad, to Lynchburg, a clergyman slowly and solemnly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his spade, and his arms on the handle, looking intently in the Chaplain's face, straightened himself up, and remarked very audibly: "Well, I reckon dat's de fust time de Lord's eber ben writ to on de subjec of railroads."

Tight-Rope Walking.—A lad by the name of Whatford, seventeen years of age, appeared on Monday, April 14, on a rope two inches in circumference, stretched across the Thames at Hampton Court Bridge, Eng. The rope was quite slack—in fact, swaying the whole time, so that during a part of the time his feet were quite under water! All who saw him were highly gratified at the performance. An offer is made to back him to walk on a rope against any novice, for from £5 to £50 a side.

Successful Hunting.—A woodman employed in the forest belonging to the Abbey of Affighem, in Belgium, was a short time since pursuing a hare, when puss took refuge in a rabbit-hole at the foot of an old oak. He set to work to dig her out, but instead of the fugitive discovered an earthen vessel filled with a great quantity of Spanish gold coin of the sixteenth century, which he conveyed carefully home, and thus was raised to comparative affluence.

The Alphabet.—The twenty-four letters of the Alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

Delights of a Bath.—"The effect produced upon the skin by being about twenty minutes in the bath," said a luxurious Frenchman to his friend, "is absolutely delicious." "Sir," he added with emphasis, "there is nothing in this world that has a more irresistible tendency to the growth of conceit; one cannot go into a bath without falling in love with himself."

Money well laid out.—"No money is better spent," says Dr. Johnson "than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is well dressed." This must have been said when Mrs. Johnson had just worried the doctor out of a new gown.

A Recommendation.—A medical man advertising his "practice" for sale, winds up, after stating all its advantages, with the following additional recommendation:—"N. B. Not five minutes' distance from an extra large railway station."

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Parties of known excellence desiring engagements, may
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Three first class Danseuses,
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The Garden contains delightful promenades, complete Gymnasium, and every other amusement that can be expected in a public Garden.
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The above popular place of Amusement has been thoroughly refitted, and is now doing a fine business.
The Company at present consists of
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ASSISTED BY THE EMINENT BALLADIST,
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WANTED.—For the "Defiance Theatre," Cairo, Ill. A. G. Williams, Manager; J. B. Curran, Stage Manager; a Juvenile Man, First Walking Gentleman, a Prompter, (one who will not object to playing small parts,) and two good Utility Men. Also, a leading Lady, First Old Woman, and Walking Lady. They must be persons of acknowledged professional ability. None others need apply. [5-1t*] A. G. WILLIAMS, Manager.

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EVERY DAY AND EVENING THIS WEEK.
Commencing
MONDAY, MAY 12th 1862.
GREATEST NOVELTY IN THE WORLD!
GRAND NATIONAL
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The finest collection of these
USEFUL DOMESTIC ANIMALS EVER KNOWN,
Embracing every variety,
THE LARGEST AND SMALLEST DOGS!
THE FLEETEST, SHARPEST, BRIGHTEST AND BEST DOGS.
OVER $2,200 IN PREMIUMS
Paid for the finest and BEST DOGS, of which there are
OVER THIRTY DIFERENT BREEDS!
They will be on exhibition at all hours, from 9 o'clock, A. M., till 10 P. M., daily.
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THE QUAKER, OR WOODEN GUN.
LIVING WHALE,
ALBINO FAMILY, BLACK SEA LION, MAMMOTH BEAR
SAMSON, MONSTER SNAKES, HAPPY FAMILY,
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MADAME CELESTE'S GREAT DRAMA,
FLOWERS OF THE FOREST,
Every Afternoon, at 3 o'clock; and every Evening at ½ to 8.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under 10, 15 cts.
GRAND NATIONAL BABY SHOW,
JUNE 3.
$2,000 in PREMIUMS. Secure Certificates immediately at the Ticket Office. 5

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS,
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Comprising the following well-known artists:

CHARLEY FOX,		G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
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TO THEATRICALS!—Wanted to leave the States for Denver City, in company with the proprietors of the National Theatre, about 10th June, in good wagons, where every comfort can be had in crossing the Plains. One first class Leading Woman, one second do., one No. 1 Danseuse and Singer, one Leading Man. None but good actresses, &c., need apply. Salaries guaranteed every week, and the best of references furnished. This is an opportunity rarely met with, as the parties can have a constant engagement the year round. Address, until 1st June, stating qualifications, salary, &c.
5 National Theatre of Denver City, St. Louis, Mo.

TO MANAGERS.—GEORGE R. EDESON, Low Comedian and Pantomimist, is at present disengaged. Parties wishing his services will address, 99 Christie st., N. Y. City. 5-1t*

WANTED.—A good B Flat Cornet player, one that reads music at sight. A good, steady man may apply to
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OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Harry Hapgood, A. M. Hernandez, Jim Riley, Prof. Anderson, G. W. Kirbye, Dobson, Chas. H. Duprez, A. J. Neafie, Alfred Stewart, Wm. Quinn, Mrs. Matt Peel, and the Misses Adah Isaacs Menken and Julia Irving.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, May 12, 1862.

Already professionals are beginning to make arrangements, or hunt up the chances for next season's business. In this city our theatres will no doubt present unusual inducements for public patronage during the campaign of 1862-3, and the various companies now performing here will undergo considerable pruning and improvement; and managers will strive to get the best talent for this market that can be procured. People will be in demand next season, for the principal cities of the rebellious States will, by that time, be restored to the Union, and in the possession of the United States authorities; and as our army opens the way, our Thespian friends will not be long in making their appearance on the mimic stage. With New Orleans, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, Nashville, and other prominent places once more in loyal hands, prosperity must follow, and amusements be found in the train. Should the concert bill be decided unconstitutional, then the demand for actors, actresses, singers, dancers, etc., will be greatly increased, and salaries for meritorious people will rule high; for with the restoration of the concert business, the competition between music hall managers will become extremely animated, and many a prominent actor or actress may receive more liberal offers than theatrical managers are in the habit of making. We shall soon be able to discern how the land lies.

As warm weather is now upon us, we cannot expect our theatres to be very largely attended, and in a month or thereabouts, some of our Broadway establishments will probably have closed for the season, giving their employees an opportunity to study the beauties of nature in the "rural deestreeks," or observe more closely the mysterious workings connected with a New York boarding-house. Many of our actor friends will have to suffer during the coming season of inactivity, for salaries have been quite low during the season so soon to close, and but little has been left over to pull the poor player through the summer. And yet, this summer may prove no worse than those which have succeeded prosperous winters, for the actor seems to make no provision for the morrow, be the times e'er so bright; the present is the all in all to him. If well comes to-day he is content, and hunts not trouble in thinking of what may be his lot hereafter. The good of the day is made to last, in hope, but "oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises; and oft it hits where hope is coldest, and despair most sits." A little less improvidence in the actor would save him many pangs of humiliation, and enable him to be the hero in reality that he would seem to be upon the boards. A little less envy and jealousy in the profession would not be without its good results either. Where one succeeds, by his own individual merits and exertions, there are scores to denounce him, but very few to take him by the hand, and congratulate him upon his good fortune. We know several prominent actors who have attained their popularity by hard work, incessant study, and a disposition to please *all* classes; some of them, at one time, were very low down in the scale of humanity: were kicked and cuffed by brutal task masters, or threaded the streets, homeless and penniless, seeking for the chance to earn the means whereby they could keep soul and body together. In all their poverty, they still looked upward and onward, and when their tide set in, they took it at the flood, and rode on to eminence and affluence. And yet these people have most enemies in their own profession; enemies without cause; enemies, because jealous of the success which has attended them. And these very men, who have risen from beggary to opulence, "do good by stealth," in spite of all the envy they encounter, and seldom see a brother or sister artist in distress without relieving them, oftentimes seeking them out in hovels where others fear to enter: for it is useless to deny that destitution and misery are oftimes found in the humble abode of the poor player, and the king on the mimic boards to-night may be the beggar, in a wretched hovel, to-morrow. Instead of decrying each other, the lesser should strive to emulate the greater, and all endeavor to elevate the character of the profession of which they are members.

"Barnum had a woolly horse," but it was no touch to some of the woolly dogs he has on show at his Museum this week, in the canine exhibition. Well, we like woolly dogs, and they are fit subjects for exhibition; but we are down on making an exhibition of woolly babies, or any other style of infants. Their place is in the nursery, and not in a public room, to show off their points, as a horse jockey would show off the points of a fine horse. Go on with the dog show, Brother Barnum; but for gracious' sake don't meddle with the babies, unless they are of your own culture. Show as many of *them* as you can gather together, because you have a right to do what you please with your own offspring; but *don't* get up another promiscuous baby show. "It's low, its vulgar, and beneath us lads of spirit." To be sure, some of us may have progeny that we are extremely proud of; some of us may even exult in our ability to bring four into the world "at one sitting;" but, la! do you think we should like our wife to be fixed up for public display, with her quartette of juveniles, just because, by some accident or other, she turns out to be an extraordinary expounder of the human constitution? Now take it to yourselves, my beloved hearers. Suppose your own true love, your immaculate and refined Maria should, by any of the "unforeseen laws" of Nature, be guilty of conniving at a frightful increase to your domestic circle; would you, also a party to the fact, wish to parade your private virtues to the "admiring gaze" of single-idea men and women, eh? Would you? Of course not. Such things should be kept sacred. They are not for the public eye. So, by all means, give up the display of babies, and baby getters, Brother Barnum, and stick to the dogs, and in duty bound we will ever pray, and so forth.

The newspaper folks are threatened with opposition in their advertising departments. Professor Anderson announces that he has leased Winter Garden for two months, commencing June 2d, and he is anxious to get advertisements enough to make a curtain of. The Professor seems to be very confident in the success of whatever he undertakes, and says that a new burlesque is to initiate his season; he has the thing cyphered down so close, that he almost knows how long his new burlesque will take; he says "it is expected that the run of the piece will be for forty-eight nights, and that the average nightly attendance will be 2500, which, in the course of two months, gives an aggregate total of 120,000 persons." It looks plausible enough on paper, and that's about the only thing whereon the "average nightly attendance of 2500" will turn up. Any advertiser can, *in one day*, and for a trifling cost, bring his wares to the notice of 150,000 persons, and not advertise in more than three daily papers at that; so it will be seen that 2500 makes a slim show alongside of 150,000. Although the Professor assures us that "the competition is very great," the hint is thrown out that the most eligible places on the proposed curtain are to "be secured only by applying instantly," showing that the competition cannot be very lively when the best panels are yet disengaged. We will give the Professor a trial, however, and note how his average count up.

Miss Bateman enters upon her fourth week at the Winter Garden this evening. She seems to be relying more upon her own efforts just now than upon the inflated criticisms of the oyster soup men, and is doing as well as can be expected in these times. For this evening, the American tragedy of "Geraldine, or the Hunchback Bride," is announced. All right; we have had the hunchback long enough; a she hunch will be a novelty; so, go it, ya cripples, and let the oyster soup men straighten themselves out for a fresh soup-ticket, and a choice place in the stalls.

To-morrow evening, 13th, is the time fixed for the farewell benefit to Birch & Cotton's Minstrels, previous to their departure for Australia. And only to think of the Academy of Music away up among the high-fiyers, being engaged for the affair. Big thing on the free-seated stockholders, isn't it? The White Opera superceded by the Ethiopian Institution! Ah! ah! Democratic prices, too, 50 and 25 cents. What will Mrs. Grundy say now? Give the departing corkonians a good send off, boys, and yours will be the praise.

According to the advertisements of Niblo's Garden, the "Enchantress" is "nightly received with round after round of applause, from intelligent and fashionable audiences, *filling the spacious auditorium from parquet to ceiling.*" This latter, or filling up part, is somewhat exaggerated; but managers are so accustomed to this sort of misrepresentation, that they no doubt believe the thing themselves until they come to cast up accounts with the treasurer, and then they are brought to a realizing sense of the facts of the case. However, the "Enchantress" has drawn better houses than the "great combination" could draw, marshalled as they were by the sensation agent. The Enchantress is on for another week, and those who have not heard Caroline Richings should not lose the present opportunity of listening to her superb vocalization.

Nixon is giving entertainments at Palace Garden. In his company are Sam Lathrop, S. Howell, T. Andrews, and a few others. And though his forces are not extensive, he's got the name:—"Nixon's Royal Circus." And yet, would you believe it, this toadyism don't help him a bit—the "Royal" dodge don't work in these republican times. Sam Lathrop makes a war speech to the Royal Circus, and that's "where all the honor lies." His Royal nibs will continue his residence at the Palace for a few days longer. God save the Queen.

The Lubin Brothers promise to come again soon, and introduce Cagliostro's Magic Lantern. What is it? Is it on the advertising plan? or is it something really new?

The standard and legitimate continue to help along the season at Wallack's. If it had not been for this "bold stroke," the new theatre would probably have slumped through, for it had a very consumptive look during the opening weeks, with Tom Taylor. Gosh, it was tight papers about those times, and the veteran and his staff looked about as forlorn as Jeff Davis and his rebel crew looked, when he heard of the fall of New Orleans, and the "skedaddle" of the "flying artillery" and infantry of Yorktown. But the shanty is all hunk now, and the whole posse, from Manager down to call-boy, look as happy as old Abe, when he's telling a joke. "Money" is underlined, and it is to be hoped that it will bring money to the manager's boxes. This is susceptible of being construed into a joke, if our readers have sufficient sagacity to see it. We tried it on a thick-headed friend, but ne'er a smile illumined his weather-beaten face. Our appreciative and intelligent patrons will understand it better.

Old Ocean has seen various kinds of engines, monitors, etc., but he now bears upon his bosom quite a temptation for him to swallow, the "monster marine steam glass engine" of the National Troupe of Glass Blowers. To set down our glass, and drop metaphor, we should inform our readers that this spirited party of amusing and instructive performers left New York, on the 6th, in the steamer Northern Light, for San Francisco. Of course, the irrepressible Joe Goldsmith goes with them as business agent. They have done well in Upper and Lower Canada, since we last noticed them in Detroit, and we have no doubt that our California friends will have none but pleasant reflections among their glass works. The company also intend visiting South America, and the West India Islands, before returning. We believe that the glass model of the marine steam engine they have with them is the first ever seen in those portions of the globe. Anyhow, they will spread the fame of our country, wherever they go, and we shall continue to record their movements with pleasure. Will San Francisco "take a glass" with New York? Of course it will.

Billy Quinn is now in New York. He and Mary Blake are on the look out for engagements. See Billy's advertisement among those at the head of this department.

Laura Keene's Theatre resumed business on the 5th, (after having been closed since Mr. Burnett's benefit on the 28th April) and then the public had a chance to find out the meaning of "drame fantastique." The "new and original" piece now on the run is called "Reason and Folly, or Life in Paris." The "distribution of remarkable strength" consists, mainly, in giving nine impersonations to the fair lessee herself, and seven to Mrs. Emma Waller. If those ladies and their wardrobe assistants do not have their hands full with the "distribution" of costumes, well—then we might take our hat and departure. The remainder of the characters in this piece are more subordinate to the sixteen impersonations thus assumed than to any dramatic plot or artistic construction. We cannot very well give a plot from that which has none to give. We must therefore approach our subject by degrees, like the "on to Richmond" business. Everybody knows how virtuous people are in the country, and how wicked they are in cities—Paris in particular. No matter what various learned professions might say on the subject, the main statement must not be questioned—at least not in the present instance of "Reason and Folly." In the next place, all rural sweethearts are so innocent that butter would not melt in their mouths, unless from a legalized conviction of the physical necessity of taking sustenance. These premises granted, we now have to hope that the reader is familiar with all the plot—there is a plot in some pieces—of "Life in London." There we perceive how Corinthian Tom and Squire Jerry are "looked after" by their country beauties, Kate and Sue, while among the whirligigs of "Lunnuntown." Well, in "Reason and Folly" we have a couple of Brittany gentlemen who wish to "do" Paris in the most rapid kind of style, but get pretty well "done" themselves. This parallel of tendencies need be no argument against the merit of the new piece, but we must say that "Reason and Folly" is very unreasonably constructed. Most of our folks are familiar with "Paris and London," "Satan in Paris," and all that sort of thing, but we defy any casual observer to get familiar with any plot in "Reason and Folly." In fairy tales, or extravaganzas, the mind of the public intuitively follows the supernatural agency thus invoked, and the problem of instruction involved in the moral is accepted at once among minds of every class. In "Reason and Folly" we are reminded of those pieces written "expressly" to show off the versatility of some performer. While seeing the piece for the first time, we did not know but what Laura Keene might come out next as Mynheer Vonderpants, etc., or Mrs. Waller as Jeremiah Clip, etc. We do not mean that this feeling arose from any spontaneous current of interest, but we felt like the proverbial man-of-war's-man, blown into a hedge by a mishap from the experiments of a lecturer on chemistry—and were determined to be prepared for any results that might continue.

In this frame of mind, our readers can "do" the plot of "Reason and Folly." George Kerven and Eugene Delmartre, (D. W. Waller and J. T. Raymond) the Brittany farmers aforesaid, determine to "do" Paris, as aforesaid. They cut all common people, and of course their sweethearts Madeleine and Tronquette (Mrs J. H. Stoddart and Miss Ione Burke) at home. The first scene opens with this couple of women, determined to be and to "do" the desolate. Such a circumstance always raises Satan in any part of the world, and the second scene introduces Miss Laura Keene as his diabolical majesty in a ball at a Parisian cafe. Among the company already figuring there is an Apollo (Mrs. Emma Waller) giving songs and doing the agreeable generally. Now, this Apollo and this Satan are not in the slightest degree objectionable to human contemplation; on the contrary, we could see and admire them until—until—the public make out this plot. Well, these two divinities—no, personages—are represented by Mrs. Waller and Laura Keene, while representing Jeannette and Genevieve, a couple of lady friends who have undertaken to do a sort of "good fairy" business so as to "right the wrongs" of Madeleine and Tronquette. This undertaking is enough to make actresses of Jeannette and Genevieve, even if not already such. From this point, the spectator is required to see much acting that acts as if acting. The way this kind of "doubling" is managed in the authorship of "Reason and Folly" is enough to startle both Hamlet and Shakespeare, and any King or Polonius might be excused when calling for "lights;" but, it confers all the more honor upon the two actresses thus equivocating, as it were, between spirituality and personality. What with Apollo and what with Satan, we feel somewhat tempted to make an additional parody on "Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue," (admirably sung by Mrs. Waller's Apollo), and say—

Pray author, please to moderate the twistings of your plot.

However, as we have no idea of spoiling sport, at any time, and never to outdo a play bill in details, suffice it to say that Genevieve and Jeannette take the two truants in hand, and give them a decidedly moral trouncing. One more chance is given—Satan being a true sportsman—for the culprits to repent and go back to Brittany. The whole party at the ball, including James (C. Peters) the English tiger they have hired, are put into a mesmeric sleep. A vision appears for the especial benefit of Kerven and Delmartre, indicating to them a choice between rustic simplicities and city temptations. The Brittany bucks are awakened. "Home be hanged" seems to be their ruling sentiment. Be it so. Satan is suited, anyhow, of course. Fair warning is given. The other sleepers are awakened. A jolly time commences, reflection is drowned, and c ockery and care are pitched to perdition. "Reason and Folly" has got started.

The second act opens with showing Kerven and Delmartre at their lodgings, taking hock and soda the morning after the aforesaid ball. Their first caller is Chonchon (the Jeannette of Mrs. Waller) who is an awful scold, and brings them letters from their native village. By this trick Jeannette learns the state of their minds. Next come a couple of *chevaliers d'industrie*, who are trying to involve the Brittany swells in stock operations. Next comes Mons. Centime (Laura Keene's Genevieve) who heads off the swindlers, and intercepts the money that would otherwise have fallen to their disposal. We are next taken (by the scene shifter) to a drawing room at Madame St. Alphonse's (Mrs. Marlowe). Here we find those ladies of the demi-monde, or half-respectability, so fashionable in Paris. The gentlemen come in. Cards are proposed by the usual confederates. The Brittany

mpkins are in a fair (or foul) way to get skinned and cleaned t, but a certain Chevalier d'Ecarte (Laura Keene's Genevieve ain) comes in, exposes the course of the gambling, and saves e money that has been lost by George and Eugene. Prior to is, however, there is one Madame Rustyfungus (Mrs. Waller's annette again) who has made an excuse for a call upon Mad. phonse, not only leaving a pack of cards that would serve for entification, but sending in the police just at the right time for e second tableau.

The third act introduces us to one of those feminine demons mong fashionable life who abound in Paris, and are all the time oing the "good woman" on business principles, with an especial ncy for large diamonds, loud cravats, and luxuriating neckes. This Carmen (well sustained by Miss Adah Clifton) is one f "the broken heart and hopeless life" family of dangerous omen, who always have a good excuse for committing any mount of crime themselves, or instigating saphead dupes to arry out their notions of vengeance upon mankind generally. After George Kerven meets with Carmen, then, indeed, he is a "goner," and his little fortune likewise. Delmartre also gets into he mania for giving away diamonds to pretty women. It is impossible to trace here the scrapes that these Robert Macaire and Jaques Strop chaps get into, for Carmen has a complete retinue of usurers, sharpers, and cut-throats, all confederated with her throughout Parisian society. Those scrapes cause a correspondng activity on the part of Genevieve and Jeannette; the former (Laura Keene) coming on as Mad. Clarice, John Smith, Jr., Sergeant of Police, Mons. Rodolphe, and Mons. Partout, while the latter (Mrs. Waller) comes on as a Gamin de Paris, Mdme. Flo-ine Cheri, Mons. Adolphe, etc. The result is that the Brittany ustics get somewhat protected while going through their tribulations, although Genevieve and Jeannette wish them to expe-ience as much trouble as possible, in order to cure them of their ooby love for city life. The whole of this side plot with Carmen and her confederates might as well have been omitted, for Ker-ven and Delmartre are evidently "in for it" from the first.

The fourth act shows the Brittany gentlemen in the famous prison for debt in the Rue de Clichy. Delmartre invokes Satan, and, sure enough, the gentleman appears, in an elegant study gown and velvet slippers. Comically enough, also, Satan talks like a Dutch uncle on wealth and vice, poverty and happiness, and all that sort of thing. It is enough to make any "young ller who has traveled" throw all his money away, and resolve to keep poor as long as he lives. Such is the commentary of the wo culprits, and visions of returning home come with their re-turning penitence. The second scene is located at the village ome in Brittany, where we might suppose that people are all so nsophisticated as to have no ulterior designs or mysterious evelations; but, somehow or other, the author contrives to bring in Genevieve and Jeanette, (with lots of saved plunder,) as oon as Kerven and Delmartre have made their peace with Made-eine and Tronquette, and we may then fairly suppose that (at last) there are (at least) six persons on the stage who under-tand each other. In this way "Reason and Folly" is churned out. A little artistic salt makes the butter marketable. The cos-tumes are very good, the scenery has a familiar look to us, but we did not observe any new music. That whistling song of the Gamin de Paris is eminently characteristic, and Mrs. Waller almost loses her identity in rendering it so faithfully as she does. Laura Keene seems "ditto" as John Smith, Jr., and we felt al-most like "putting on the gloves" just "to try conclusions" with her—no, the character assumed so well. The other characters are well sustained in the main. The dancing by the Misses R. (name not on the bills) gives promise of great merit. Altogether, "Reason and Folly" may be considered passable, but its dra-matic construction is painfully overloaded with crude details and elementary fragments. Fewer elements, more agreeably and lightly sketched, after the Moncrief style, would have made the piece much more popular and likely to become suitable for en-during repetition.

Professional circles and the public generally have been much shocked on learning of an attempt at suicide on the part of E. P. Christy at his residence, 78 East Eighteenth street, on Friday af-ternoon last. It appears that the unfortunate gentleman has, for several months, had a vague idea that he might come to want. Considering his wealth and general business prudence, this idea was manifestly from a diseased brain; but his friends did not suppose him likely to contemplate self-destruction. Only a few days since Mr. Christy went into the Pacific Bank in company with Ex-Councilman Wild, and drew out $1,700. Upon getting it into his hands he exclaimed:—"There is $1,700, and it is nothing but paper, and is worth nothing." He seized upon the sugges-tion to turn it into gold as being the test by which to establish its actual value to him. In company with another party of friends, he remarked:—"I am worth a hundred thousand dollars, but I will take ten cents on a dollar for the whole of it." In va-rious other ways he showed his mental condition to be one of an unsound character. On Friday morning, as if he had premedita-ted the fatal deed since committed, he sent for his coachman to come to the house and take in charge two fine dogs which he kept about the premises, his object being undoubtedly to have the coachman on hand at the time of the contemplated event. About four o'clock that afternoon, he contrived to divert the at-tention of Mrs. Christy to some other object, and as soon as he escaped from her observation he threw himself out of the back parlor window on the second floor into the court yard below. The injuries thus received were of the most dreadful description, and seem likely to produce a fatal result. On Friday and Satur-day nights he seemed to be sinking rapidly; but as some signs of improvement were observable on Sunday night, we may have some further announcement to make before sending this issue to press.

Since the departure of Mrs. J. H. Allen and Mr. James G. Bur-nett from Laura Keene's Theatre, Mr. H. F. Daly has now "followed suit."

The latest shuffle of the cards between Broadway and the Bowery brings Mary Provost back to Wallack's old house and sends G. L. Fox to the Old Bowery.

At Niblo's Saloon we are soon to have a new satirico-comico opera, performed on behalf of one of our city charitable institu-tions.

Charley Gayler is said to be the author of the new piece in-tended for use by Professor Anderson at the Winter Garden.

Mr. L. F. Harrison, proprietor of Irving Hall, leaves soon for Europe, as he has in view some alterations and improvements at his establishment. We shall see what's what, and who is who, after his return.

Brother Barnum is a fast 'un—he is—in spite of himself. He has brought in the dog days ahead of the almanacs. This (Mon-day) afternoon, we dropped in to see the show at his Museum, which consists of about 125 dogs, thus far. These specimens comprise nearly all classes, of high or low degree, size or kind, strength or intelligence, weight or lightness. Frank Butler's contributions are very attractive, as might be expected. Not everybody can talk dog, but most people can smell dog. This "ki-yi convention" is well attended. Brother Barnum seems busy in conversing with his usual suavity to the contributors. Our English or Irish friends among the spectators seem quite enthusiastic on the display. Verily, we think that Brother Bar-num is a shining light among the converts to our doctrines.

To put the new concert law to a better test, the proprietors of American Music Hall, and the Canterbury, opened their bars on the evening of the 5th, intending that the responsible managers of those places should be arrested, if any arrests were to be made, and thus bring the question up at once, on its merits, through the habeas corpus; but it appears that the Captain of the police entrusted to look after those places, in his anxiety to cover himself with glory, ordered an indiscriminate arrest of all concerned, proprietors, performers, musicians, and infants at the breast, whose parents were endeavoring to earn the means of providing for their families, and had to take their little ones with them. M'lle Zanfretta and Miss Price were among the arrested, and, with the others, including the sucking babes, were confined in the lock-up all night, bail being refused for them until the next day. Instead of glory, this valiant Captain and his baby-hunting crew have covered themselves with shame. Judge Kelly, of Jefferson Market, before whom the parties were taken, was asked to discharge the performers, as the proprietors alone were amenable to the law. The judge said he would look over the papers, and give his decision in a few days. The gallant captain should be at once promoted to a petticoat Brigadier Generalship.

Another test came off on the 10th, before Recorder Hoffman and City-Judge McCunn. Mr. James T. Brady on behalf of Robt. W. Butler, 444 Broadway, contended that the new concert saloon law is unconstitutional and void. He argued on the fol-lowing points—the law embraces more than one subject not em-braced in the title. It imposes a tax or charge for a license, and does not distinctly state the tax and the object to which it is to be applied. It is vague as to whether the restraint is to the sale or furnishing of wine, beer, &c., at the place, or at the time of the actual exhibition or performance. It is oppressive in not permitting the employment or attendance of any female to wait on or attend in any manner. It prohibits the making of a contract with any female for any purpose, however proper, for any duty in a place not of itself declared to be unlawful. It does not condemn as illicit, any establishment in which women appear, nor make illegal the sale of liquor at such a resort, except in certain positions specially described in the act. It tends to idleness, which is a high offence against the public economy. It is made illegal for a female, how-ever spotless her character, to make any contract for any service, however legitimate, in any establishment where amusement is furnished to the public. It would exclude from the Academy of Music any female that might be employed, or who might seek re-wards by vending flowers or books to the audience, or by deliver-ing soda water or drinking water to those who might desire it. Under it, even a lady's maid could be excluded for applying Co-logne water to the nostrils of her fainting mistress. It places re-straints upon trade in not permitting refreshments to be supplied, and it tends to the diminution of the recreation, enjoyment, and ease of the spectators, by compelling them to retire from the place of exhibition to other places of traffic in certain contingencies. The fifth section, in violation of that clause of the constitution, which provides that unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be made, gives any police officer or constable power to enter a citi-zen's place of business or abode, and seize him or his household and take them summarily to a police court. Mr. Brady therefore moved the discharge of his client, Robert W. Butler, of No. 444 Broadway. He thought a law which places the point of a needle between virtuous maidenhood and the brothel, to be one of an ab-solute despotism; and the man who could tolerate such an in-fringement upon private rights, he believed to be unfit to breathe the atmosphere of freedom. Mr. Whitehead made a long argu-ment in support of the new law as it stands, considering it as de-signed for the suppression of vice and crime. The Recorder re-served his decision for another day.

There has been some talk of another jig dance between Peel and Carroll. Carroll does not seem satisfied about the late trial, and Peel intimated that he would accommodate him again; therefore Carroll comes out and says:—"I will dance Peel a jig in private for $1,000, the best dancer to win the money; the most difficult steps and best time constituting the best dancer. Each party to select twelve friends to witness the contest, each party selecting a judge, and they, the judges, to select a referee. My money is ready." Peel responds as follows:—"If Mr. Carroll will call at the CLIPPER office, beetween 11 and 12 on Monday, 12th inst., he can make arrangements for another dance with me (Thos. J. Peel) for one thousand dollars ($1,000) or more." At about 11¼ A. M., according to the stipulation in Peel's reply, both men met at the CLIPPER office, and had a long talk over matters con-nected with dancing, but came to no definite arrangement over "them $1,000," there being an evident difference of opinion in reference to the points on which a jig dance should be decided. Carroll wanted style left out, while Peel wanted it included. However, after a prolonged controversy, a compromise was effected, and, instead of dancing for a big stake, they decided to spread themselves for a basket of wine, in private, either on Tuesday or Wednesday, 13th and 14th inst., at about 3 P. M. Neither party seemed willing to yield or back down to the other in reference to the above named point at issue. As Carroll is about to leave for Boston, and Peel for Australia, the mode of settlement proposed, is probably the best.

Mrs. T. Maguire, wife of Manager Maguire, of San Francisco, Cal., is in town, on the look out for talent, we are informed.

The London *Weekly Times*, of the 6th April, while commenting upon the proposed U. S. tax on places of amusement, observes:—"The NEW-YORK CLIPPER, the only reliable theatrical paper in the United States, says that, notwithstanding the depressing effect of the war on trade generally, that New-York amusements are flourishing. According to that journal," etc. This is what we call a handsome notice, handsomely done. With our usual caution, however, we have held back our acknowledgement of it until the state of business about New-York amusements has been fully confirmed in the progress of the season.

After General Tom Thumb closes his campaign for the 1861-62 season at Buffalo, he will come on to this city and his Connecticut home, where he intends to recruit for his intended trip to California and Australia, leaving New-York in the early part of October. See "Miscellaneous."

Some tall and circular running may be expected at the Melo-deon, 539 Broadway, on the evening of the 14th, when a silver trumpet, valued at $100, is to be run for according to terms made known at the race. None but firemen can be allowed to compete for the prize.

An unconstitutional law, or any law supposed to be unconstitu-tional from its infringements upon constitutional rights, is sure to set at work the wits of a free people. Behold one of the signs. Two doors above the Melodeon, there is a place about to open—if not already open—where the usual refreshments of a summer garden will be dispensed, and accompanied with the "smiles" from pretty waiter girls. No doubt this will be quite a smiling place. Cosy little boxes are partitioned off for social parties. Long tables or counters are ready for the accommodation of either sitters or standers, and we have no doubt that a consid-erable amount of smiling will be done. A decidedly cool and refreshing air seems to smile over the place from front to rear. The separate boxes have been ornamented with smiling land-scapes, evidently painted by smiling scenic artists. As the warm weather approaches, the smiling convenience of such an institution must be very acceptable to persons who have been "drying up" (under the new law) in some place of amusement where the glimpse of a petticoat (off the stage) is not allowed. A coach and six may be driven through the new law and the doors of the saloon aforesaid.

In regard to the illegal arrests made at the Canterbury Music Hall on the 5th inst., we give publicity to the following note from one of the victims:—"5 Cornelia street, New York, May 9th, 1862—FRIEND QUEEN: Having been arrested with the rest of the performers, on the stage of the Canterbury Music Hall, Broad-way, on Monday evening, 5th inst., by Captain Helme, and a posse of police, under the instructions of Superintendent Ken-nedy, in justice to myself, and others who suffered incarceration from this outrage, allow me to say a few words. The Canterbury Hall, as you are aware, is duly licensed for theatrical, operatic, ballet, singing, &c., and the license had been renewed on the 1st inst. We were therefore pursuing our lawful calling at the time of the arrest. The bar had been opened on that evening, and the waiter girls had served some of the audience with ale and beer; this, of course, was contrary to the act; but it was stated to us that the proprietor had permission to do so, and which we have since learned was a preliminary proceeding, so as to test the case before another tribunal. But with regard to ourselves, we supposed we were exempt, for the section of the act reads thus—'That until a license for such exhibition shall have been first had and obtained from competent authority, the same is un-lawful, and that the owners and lessees of the premises where such exhibitions take place, without license, and the managers, and each of the performers engaged in such exhibition, are liable to the penalty provided by law.' Now, our right to perform was licensed by the proper authority; consequently, the arrest must be illegal: the mere violation of the Concert Saloon act, or rather the sections of it which relate to liquors, &c., and waiter girls, can have nothing to do with the stage performances; although the act also reads—'That any violation of the law subjects the license to be revoked.' And again—'The decision of the officer competent to revoke the license is not subject to be reviewed, nor can any appeal be taken therefrom.' Now, in revoking the license, it must be done in a legal way; otherwise it is no revoca-tion. Mr. Kennedy is not the officer competent to revoke the same, and consequently, in my opinion, the arrest of the per-formers was an illegal proceeding. The case was heard at Jeffer-son Market Police Court, on Tuesday morning; the waiter girls were held to bail, but we professionals had to attend to-day, on our own recognizances. The hearing was resumed this after-noon, Judge Phillips appearing for defendants. The Justice came to a decision that he could not detain us any longer; there-fore he discharged us. I submit these few facts to your consid-eration, and would like to know, through your valuable paper, whether an action for false imprisonment can be sustained against the Commissioners of Police, or Superintendent Kennedy. We have suffered in reputation by being confined in a station house (although to the credit of Captain Helme, 8th Ward, we were not confined in cells, but allowed the use of the adjoining rooms during the night). The sympathy of the public, no doubt, is in our favor, and the sooner this is settled, the better for the community. I have to apologize for this very long epistle, but "knowing our rights, and daring to assert them," we shall feel much pleasure in reading your remarks upon the case.

Yours, W. B. HARRISON,
Improvisatore and Comic Vocalist.

[In these days of new laws, and blue laws, it is a hard matter to say whether an action would lie against the Commissioners or not; but we think the law will turn out to be unconstitutional, when properly brought up for adjudication.]

We find that George R. Edeson, a good low comedian and pantomimist, is in town, and at present disengaged. See his ad-vertisement in this issue.

Among the good things to come off (or be put on) at the Academy of Music, when the farewell benefit to the Birch & Cotton Minstrels takes place on the 13th, is the presentation of a silver belt to T. J. Peel, the champion jig dancer, with the fol-lowing inscription:—"Presented to Thos. J. Peel, winner of the match between Peel and Carroll, New York, April 16, 1862. From his friend, F. B. Converse.

Bowery management on Broadway is extremely difficult to make take root. Mr. G. L. Fox took Wallack's old theatre, after Mary Provost had failed to make it pay, and he has been giving a variety of pieces since the opening, including dramas, bur-lesques, and a little of all sorts; but no better luck attends his ef-forts than his predecessors met with. We attended on the 8th, to see the "Willow Copse." The house was very bad, indeed; there could not have been over three hundred persons at the outside; this, even at good prices, would not begin to pay, but at low rates of admission, 13, 25, and 50 cents, the prospect was frightful. The piece was fairly given, and should have attracted larger audiences; but it failed to do so, and the result was, that on Saturday night the house was closed. Mr. Fox, it is rumored, is to make efforts to please the Bowery folk once more, and is to take hold of the Old Bowery Theatre, which is being put "in fix" for that purpose.

The Melodeon, since the passage of the Concert Law, has closed, and Mr. Lea has taken his company to Philadelphia.

Bryants are doing well, as usual. Their style of entertainment seems to be very popular with the people, as their hall is gener-ally crowded by the time the curtain goes up. Bryant's jig-dan-cer, Tommy Peel, goes to Australia with Birch & Cotton's Minstrels.

Notwithstanding the severe restrictions of the new law, Ameri-can Hall, 444 Broadway, continues to do a paying business, and the spirited proprietor will run his establishment as long as the people demand it, law or no law. The programme for this week is full of novelties, and the performers will do their best to please those who may favor the American with their patronage. Tony Pastor, Charley White, Ernestine de Faiber, Lizzie Schultze, and other notables, will appear as usual, in some of their best songs and dances.

We understand that Laura Keene declines the renewal of her theatre lease after next winter, and a Wallackian removal up-town is talked of.

Mr. Fox, of Canterbury Hall, is now likely to give more atten-tion to Philadelphia matters, considering the state of affairs in New York.

DRAMATIC.

The Metropolitan, Detroit, is now in the hands of parties who intend opening it as a music-hall, concert saloon, etc. Manager Geo. Hutchinson held a claim on the theatre, but was induced to relinquish it for "a consideration." The dramatic company took a complimentary, kindly tendered them by the citizens, on the 3d, at Young men's Hall. See another paragraph under heading of "Music Halls."

Our German friends have fitted up the Davenport House, Winona, Wis., as a theatre. This item may pass as a sort of *per contra* to the above, at Detroit, in the revolution now going on, especially in the great West.

The capital dramatic company at the "Capital City" of Ohio, Columbus, seems to continue in having capital success. Mrs. C. T. Smith recently gave three sterling pieces for her benefit night, and all the dramatic columbiads in Columbus volunteered on the occasion. Messrs. Charles Smith and Ralton were among them, of course. Then came also Little Marian Smith, and a general "Hail Columby" time ensued.

Either an extra high stage of water at Cairo has turned out the dramatic company from the Defiance Theatre, or else something has "slumped through," for we observe the company now at Eastman Hall, as late as the 30th April. They were giving "The Denouncer" and "The Barrack Room." Any how, we perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graham, J. B. Curran, A. N. Sharpe, Holland, W. Gross, J. Slicer, etc., continue to float around.

Denver, Colorado, is one of those places which have a highly colorable state of society. We perceive that the National and the People's still continue their professional rivalries. At the former, Messrs. Pardey & Gooding are the managers. They have been giving "The Bottle Imp," and "The Soldier of For-tune." At the People's, Messrs. Langrishe & Dougherty are giving "Ruthven the Vampyre," with agreeable afterpieces. At the latter house, the fine scenery of De Witt Waugh attracts great attention. The inhabitants get the benefit of this kind of competition "on the road to the gold regions via Pike's Peak."

Sallie St. Clair has made a good beginning at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, as was expected when previously announced by us to appear there on the 5th. In "The Marble Heart," Sallie came on for her double impersonation of Diogenes and Ferdin-and Volage. The after-piece was "Cavaliers and Roundheads," in which Sidney Smith was the Gregory Thimblewell, as a matter of course. The performance was so well received that the bill seemed likely to run out the week. Some changes have recently been made in the company, which now stands—Sidney Smith, stage manager; S. W. Ashley, prompter; R. Poppenberg, leader of orchestra; and Messrs. Wm. Carter, W. H. Briggs, J. Ponisi, H. Weaver, J. F. Pike, E. J. Heartwell, J. Montague, D. McDon-ald, J. C. Morrison, etc.; with Mesdames H. F. Nichols, M. H. Hughes, Sidney Smith, Amy Frost, A. W. Young, Jenny Glenn, Clara McGowan, Ida Wilson, Linda May, Ella Thompson, J. F. Pike, etc. A nice party, and whoever goes now to the Metropoli-tan would be quite likely to "do as the buffaloes does."

Of dramatic affairs in California, we have the following items in a letter from our correspondent, under date of San Francisco, April 11, '62:—FRIEND FRANK—Since my last the *moral drama* of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been the only attractive card. It has been played at the American Theatre for the past ten nights to immense houses. You know my private opinion of this, and all such pieces; but as the public appear to require this style of morbid sensation, why I say let them have it.

The Metropolitan.—On Monday night last, Mr. Charles Dillon was the recipient of one of those old-fashioned complimentary benefits, which was tendered by a host of this talented gentle-man's admirers in this manner:—

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1, 1862.

MR. CHAS. DILLON—DEAR SIR:—A profound regard for the legitimate drama, and a desire to see it properly fostered in our young city, reminds us that there is nothing more essential to its success than the encouragement which its representatives may receive from a refined public. Deeming you one of the most worthy of its votaries, and learning that you are soon to leave our shores, we take pleasure in offering you a compli-mentary benefit, as a fitting token of the esteem in which we hold you, and also as an evidence to other distinguished mem-bers of your profession that the people of San Francisco do not lack a just appreciation of one of the most sublime and in-structive of arts. Hoping you will accept our humble tribute to your dramatic genius, and that you will arrange for the enter-tainment, we subscribe ourselves,

Yours, etc.,

Wm. Lane Booker,	Abel Guy,
John Middleton & Son,	Gregory Yale,
Nathaniel Bennett,	Samuel Hermann,
W. Melvin Smith,	J. G. Baldwin,
Ferdinand Vassault,	John H. Wise,
Wm. Rabe,	H. A. Cobb,
G. Wright Bg Gen. U. S. A.,	Morton Cheeseman,
Alex. Campbell	Thomas J. Henley,
Jos. P. Hoge,	I. T. Gould,
S. M. Wilson,	John E. Addison,
O. L. Shatter,	William L. Higgins,
C. H. Parker,	Geo. Gordon,
John H. Hill,	A. J. Bowie.
S. H. Parker,	R. Beverly Cole, M. D.
Edward Flint,	

We, the undersigned members of the Legislature, most cordial-ly unite with the citizens in extending the foregoing invitation:

H. G. Worthington,	G. Barstow,
T. M. Ames,	John M. Avery,
Wm. Ward Battles,	G. W. Seaton,
S. S. Tilton,	Geo. Amerige,
R. D. Ferguson,	P. A. Gallagher,
G. W. Reed,	James A. Banks,
E. W. Hillyer,	J. G. Poll,
W. H. Sears,	G. K. Porter,
J. H. Warwick.	

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, April 3, 1862.

GENTLEMEN—The compliment you have bestowed upon the Art, which in its integrity I believe (with the ancients) to be a main-spring of civilization, is truly gratifying to one, who, however humble as a votary of the Poetic Drama, may honest-ly be ranked as a sincere and ardent admirer of whatever is elevating and ennobling on our stage. Believing with the sage who asserted that by the amusements of a people he could judge of their virtues, I take the liberty of saying that your appreciation of the most sublime Drama in the world argues much for your heads, while your liberal reward of my humble ability says as much for your hearts. I cor-dially return my thanks for your politeness and regard; and that the freedom of action, energy and genius that has erected so noble a city as San Francisco in such an incredibly short period of years, may reap their just reward in increased wealth and happiness, is the sincere wish of your most obedient servant,

CHAS. DILLON.

I beg leave respectfully to announce that Monday evening, April 7th, is appointed for the occasion of my benefit. C. D.,

Mr. Dillon has just left me, and tells me that notwithstanding these promises, when, on the day following the benefit, he asked for a settlement, he was charged two hundred and fifty dollars for the theatre, and one hundred dollars for extra advertising; so, instead of getting the handsome sum some persons think he did get, his *share* fell short of two hundred dollars.

The Dramatic Company at present playing in the Metropolitan Theatre, will next week proceed to Marysville. In the meantime, an operatic troupe, consisting of Lizzie Parker, Eliza Biscacci-anti, Schwegle Schraubstadter, and others, will attempt a season of opera.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has accepted an engagement at the Metropolitan.

Charles Pope and Wife, Mr. Forbes and wife, Max Irwin, and the immortal Potter, are in Oregon.

McKean Buchanan is still in the mountains.

C. R. Thorn and Family have taken their abode in Marysville.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton takes her first benefit at the American Theatre this evening, and as I write this, I hear the box book-keeper telling a disappointed seeker after fun that there are no more seats to be had in the dress circle.

A word of advice to performers visiting California. Come on your own hook; come without engagements, and when you get here, look before you leap. Take the best cash engagement that offers. Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

The following is the cast of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as produced at the American Theatre, San Francisco:—Topsy, Mrs. W. H. Leighton; Eva, La Petite Sterling; Uncle Tom, G. Mayo; St. Clair, A. R. Phelps; Gumption Cute, John Wood; Lagree, S. W. Leach; George Shelby, Graves; Mr. Wilson, Alexander; George Harris, W. H. Leighton; Phineas Fletcher and Deacon Perry, G. E. Locke; Mr. Shelby, D. C. Anderson; Marks, Thayer; Haley, Coad; Tom Looker, Conrad; Skaggs, Long; Sambo, Mr. Clarke; Jumbo, Pres-cott; Adolph, Gray; Eliza and Cassey, Miss Mowbray; Aunt Chloe, Mrs. G. E. Locke; Maria St. Clair, Miss Land; Aunt Ophelia, Mrs. Burrill; Emeline, Miss Clark.

John Collins is now expected to commence at Leonard Grover's New National, Washington, on or about the 12th. Better late than never. Ask "Widdy Machree." Albert Cassedy remains as stage manager. We gave an enumeration of the regular com-pany last week. How about the Italian opera that was promised? No great loss, perhaps.

Miss Charlotte Thompson opened at the Lyceum, Toronto, on the 7th, in Pauline. Miss Annie Wilks had been doing Colin, in "Nature and Philosophy," and E. T. Stetson and Mrs. H. Linden had been doing Count Prulli and Mdme. de Beauprie in "Retri-bution." A piece called "The Broken Sword" had been cashier-ed by the treasurer as a fractured failure. Toronto correspond-ents complain of the frequent prominence of the prompter's voice at the aforesaid Lyceum.

Colin Stewart, who has been at the Pittsburgh Theatre for the past year, joined Manager Ellsler's company at Cleveland on the 19th.

The non-appearance of John Collins at Grover's New Theatre, Washington, is attributed to illness. As soon as Gottschalk and the Opera party leave, the "Bould Irishman" will come out, and Grover will keep on filling his house "wid the likes of" "The Groves of Blarney," etc.

"One more unfortunate." Manager Henderson has threatened to revive "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Pittsburgh on the 12th.

J. A. Smith has returned from California and is now in Boston.

Mrs. (Julia Daly) Olwine is now at Wood's, Cincinnati.

Jarrett's Combination Company wind up this week in Boston. Next week they give two nights in Portland, Providence, and Worcester. The next week, two in Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven. Then to the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

J. Wilkes Booth is now at the Boston Museum for two weeks, and is lucky enough to have the support of Kate Reignolds.

J. W. Meafie has been coming north since at Louisville, and opens at Buffalo on the 12th.

Miss Alice Grey, "all my fancy painted her," has left the Wal-nut, Philadelphia, and is now at Montreal for Manager Buckland. She opens as Evadne on the 12th.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken remains at Pittsburgh, the neuralgic affection in her eyes being yet somewhat troublesome, although she has contrived to perform until recently—in obedience to pub-lic eagerness—for five weeks. A trip to England, and playing an engagement at Liverpool, with Manager Henderson, at his Prince of Wales Theatre, would, doubtless, restore the brilliance of "those eyes."

"Now and Then," one of our Pittsburgh correspondents, ex-plains that the objections made to Senorita Cubas, when appear-ing there in pantomime, had reference solely to that circum-stance, and not to any idea of her having trampled on an Ameri-can flag.

Miss Kate Fisher was in no way concerned with that party in Cincinnati; but has been making a profitable tour through Indi-ana, and opens at Louisville on the 26th, for an engagement of two weeks.

R. Sands, with his Grand Multiserial Combination Circus and Homohippodeal Amphitheatre, was at Chicago lately, and did a good biz. for nearly a week. This party has the Carlo Family in general; Signor Felix Carlo, the trick clown; Guilliam Carlo, the impaling man; Charley Sherwood, the representative of Pete Jenkins; Madame Virginia Sherwood, the great lady rider; Geo. Ross, the flying Ariel; Sam Long, ring humorist; Shappee & Whitney, trapeze and bar; W. H. Berdeau, gymnast in general; the Comical Brother Clowns, etc. Such an appearance in a town awakens all the folks, like a fox chase. Even when "Hannah's at the window, binding shoes," the horses and performers bring out all classes, especially if the band strikes up "The Flag of our Union Forever!"

The Mills Dramatic Troupe were at Dunkirk, N. Y., last week, but two nights served to dun them out of kirk, and brought on a "close of the season."

Bangor will brighten up for the summer, and all Maine mainly rejoice, when E. B. Williams opens his theatre there on the 19th. He has great experience, and now that he comes out as a manager, we may fairly expect to see him "bang Bangher" in Bangor. Among his company at the Franklin Athenæum will be found J. W. Albaugh, J. O. Sefton, J. Flood, F. Chippendale, J. Crouts, C. Clinton, Geo. McDonald, C. Richardson, C. Farwell, and W. Riley. There are also several ladies, whose names we shall be better able to give next week. Mr. Downs is the scenic artist, W. H. Whid-don leader of orchestra, and J. W. Reager treasurer.

"Seneca," one of our correspondents in St. Louis, is hereby respectfully informed that his statements in relation to Manager Pike offering his opera house in Cincinnati to Manager Deagle in St. Louis, and that Manager Pike formally refused to allow his theatre to be occupied by any minstrel company, have both been contradicted "as plain as a pikestaff."

The Defiance, Cairo, is still right side up, and on "a high stage of water" for success. A. G. Williams is manager, and J. R. Curran stage manager. They have some good openings for the right kind of professionals. See advertisement in this depart-ment. Who goes o-p-h?

The National, Denver City, Colorado, offers some openings for professional candidates who may be willing to "rough it in the West" just by way of a change of scene for a season or so. See advertisement of Osborn Smith & Co., at head of this depart-ment. "Westward, ho!"

The Gayetty, Albany, which was to have opened on the 5th, postponed its *inaugural* until the 7th. Our correspondent, Wattie Rusher, says:—There was only a fair house. The entertainment commenced with the five-act play of The Hunchback: the caste as follows:—Master Walter, Mr. Higgins; Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Sydney Wilkins; Modus, Harry Howland; Heartwell, Mr. E. J. Lay; Gaylove, Mr. E. W. Langrish; Wilford, Mr. J. Brenetti; Fathom, Mr. H. A. Hotto; Stephen, Mr. J. Rogers; Julia, Mrs. D. B. Vandeeren; Helen, Mrs. H. A. Hotto. Mr. J. J. Prior was en-gaged to take the part of Master Walter, but through some cause, (which certainly demands an explanation) he failed to appear. Mr. Higgins was given but a few hours to prepare himself for that difficult *role*, and he acquitted himself creditably. The appear-ance of Messrs. Hotto and Wilkins was hailed with delight. The latter apparently labored under a severe cold. Sir Thomas, how-ever, spoke in most too tame a manner to fully embody the tone of the play. Hotto's Fathom was a master-piece, and was heartily applauded. Howland's Modus was fair. In the acting of Mrs. Vandeeren, as Julia, I can see many tracings of Kate Bateman. Perhaps the lady has made Miss B. her study. Mrs. V. is cer-tainly a pleasing actress. On the whole the play was a success, and I have no doubt, but that if the management would give due notice of its repetition, they would have an overflowing house. The building is renovated, and fitted up with great taste and beauty. I hope the citizens of Albany will rally around the *legi-timate*, and show that they appreciate true merit."

John Drew terminated his engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, 9th inst., that being the occasion of his benefit, and 101st performance. The theatre was well filled, and the performance passed off with evident sat-isfaction. Mr. Drew arrived home just in time to save his wife from a disastrous season, for business was very shy in the early part of Mrs. Drew's management, and there was some difficulty with the company, several of the members leaving. With the appearance of Mr. John Drew, things improved at once, and so continued. Benefits are now being given, Mrs. Henri taking her's on the 12th, and Mr. E. McDonough having the house for the 13th, when Hernandez, Velarde, and Miss Eva Brent are an-nounced to appear.

The Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is working along with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway as the stars, but the business is bad, and prospects not very encouraging.

Manager Geo. Pauncefort seems to thrive with his Music Hall Theatre, Springfield, Mass. "Uncle Foozle, or, My Wife's Mo-ther," was produced there, for the first time in Springfield, on the 9th, with the following cast:—Uncle Foozle, J. B. Fuller; Felix Budd, N. T. Davenport; Edward Waverly, Charles Loveday; Thomas, F. S. Finn; Ellen Budd, Isabella Freeman; Mrs. Quick-fidget, Mrs. Marshall; Mrs. Fitzosborne, Margaret Parker; Betty, Miss Smitton; Sally Johnson, Mrs. Clarke. John Chester does the funny in the interludes, etc.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Hawaiian dancers, who were performing at the Varieties, San Francisco, are said to have made the place a great resort for those who delight in extra lascivious displays; and a bill is said to have just passed the Senate of that State, prohibiting "all in-decent performances." What do the Hawaiian beauties do, any how, that they should so shock the modesty, even of legislators? The Bella Union, and Gilbert's Melodeon were doing well.

The Canterbury, St. Louis, will make some decisive move-ments about the middle of May. Some professional assistance seems desirable. See advertisement in our usual location. Mr. J. Adams is acting manager.

Young Men's Hall, Detroit, seems to be on the rise in some respects. On the 3d, an entertainment was given for the benefit of the dramatic company of the Metropolitan Theatre, thrown temporarily out of employ by the transfer of that establishment from Mr. George Hutchinson to parties who intend opening it as a concert saloon. This is "tight papers" for a dramatic com-pany to "jine in singen," but they might very easily "go further and fare worse." On the occasion here mentioned, the receipts were $142, and about $80 had been raised by influential citizens out of doors. This put but a small share of butter on the bread of so many worthy people. Geo. Hutchinson gave his own ser-vices for nothing. The question now arises—"Have we been too precipitate in giving managers a fair degree of warning on this and kindred subjects?" See another paragraph under our "Dramatic" classification.

From a correspondent in Madison, Indiana, we are informed of the demise of Mr. C. F. Smith, late proprietor of the Melodeon Hall in that city. Mr. Smith was born in the city of Philadel-phia, about 1813. He was apprenticed by his father to a shoe-maker, but Smith was also preparing himself for the long wished for event of his *debut* on the boards, which he made in January, 1835, in a Thespian society of which he had become a member. He attempted to appear as one of some dramatic company, but ill health and the advice of friends interfering, he gave up the idea and went West. Mr. Smith was the first manager to pro-pose the opening of Independence Hall, in Madison, Ind., with a theatrical company, which proved successful. Mr. Smith was 26 years proprietor of first the Melodeon, next the Columbian, and again the Melodeon Halls, in Madison. He nobly flew to his country's rescue when she first called, (April, '61) but not being satisfied with his three months campaign, he re-enlisted as a private in the 24th Indiana Volunteers in November, 1861. He died of congestion of the brain, at Pittsburg Landing, on the 22d April.

Miss Mary Walton, the vocalist, has started on her own suspen-sary appendages, and opened at Odd Fellows' Hall, near the Navy Yard, Washington. $95 for a first night was not bad to take. Her company next goes to Georgetown, and Winchester.

Willis Armstrong made his last appearance at the Baltimore Museum on the 7th, prior to leaving for Europe. This Baltimore institution is under the business management of J. Gideon & Co., and an attractive "Gideon's Band" they have, such as George T. Sheldon, stage manager; John Linhardt, leader of orchestra; and Messrs. J. N. Carr, Charley Buckley, George Archer, W. S. Bud-worth, Quinn, Bordwell, Joe Childs, Master Rochard, etc., with Mesdames Anna Bordwell, H. O. Lalande, Fanny Devere, Mary Blake, Maggie Vernon, Emma Miles, Emma Schell, Little Clara, etc.

Mr. Wray, proprietor of the Canterbury, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, deserves to succeed in his busi-ness, for he is energetic and spirited as a manager, and one of the most versatile in the business as a performer. Every evening he has a brass band performing on the balcony in front of his saloon, and the music discoursed is listened to by large outside audiences who congregate on the steps of the Mayor's office opposite, also on the walk, reminding one of the people who gather in front of St. Paul's Church, New York, to hear Barnum's "famed brass band." We spent a short time at the Canterbury, on the 9th. The room is long and narrow, with a small stage at the north end. It is a plain looking place, with the auditorium divided into a parquet, and back seats; there is no gallery. The bar is in the saloon, at the south end, looking out on Chestnut street, and several pretty waiter girls are in attendance. We saw a dance by a little Miss, and heard a song by a still lesser one—their names, for want of a bill, we did not learn; we also listened to a sentimental ball

TO MY DOG JOWLER.

Jowler, they've taxed you honest friend;
Assessed you, put you on the roll;
To exile every dog they'd send
Unless some friend will pay his poll.

By all that's good, the rascals meant
Betwixt us two to breed a strife,
And drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

But, Jowler, don't you be alarmed!
If politicians do neglect you,
Confound their tax! you shan't be harmed,
I know your worth, and I'll protect you!

But taxes, by the Constitution,
Convey the right to represent;
So dogs, by this same resolution,
Might just as well as men be sent.

Now, dogs and men, and voters hear,
That Jowler's put in nomination
To go, upon the coming year,
And aid in public legislation.

Jowler, beware of demagogues,
Keep clear of the minority;
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority!

HOW I BECAME A CRICKETER.

BY ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

A younger son of a younger son, I found myself, at the age of twenty-six, with a profession, a very small income, and no practice; but, hoping still, as others had done before me, I studied on, always sticking to the office to be ready for any business, should the goddess of fortune think fit in one of her freaks to favor me with so desirable a commodity, which she at last did. I got a beginning, and, if I had worked and studied hard before, I now made myself almost a slave to my profession; for was there not in the distance the prettiest pair of bright eyes—combined with the most lovely face—that I sometimes in my wildest dreams hoped at no distant period to call my own? "But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and the author might have added, a sickly one, too. And so, after two years of intense mental application, I found myself one evening riding home to my little villa by Kennington, feeling altogether unwell, though unable to discover the cause. My appetite was pretty good, my sleep unbroken, but somehow in the morning I always seemed to awake more tired than when I went to bed. It so happened that on my arrival at home this evening, I found a note from my friend Newman, (a young doctor whose acquaintance I had made at College, and who had removed on finding himself residing in the same locality as myself) writing me to spend the evening with him, his wife having gone to visit a relative at Colchester. I accepted the invitation joyfully, for I found myself certainly in no humor for study. We were old friends now, as he often ran over to spend an evening with me, as he said, to cheer me up in my bachelor lodgings. After the usual greeting of "Well, old fellow, how are you?" a question, of course, which we never answered, Newman asked, in his jocular way, if I had swallowed a ghost, as I most certainly looked like one. I took but little notice of the remark, passing it off by saying I supposed a hard day's work had made me feel and look a little tired. We spent a very pleasant evening, and I rose to take my leave, when Newman, looking at me seriously, and beginning with the preface that he hoped he had now known me long enough not to be misunderstood, told me in plain words that I was overworking myself, and that if I continued to do so much longer I should soon be unable to work at all. I admitted that I did not feel well, although I could not account in any way for so doing, and begged his advice as to what course I should pursue, and that he would prescribe; to which he replied, "No, no, my dear fellow, I don't want you as a patient, for I could do you but little good; the disease suggests its own remedy. Close confinement in an office all day, and closer study at night, suggests at once relaxation for body and mind, exercise, and plenty of fresh air." "But, my dear fellow, how am I to get these? I am too poor to keep a horse, and if I take walking exercise, my mind is continually at work on my last readings." "Certainly that is an objection, and although there are many other ways of obtaining the object, the right one does not at once strike me. Billiards would employ your mind and give you exercise, but the close atmosphere of a billiard-room I should certainly not recommend. Rowing would be better, but that has the objection of not only being nearly as expensive as horse-keeping, but also being, if anything, too violent an exercise in your present state, the continued exertion being, I am confident, more than you could manage with any degree of pleasure to yourself." "I fear it would," I exclaimed, dim recollections of blistered hands, &c., floating before me. "I have it," he cried; "I have it, old fellow, just the thing—can follow it at your own time; no tides, no grooms, or anything else to wait for—can leave off when you feel tired, and be close to your own door. Cricket is the thing, my boy—cricket; play the game, and I'll stake my professional reputation that, with two or three hours on alternate days for a month, you will feel yourself a different man." "But, my dear fellow, I don't know anything about cricket; I never played the game in my life." That is no reason why you should not learn," he replied; and you remember Boles, our old College tutor at the game; he is living in the neighborhood, and would be only too happy to give you an hour or two's tuition at a time." I did remember Boles, but in another field than the cricket-field, (having had no taste for the game) for it was he who had shown me my first partridge, and many a good day's sport we had together, and I liked the idea; so, promising to give the matter serious consideration, I bade him good night, and was soon at home, and fast asleep.

It so happened that next morning walking (for I had at once determined to walk instead of ride to the office) into town, I met Boles, who had a short time before renewed our acquaintance by employing me in my professional capacity in some little business in which I was fortunate enough to succeed. After some conversation (remembering Newman's advice), I arranged to meet him the next afternoon at a well known ground in the neighborhood, he promising to buy the necessary bat, pads, and gloves. Behold me now at the appointed time in company with Boles, arriving on the ground, where he said he had a capital wicket for me where "I could hit to leg." I nodded, giving him to understand I knew what he meant, though if he had spoken Singalese he could not have puzzled me more as to his meaning. After some little difficulty in getting on my pads, and a narrow escape of falling on my nose, in consequence of my awkwardness, I stood in front of the wicket; there were others on the ground, but as they took no notice of us I did not care. Boles was soon in readiness, with the shirt sleeve of his right arm tucked as high as he could conveniently get it, and a new bright red ball in his hand. Thinking that all was now in readiness, I endeavored to place myself in the most approved attitude, looking on either side of me at the others practising, and copying them as nearly as I could, when I was asked by Boles if I didn't "want guard," another of the Singalese phrases which was explained by Boles telling me to hold my bat upright; having done which he informed me it was the "two off" (still more puzzling). However, by Boles imitating the motions of the hand used by captains of river steamers, I was at last got into position, Boles telling me I was all right, as I had got the "two leg." I cannot say that during this time I had felt anything like comfortable. Once or twice I had a flying ball within an inch or two of my head, while another had hit me fair between the two shoulders, giving me a pain there something like rheumatism, but I would not be daunted, and, having seen a fresh neighbor hit the ground two or three times very hard with his bat, I thought I could not be wrong in doing so myself, especially as I found it gave me a spice of confidence, and I hoped might be some intimidation to the defiant Boles, who now, after calling "play," I perceived was running practically towards me, for what purpose I wondered, when, suddenly stopping short, turning half round, extended his right arm quickly, as if throwing the ball at some one practising about thirty yards to the left, he stood quite still looking at me. At the same instant I felt something—for I cannot call it seeing; to describe it rightly would be to say I felt I saw it pass with terrific force between my legs and the wicket, Boles at the same time exclaiming, "That was very close to you, sir." I quite agreed with Boles as to the proximity of the missile to my shins, and said as much to him when I found that he had meant not close to me personally, but to the wicket I was supposed to be guarding. I was now determined that the next ball should find me a little better prepared, and keeping my eye steadfastly upon Boles, who went through the same manual performance as before, I watched the ball leaving his hand, and, coming as I supposed as at least a foot the farther side from the stumps, and stepped out accordingly with the idea of hitting it as I had seen the others do. What was my surprise to find that the ball, on touching the ground, instead of continuing in the same direction (as by all the laws of motion I had reason to believe it would), took a nearly opposite course to that it had taken before, and coming directly towards the wicket, rising at the same time, struck me a tremendous blow on the fleshy part of the thigh. I could have cried with the pain, and should certainly have stopped a while to rub the injured part had I not caught sight of Boles the same instant, who, in the blandest manner, said, "All right, sir, five ounces and a half can't hurt you; the next time, sir, keep your bat a little more upright, and allow a little for the break. As to the first part of this small speech, though I said nothing, I beg to differ with him; and the latter was so much more Singalese, though I half guessed that the break must mean the peculiar direction the ball had taken after touching the ground. Smarting under the pain, I placed myself again in a position to look out for the next ball, determined, if possible, as I could not have my revenge on Boles, at least to have it on the ball, and, with that intention again stepped out and hit viciously, as I thought, directly at it. To my great disgust my bat did not meet with the resistance I had expected; and, turning half round with the force of my intended hit, I saw to my still greater surprise that the stumps had evidently been disarranged. This sort of thing continued some time, only varied by an occasional hit of more or less force in various parts of my body, with a ball played by some of our numerous companions, the general result being that, on an average, about every alternate ball bowled me out.

Being tired of continually refixing the stumps, and noticing also that more than the average number of spectators were looking at us, I quietly suggested to Boles that if he were to bowl not quite so fast, I might stand a chance of hitting the ball now and then. He acquiesced, and proposed I should try a few "slows." This being arranged, I went quickly back to my post and found that, although I could now see the ball with much greater distinctness, I was further than ever from hitting them, for when I stepped back to do so they had always passed me, and when I remained, as Boles called it, "at home," I invariably knocked the balls directly into Boles' hands, and that always when I thought I had hit it with sufficient force to send it to the other side of the ground, and getting enraged at this did not tend to improve my play, so that actually I was bowled out twice running. Boles now gave me to understand that it was a rule amongst cricketers that, whenever three wickets were bowled in succession, the bowler was entitled to a new bat, informing me, at the same time, that the last few balls I had played too much forward. Anxious to save the forfeit, I determined if possible to avoid the former error, and for that purpose stood within my ground, and getting well back to make a vigorous hit at the ball, which was now close upon me, I brought my new bat down with full force upon the brass ferrule of the middle stump, splitting it and otherwise damaging it, to the great amusement of the surrounding crowd and my own chagrin and annoyance. Giving Boles to understand that I had had enough for that day, I quickly resumed my usual habiliments, and scarcely acknowledging the "Good day, sir," of the worthy Boles, I returned home and lost no time in doctoring my bruised body, vowing inwardly I would forfeit any sum rather than be found on a cricket field again in any other capacity than that of looker-on. The stiffness I experienced next day was something horrible, though I found my aptitude for business much better than it had been for many weeks, which I doubted not to be the result of the fresh air and the exercise I had taken. How I afterwards became a cricketer, by the untiring advice of Newman, and the zeal of the assiduous Boles, I must leave for others to tell; suffice it to say, I am now a member of three clubs, and one of the first eleven in each. May every one meet with my success, and derive as much benefit from the really good old game.

STRANGE WAGERS.

The diligence stopped at the White-horse inn, in the principal street of Fontainebleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps of the vehicle as lazily as possible, smiling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped upon the visages of some of our fellow-travellers. The baggage was dismounted, and dinner ordered. Some of the country-folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly-arrived, together with their packages, bird-cages, and children. In the midst of this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an insipid babbler, who had favored us the whole length of the journey with the history of his good speculations at Fontainebleau, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time coming there to consummate, drew out his watch, and exclaimed:—

"Already four o'clock!"

"Bet that it is not," said a gentleman in slippers, who was smoking a cigar before the door of the low roofed apartment.

"'Tis one of Briquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund faced gentleman, at this interruption.

"Ten louis that it is not one of Briquet's," replied the smoker.

The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the traveller's room, saying to me,

"Don't dine here," and with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a cafe, where we can do better."

"I'll wager any thing you choose, that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in slippers, following after.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."

"Bet that you did," retorted the other.

My fellow-traveller, confounded at this persecution, raised his hand, pointing to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.

"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor, and with this parry and thrust the two regarded each other with the most snarling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.

"Upon my word," said the traveller to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the route back again to Paris, and that, too, without much delay."

"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to get married."

"One hundred louis that you do not!"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."

"I bet 'tis a lie."

Upon this the ruddy-faced gentleman stamped with rage, and passed before the fellow, making a sign for him to follow.

"Yes, my love," said the other, taking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.

A friend interposed between them to stop this joke, but it was no longer a jesting matter, and representations were useless. They reached a solitary spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second. A five-franc piece was thrown into the air as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the never-ceasing and immovable marksman, "that I pierce that leaf, trembling at the extremity of the bough," and it was pierced.

"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveller.

"'Tis probable," replied the other, changing from the ruby to ghastly hue; "and since it is probable, 'tis useless. Consequently, I take again the road back to Paris, and have the infinite honor to be your very humble servant."

In fact, he deposited himself upon the *imperiale* of the diligence. It turned out that this was a rival to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended, and by this means he won the lady in question. After the honey-moon, the dead shot had encountered the crest-fallen suitor at Paris, and said to him:—

"I wager that you return to Fontainebleau."

JOE HARRIS' PANTHER FIGHT.

Joe Harris was the youngest of three brothers, the eldest, Bill and Sam, being tall, raw-boned, fair-complexioned men, noisy, insolent, and quick to quarrel, and constantly engaged in fights, in which, by-the-way, from their great personal strength and activity, they generally proved victorious. Joe, on the other hand, was about the middle size, with dark skin and eyes, and his bullet head covered with short crisp curls, of the jettest black. Quiet and cool in his demeanor, he seldom or ever got into a difficulty, but when he chanced to be drawn into one, gave ample proof that he was by no means behind any of his family in fistic prowess, and accomplishments. They lived in Crawford county, Ark., some thirty years ago. It happened on one occasion, at a quarter race, at a little place familiarly known in those days as Pin Hook, but is now the thickly-settled town of Van Buren, that Joe got mixed up in a fight with one of the bullies of the neighborhood, and was knocking the conceit out of him "hand over fist," when Bill, the eldest brother, who was standing by, and hadn't had a fight for more'n a week, jumped in between, took the fight off Joe's hands, and demolished the fellow in the twinkling of a bed post.

After the affair was over, and before they had time to liquor on it, Joe took Bill on one side, out of ear shot, and very deliberately remarked to him:—

"Look here, Bill, I'll tell you what it is; I've no objection in the world, if you see that a feller's gittin the better of me, that you should cut in and get us apart; but I've no notion, when I've got a feller as good as whipped, that you should run in and take all the credit of the fight! 'Tain't the first time you've done it; an' if you ever do it again, I give you fair warnin', I'll turn right round an' lick you like h–ll! Now mind if I don't!"

"Very well," says Bill, who was well aware that Joe would be apt to be as good as his word. "I'll try and remember!"

They then went back to the crowd, and clinched the understanding with a smile of Baldface.

A few weeks after the conversation and fight aforesaid, Bill and Joe walked down into the river bottom, either to hunt up some cattle or hogs, or to look for timber stocks. Bill had his rifle, but Joe was unarmed. After forcing their way some half a mile or such a matter, through the thick underbrush, composed in part of the red buckeye, with its brilliant blossoms, they were suddenly startled by a low savage growl which sounded uncomfortably near, and ere they could look about them, or make any preparation, with a wild shriek of exulting rage, a large female panther sprang from a limb overhead, full upon the shoulders of Joe.

To twist himself around and seize the animal by the throat was but the work of an instant on the part of the intrepid borderer, and then commenced a struggle for life or death. After being stripped to the skin and receiving some severe scratches, Joe got his knife in requisition and put an end to the panther by ripping up her bowels. Meantime Bill had been looking on, quietly resting on his rifle. When the beast was dead, and Joe had recovered breath somewhat, he noticed the calmness of Bill.

"Why, Bill! why the h—ll didn't you shoot the varmint, when you seed her a doin' me so?" inquired he.

"Hum!" says Bill. "Very good reason why! Didn't you tell me t'other day, if I ever mixed in a fight of yourn agin, when you was getting the best of it, that you'd lick me! say?"

"If I'd a seed the panther have you down, and puttin' it into you, I'd a shot him; but long as I seed you was gettin' the best of it, I wouldn't a touched him for half of Crawford County, d—d if I would!"

Of course Joe saw that Bill was right, so he patched up his scratches and said no more about it.

Female Beauty.—The old French Chronicler, Brantome, gives the Spanish version of the thirty "ifs" of female beauty thus:

If three things are white—skin, teeth, and hands;
If three things are black—eyes, eye-brows, and eye-lashes;
If three things red—lips, cheeks, and nails;
If three things long—waist, hair, and hands;
If three things short—teeth, ears, and feet;
If three things wide—breast, front, and brow;
If three things narrow—mouth, waist, and ankles;
If three things large—arm, hip, and calf;
If three things fine—lips, hair, and fingers;
If three things small—nose, head, and bosom;
Then are there thirty beauties in all.

The Extraordinary Baby.—A circumstance, productive of a good deal of merriment at the moment, occurred a short time ago at the Malvern Railway Station, in Worcestershire. In the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, a little dog is employed in one of the impersonations. Trained by a Maltese fancier, the droll little animal is very obedient and amusing, and accompanies the artistes in their numerous professional engagements. Mr. Paul has in his employment a Manchester lad, and it seems that "Dick," (as he is called) in a moment of gay fancy, dressed up the little animal as a baby, with all the accessories of cloak, hood, veil, and the inexplicable train of long cloths. On reaching the station, "Dick," having occasion to superintend the transit of some luggage, deposited his charge in the waiting-room, and blandly desired a stout matronly looking old lady to keep an eye for a few minutes on his dear child, which was in delicate health, and added, significantly, that the veil must not be removed from the face, as the light would cause it to wake. The old lady promised to heed these instructions, and away went the lad. He had not been more than a moment absent before the dog, missing "Dick," began to utter those sounds peculiar to the canine race, and which are known by the euphonious term "squinnying." The lady opened her eyes and gazed round the room in astonishment. "Deary me," said she, "the little pet must have a bad cold—what funny noises it is making." And the "squinnying" grew louder and more defined. "Oh, gracious goodness!" roared the old dame, "it must be choking, or something is the matter. That idious man has tied its cap-strings too tight; as I often say, men have no business with the care of children. There, there—little dear—h-u-s-h!" and the good old creature waddled to the baby, to release it from its imaginary troubles, when the animal, recognizing a stranger, gave a dashing leap into the middle of the floor, and floundered off on to the platform, pursued by passengers, porters, loungers, strangers, and half-a-dozen boys, all of whom were sorely puzzled to determine what could give such wonderful powers of locomotion to an infant. Terrified by the shouts of the people, the animal darted about the platform, and before it could be captured it fell on the rails, as the train was approaching. Now was a wild burst of excitement. "Oh, murder!" shrieked the old lady, joining the throng, "it will be killed—it will be crushed—run over. Oh, oh!" and she screamed louder than the whistle of the engine. At this moment "Dick" made his appearance on the platform. He caught sight of his baby, and divining the cause of the excitement, rushed on the track and tore the animal from the rails within a second of the arrival of the engine. In the scramble the cap and bonnet became dislodged, and instead of the face of a child in wildest convulsions, there was seen the head of a highly excited puppy, whose masquerade had certainly been of the queerest. The consternation of the passengers was abruptly changed to a shriek of mirth, in which every one joined except the humane old lady, who protested the affair had given her such a turn that she should be laid up for weeks.

Maternal Affection of Birds.—Early one morning, while I was admiring the beauties of nature, I heard the cry of a bird which I mistook for that of a Pewee Flycatcher. It was prolonged, I thought, as if uttered in distress. After looking for the bird a long time in vain, an object which I at first supposed to be something that had accidentally lodged in a branch, attracted my attention, as I thought I perceived it moving. I now took it for a young one of the Chuck-Will's-Widow, as it sat lengthwise on the branch. I shot at it, but perhaps did not hit it, as it only opened and closed its wings, as if surprised. At the report of the gun, the old bird came, holding food in her claws. She perceived me, but alighted, and fed her young with great kindness. I shot at both, and again missed, which might have happened from my having only small shot in my gun. The mother flew in silence, sailed over my head just long enough to afford me time to re-load, returned, and, to my great surprise, gently lifted her young, and, sailing with it to another tree, about thirty yards distant, deposited it there. My feelings at that moment I cannot express. I wished I had not discovered the poor bird; for who could have witnessed without emotion, so striking an example of that affection which none but a mother can feel? So daring an act, performed in the midst of smoke, in the presence of a dreaded and dangerous enemy.—*Audubon.*

Importance of Exercise.—Without the regular exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained; the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the powers of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirits; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for its comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are, early in the morning, and toward the close of the day. Walking is the most beneficial and most natural exercise, because, in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking, free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred. Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health; such as working in the garden, or in the fields, running, leaping, dancing, and swimming.

Chivalrous Heroine.—The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest, a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pee, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honor of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto *Galæa spes salutis.*

Indian Anecdote.—A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" *in toto.* He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence, the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and, clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be *courted again!*"

Man.—Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks his victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, which says, there is reason in roasting an egg." Adam Smith has hit the case. "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

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